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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

RIGHT HON. PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

TO

HIS SON,

PHILIP STANHOPE, Esq.

LATE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AT THE COURT OF DRESDEN.

With several other Pieces, on various Subjects.

PUBLISHED BY

MRS. EUGENIA STANHOPE,

FROM THE ORIGINALS.

C. and C. Whittingham, Chiswick.

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WRITTEN BY THE

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

TO

HIS SON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S

LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 6th, O. S. 1752.

YOUR criticism of *Varon* is strictly just ; but, in truth, severe. You French critics seek for a fault as eagerly as I do for a beauty : you consider things in the worst light, to show your skill, at the expense of your pleasure ; I view them in the best, that I may have more pleasure, though at the expense of my judgment. *A trompeur trompeur et demi* is prettily said ; and if you please, you may call *Varon, un Normand*, and *Sostrate, un Mançeau, qui vaut un Normand et demi* ; and, considering the *dénouement*, in the light of trick upon trick, it would undoubtedly be below the dignity of the buskin, and fitter for the sock.

But let us see if we cannot bring off the author. The great question, upon which all turns, is to discover and ascertain who *Cleonice* really is. There are doubts concerning her *état* ; how shall they be cleared ? Had the truth been extorted from *Varon*, (who alone knew) by the rack, it would have been a true tragical *dénouement*. But that would probably not have done with *Varon*, who is represented as a bold, determined, wicked, and at that time desperate fellow ; for he was in the hands of an enemy, who

he knew could not forgive him, with common prudence or safety. The rack would therefore have extorted no truth from him; but he would have died enjoying the doubts of his enemies, and the confusion that must necessarily attend those doubts. A stratagem is therefore thought of, to discover what force and terror could not, and the stratagem such as no King or Minister would disdain, to get at an important discovery. If you call that stratagem a *trick*, you vilify it, and make it comical; but call that trick a *stratagem*, or a *measure*, and you dignify it up to tragedy: so frequently do ridicule or dignity turn upon one single word. It is commonly said, and more particularly by Lord Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the best test of truth; for that it will not stick where it is not just. I deny it. A truth learned in a certain light, and attacked in certain words, by men of wit and humour, may, and often doth, become ridiculous, at least so far, that the truth is only remembered and repeated for the sake of the ridicule. The overturn of Mary of Medicis into a river, where she was half drowned, would never have been remembered, if Madame de Vernueil, who saw it, had not said *la Reine boit*. Pleasure or malignity often gives ridicule a weight, which it does not deserve. The versification, I must confess, is too much neglected, and too often bad: but, upon the whole, I read the play with pleasure.

If there is but a great deal of wit and character in your new comedy, I will readily compound for its having little or no plot. I chiefly mind dialogue and character in comedies. Let dull critics feed upon the carcasses of plays; give me the taste and the dressing.

I am very glad you went to Versailles, to see the ceremony of creating the Prince de Condé, *Chevalier de l'Ordre*; and I do not doubt but that, upon this occasion, you informed yourself thoroughly of the

institution and rules of that Order. If you did, you were certainly told, it was instituted by Henry III, immediately after his return, or rather his flight, from Poland; he took the hint of it at Venice; where he had seen the original manuscript of an Order of the *St. Esprit, ou droit désir*, which had been instituted in 1352, by Louis d'Anjou, King of Jerusalem and Sicily, and husband to Jane, Queen of Naples, Countess of Provence. This Order was under the protection of St. Nicholas de Bari, whose image hung to the collar. Henry III. found the Order of St. Michael prostituted and degraded, during the civil wars; he therefore joined it to his new Order of the St. Esprit, and gave them both together; for which reason every knight of the St. Esprit is now called *Chevalier des Ordres du Roi*. The number of the knights hath been different, but is now fixed to *one hundred*, exclusive of the sovereign. There are many officers, who wear the ribbon of this Order, like the other knights; and what is very singular is, that these officers frequently sell their employments, but obtain leave to wear the blue ribbon still, though the purchasers of those offices wear it also.

As you will have been a great while in France, people will expect that you should be *au fait*, of all these sort of things relative to that country. But the history of all the Orders of all countries is well worth your knowledge; the subject occurs often, and one should not be ignorant of it, for fear of some such accident as happened to a solid Dane at Paris, who, upon seeing *l'Ordre du St. Esprit*, said, *Notre St. Esprit chez nous c'est un Eléphant*. Almost all the Princes in Germany have their Orders too, not dated, indeed, from any important events, or directed to any great object; but because they will have Orders, to show that they may; as some of them, who have the *jus cudendæ monetæ*, borrow ten shillings worth of gold to coin a ducat. However, wherever you meet

with them, inform yourself, and minute down a short account of them : they take in all the colours of Sir Isaac Newton's prisms. N. B. When you inquire about them, do not seem to laugh.

I thank you for *le Mandement de Monseigneur l'Archevêque* ; it is very well drawn, and becoming an Archbishop. But pray do not lose sight of a much more important object, I mean the political disputes between the King and the Parliament, and the King and the Clergy ; they seem both to be patching up ; however, get the whole clue to them, as far as they have gone.

I received a letter yesterday from Madame Monconseil, who assures me you have gained ground *du côté des manières*, and that she looks upon you to be *plus qu'à moitié chemin*. I am very glad to hear this, because, if you are got above half way of your journey, surely you will finish it, and not faint in the course. Why do you think I have this affair so extremely at heart, and why do I repeat it so often ? Is it for your sake, or for mine ? You can immediately answer yourself that question ; you certainly have, I cannot possibly have, any interest in it : if then you will allow me, as I believe you may, to be a judge of what is useful and necessary to you, you must, in consequence, be convinced of the infinite importance of a point, which I take so much pains to inculcate.

I hear that the new Duke of Orléans *a remercié Monsieur de Melfort*, and I believe, *pas sans raison*, having had obligations to him ; *mais il ne l'a pas remercié en mari poli*, but rather roughly. *Il faut que ce soit un bourru*. I am told too, that people get bits of his father's rags, by way of relics ; I wish them joy, they will do them a great deal of good. See from hence what weaknesses human nature is capable of, and make allowances for such in all your plans and reasonings. Study the characters of the people you have to do with, and know what they are, instead of

thinking them what they should be; address yourself generally to the senses, to the heart, and to the weaknesses of mankind, but very rarely to their reason.

Good night, or good morrow to you, according to the time you shall receive this letter. From yours.

LETTER CCXXXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 14th, O. S. 1752.

IN a month's time, I believe, I shall have the pleasure of sending you, and you will have the pleasure of reading, a work of Lord Bolingbroke's, in two volumes octavo, *upon the use of History*; in several Letters to Lord Hyde, then Lord Cornbury. It is now put into the press. It is hard to determine, whether this work will instruct or please most: the most material historical facts, from the great era of the treaty of Munster, are touched upon, accompanied by the most solid reflections, and adorned by all that elegance of style, which was peculiar to himself, and in which, if Cicero equals, he certainly does not exceed him; but every other writer falls short of him. I would advise you almost to get this book by heart. I think you have a turn to history, you love it, and have a memory to retain it; this book will teach you the proper use of it. Some people load their memories, indiscriminately, with historical facts, as others do their stomachs with food; and bring out the one, and bring up the other, entirely crude and undigested. You will find in Lord Bolingbroke's book, an infallible specific against that epidemical complaint*.

* We cannot but observe with pleasure, that at this time Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophical works had not appeared; which ac-

I remember a gentleman, who had read History in this thoughtless and undistinguishing manner, and who, having travelled, had gone through the Valteline. He told me that it was a miserable poor country, and therefore it was, surely, a great error in Cardinal Richelieu, to make such a rout, and put France to so much expense about it. Had my friend read History as he ought to have done, he would have known, that the great object of that great Minister was to reduce the power of the house of Austria; and, in order to that, to cut off, as much as he could, the communication between the several parts of their then extensive dominions; which reflections would have justified the Cardinal to him, in the affair of the Valteline. But it was easier to him to remember facts, than to combine and reflect.

One observation, I hope, you will make in reading History; for it is an obvious and a true one. It is, That more people have made great figures, and great fortunes in Courts, by their exterior accomplishments, than by their interior qualifications. Their engaging address, the politeness of their manners, their air, their turn, hath almost always paved the way for their superior abilities, if they have such, to exert themselves. They have been Favourites before they have been Ministers. In courts a universal gentleness and *douceur dans les manières* is most absolutely necessary: an offended fool, or a slighted *valet de chambre*, may, very possibly, do you more hurt at Court, than ten men of merit can do you good. Fools, and low people, are always jealous of their dignity; and never forget nor forgive what they reckon a slight. On the other hand, they take civility, and a little attention, as a favour; remember, and acknowledge it: this, in my mind, is buying

counts for Lord Chesterfield's recommending to his Son, in this as well as in some foregoing passages, the study of Lord Bolingbroke's writings.

them cheap ; and therefore, they are worth buying. The Prince himself, who is rarely the shining genius of his Court, esteems you only by hearsay, but likes you by his senses ; that is, from your air, your politeness, and your manner of addressing him : of which alone he is a judge. There is a Court garment, as well as a wedding garment, without which you will not be received. That garment is the *volto sciolto* ; an imposing air, an elegant politeness, easy and engaging manners, universal attention, an insinuating gentleness, and all those *je ne sais quoi* that compose the *Grâces*.

I am this moment disagreeably interrupted by a letter ; not from you, as I expected, but from a friend of yours at Paris, who informs me that you have a fever, which confines you at home. Since you have a fever, I am glad you have prudence enough with it to stay at home, and take care of yourself ; a little more prudence might probably have prevented it. Your blood is young, and consequently hot ; and you naturally make a great deal, by your good stomach and good digestion ; you should therefore necessarily attenuate and cool it, from time to time, by gentle purges, or by a very low diet, for two or three days together, if you would avoid fevers.—Lord Bacon, who was a very great physician, in both senses of the word, hath this aphorism in his Essay upon Health, *Nihil magis ad sanitatem tribuit quam crebræ et domesticæ purgationes*. By *domesticæ*, he means those simple uncompounded purgatives, which every body can administer to themselves ; such as senna-tea, stewed prunes and senna, chewing a little rhubarb, or dissolving an ounce and a half of manna in fair water, with the juice of half a lemon to make it palatable. Such gentle and unconfining evacuations would certainly prevent those feverish attacks, to which every body at your age is subject.

By the way, I do desire and insist, that whenever, from any indisposition, you are not able to write to me upon the fixed days, that Christian shall; and give me a *true* account how you are. I do not expect from him the Ciceronian epistolary style; but I will content myself with the Swiss simplicity and truth.

I hope you extend your acquaintance at Paris, and frequent variety of companies; the only way of knowing the world: every set of company differs in some particulars from another; and a man of business must, in the course of his life, have to do with all sorts. It is a very great advantage to know the languages of the several countries one travels in; and different companies may, in some degree, be considered as different countries: each hath its distinctive language, customs, and manners: know them all, and you will wonder at none.

Adieu, child. Take care of your health; there are no pleasures without it.

LETTER CCXL.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Feb. the 20th, O. S. 1752.

IN all systems whatsoever, whether of religion, government, morals, &c. perfection is the object always proposed, though possibly unattainable; hitherto at least, certainly unattained. However, those who aim carefully at the mark itself, will unquestionably come nearer it than those who, from despair, negligence, or indolence, leave to chance the work of skill. This maxim holds equally true in common life; those who aim at perfection will come infinitely nearer it than those desponding or indolent spirits who foolishly say to themselves, nobody is perfect; perfec-

tion is unattainable; to attempt it is chimerical; I shall do as well as others; why then should I give myself trouble to be what I never can, and what, according to the common course of things, I need not be, *perfect*?

I am very sure that I need not point out to you the weakness and the folly of this reasoning, if it deserves the name of reasoning. It would discourage and put a stop to the exertion of any one of our faculties. On the contrary, a man of sense and spirit says to himself, Though the point of perfection may (considering the imperfection of our nature) be unattainable, my care, my endeavours, my attention, shall not be wanting to get as near it as I can. I will approach it every day; possibly I may arrive at it at last, at least (what I am sure is in my own power) I will not be distanced. Many fools (speaking of you) say to me, what would you have him perfect? I answer, why not? what hurt would it do him or me? O but that is impossible, say they. I reply, I am not sure of that: perfection in the abstract I admit to be unattainable; but what is commonly called perfection in a character I maintain to be attainable, and not only that, but in every man's power. He hath, continue they, a good head, a good heart, a good fund of knowledge, which will increase daily; what would you have more? Why, I would have every thing more that can adorn and complete a character. Will it do his head, his heart, or his knowledge any harm, to have the utmost delicacy of manners, the most shining advantages of air and address, the most endearing attentions, and the most engaging graces? But as he is, say they, he is loved wherever he is known. I am very glad of it, say I; but I would have him be liked before he is known, and loved afterwards. I would have him, by his first *abond* and address, make people

Wish to know him, and inclined to love him : he will save a great deal of time by it. Indeed, reply they, you are too nice, too exact, and lay too much stress upon things that are of very little consequence. Indeed, rejoin I, you know very little of the nature of mankind, if you take those things to be of little consequence : one cannot be too attentive to them ; it is they that always engage the heart, of which the understanding is commonly the bubble. And I would much rather that he erred in a point of grammar, of history, of philosophy, &c. than in a point of manners and address. But consider, he is very young ; all this will come in time. I hope so ; but that time must be while he is young, or it will never be at all : the right *p/i* must be taken young, or it will never be easy, nor seem natural. Come, come, say they (substituting, as is frequently done, assertion instead of argument), depend upon it he will do very well ; and you have a great deal of reason to be satisfied with him. I hope and believe he will do well, but I would have him do better than well. I am very well pleased with him, but I would be more, I would be proud of him. I would have him have lustre as well as weight. Did you ever know any body that reunited all these talents ? Yes, I did ; Lord Bolingbroke joined all the politeness, the manners, and the graces of a Courtier, to the solidity of a Statesman, and to the learning of a Pedant. He was *omnis homo* ; and pray what should hinder my boy from being so too, if he hath, as I think he hath, all the other qualifications that you allow him ? Nothing can hinder him, but neglect of, or inattention to those objects, which his own good sense must tell him are of infinite consequence to him, and which therefore I will not suppose him capable of either neglecting or despising.

This (to tell you the whole truth) is the result of

a controversy that passed yesterday, between Lady Hervey and myself, upon your subject, and almost in the very words. I submit the decision of it to yourself; let your own good sense determine it, and make you act in consequence of that determination. The receipt to make this composition is short and infallible; here I give it you.

Take variety of the best company, wherever you are; be minutely attentive to every word and action; imitate respectively those whom you observe to be distinguished and considered for any one accomplishment, then mix all those several accomplishments together, and serve them up yourself to others.

I hope your fair, or rather your brown, *American* is well. I hear that she makes very handsome presents, if she is not so herself. I am told there are people at Paris who expect from this secret connexion, to see in time a volume of letters, superior to Madame de Graffigny's Peruvian ones: I lay in my claim to one of the first copies.

Francis's *Cenie** hath been acted twice, with most universal applause; to-night is his third night, and I am going to it. I did not think it would have succeeded so well, considering how long our British audiences have been accustomed to murder, racks, and poison in every tragedy; but it affected the heart so much, that it triumphed over habit and prejudice. All the women cried, and all the men were moved. The prologue, which is a very good one, was made entirely by Garrick. The epilogue is old Cibber's; but corrected, though not enough, by Francis. He will get a great deal of money by it; and, consequently, be better able to lend you sixpence upon any emergency.

The Parliament of Paris, I find by the newspapers, has not carried its point, concerning the hospitals;

* Francis's *Eugenia*.

and though the King hath given up the Archbishop, yet, as he has put them under the management and direction *du Grand Conseil*, the Parliament is equally out of the question. This will naturally put you upon inquiring into the Constitution of the *Grand Conseil*. You will, doubtless, inform yourself who it is composed of, what things are *de son resort*, whether or not there lies an appeal from thence to any other place, and of all other particulars that may give you a clear notion of this assembly. There are also three or four other *Conseils* in France, of which you ought to know the constitution, and the objects: I dare say you do know them already; but if you do not, lose no time in informing yourself. These things, as I have often told you, are best learned in various French companies; but in no English ones, for none of our countrymen trouble their heads about them. To use a very trite image, collect, like the bee, your store from every quarter. In some companies (*parmi les fermiers généraux nommément*) you may, by proper inquiries, get a general knowledge at least of *les affaires des finances*. When you are with *des gens de robe*, suck them with regard to the constitution and civil government, and *sic de cæteris*. This shows you the advantage of keeping a great deal of different French company; an advantage much superior to any that you can possibly receive from loitering and sauntering away evenings in any English company at Paris, not even excepting Lord A****'s. Love of ease, and fear of restraint (to both which I doubt you are, for a young fellow, too much addicted) may invite you among your countrymen; but pray withstand those mean temptations, *et prenez sur vous*, for the sake of being in those assemblies, which alone can inform your mind and improve your manners. You have not now many months to continue at Paris; make the most of them: get into every house there, if you

ters, at the same time. In this light I would recommend to you to read *toute de suite* Grotius de *Jure Belli et Pacis*, translated by Barbeyrac, and Puffendorf's *Jus Gentium*, translated by the same hand. For accidental quarters of hours, read works of invention, wit, and humour, of the best, and not of trivial authors, either ancient or modern.

Whatever business you have, do it the first moment you can ; never by halves, but finish it without interruption, if possible. Business must not be sauntered and trifled with ; and you must not say to it, as Felix did to Paul, " at a more convenient season I will speak to thee." The most convenient season for business is the first ; but study and business, in some measure, point out their own times to a man of sense ; time is much oftener squandered away in the wrong choice and improper methods of amusement and pleasures.

Many people think that they are in pleasures, provided they are neither in study nor in business. Nothing like it ; they are doing nothing, and might just as well be asleep. They contract habitudes from laziness, and they only frequent those places where they are free from all restraints and attentions. Be upon your guard against this idle profusion of time ; and let every place you go to be either the scene of quick and lively pleasures, or the school of your improvements : let every company you go into either gratify your senses, extend your knowledge, or refine your manners. Have some decent object of gallantry in view at some places ; frequent others, where people of wit and taste assemble ; get into others where people of superior rank and dignity command respect and attention from the rest of the company ; but pray frequent no neutral places, from mere idleness and indolence. Nothing forms a young man so much as being used to keep respectable and superior company, where a constant regard and attention

is necessary. It is true, this is at first a disagreeable state of restraint; but it soon grows habitual, and consequently easy; and you are amply paid for it, by the improvement you make, and the credit it gives you. What you said some time ago was very true, concerning *le Palais Royal*; to one of your age the situation is disagreeable enough; you cannot expect to be much taken notice of: but all that time you can take notice of others; observe their manners, decipher their characters, and insensibly you will become one of the company.

All this I went through myself, when I was of your age. I have sat hours in company, without being taken the least notice of; but then I took notice of them, and learned, in their company, how to behave myself better in the next, till by degrees I became part of the best companies myself. But I took great care not to lavish away my time in those companies, where there were neither quick pleasures, nor useful improvements to be expected.

Sloth, indolence, and *mollesse* are pernicious and unbecoming a young fellow; let them be your *resource* forty years hence at soonest. Determine, at all events and however disagreeable it may be to you in some respects, and for some time, to keep the most distinguished and fashionable company of the place you are at, either for their rank, or for their learning, or *le bel esprit et le goût*. This gives you credentials to the best companies, wherever you go afterwards. Pray, therefore, no indolence, no laziness; but employ every minute of your life in active pleasures, or useful employments. Address yourself to some woman of fashion and beauty, wherever you are, and try how far that will go. If the place be not secured beforehand, and garrisoned, nine times in ten you will take it. By attentions and respect, you may always get into the highest company; and by some admiration and applause, whether merited or not, you may be sure of being wel-

come among *les savants et les beaux esprits*. There are but these three sorts of company for a young fellow; there being neither pleasure nor profit in any other.

My uneasiness with regard to your health is this moment removed by your letter of the 8th, N. S. which, by what accident I do not know, I did not receive before.

I long to read Voltaire's *Rome Sauvée*, which, by the very faults that your *severe* critics find with it, I am sure I shall like; for I will, at any time, give up a good deal of regularity for a great deal of *brillant*; and for the *brillant*, surely nobody is equal to Voltaire. Catiline's conspiracy is an unhappy subject for a tragedy; it is too single, and gives no opportunity to the poet to excite any of the tender passions; the whole is one intended act of horror. Crébillon was sensible of this defect, and to create another interest, most absurdly made Catiline in love with Cicero's daughter, and her with him.

I am very glad you went to Versailles, and dined with Monsieur de St. Contest. That is company to learn *les bonnes manières* in; and it seems you had *les bons morceaux* into the bargain. Though you were no part of the King of France's conversation with the foreign ministers, and probably not much entertained with it; do you think that this is not very useful to you to hear it, and to observe the turn and manners of people of that sort? It is extremely useful to know it well. The same in the next rank of people, such as ministers of state, &c. in whose company, though you cannot yet, at your age, bear a part, and consequently be diverted, you will observe and learn, what hereafter it may be necessary for you to act.

Tell Sir John Lambert, that I have this day fixed Mr. Spencer's having his credit upon him; Mr. Hoare had also recommended him. I believe Mr.

Spencer will set out next month for some place in France, but not Paris. I am sure he wants a great deal of France, for at present he is most entirely English; and you know very well what I think of that. And so we bid you heartily good night.

LETTER CCXLIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 16th, O. S. 1752.

How do you go on with the most useful and most necessary of all studies, the study of the world? Do you find that you gain knowledge? And does your daily experience at once extend and demonstrate your improvement? You will possibly ask me how you can judge of that yourself. I will tell you a sure way of knowing. Examine yourself, and see whether your notions of the world are changed, by experience, from what they were two years ago in theory; for that alone is one favourable symptom of improvement. At that age (I remember it in myself) every notion that one forms is erroneous; one hath seen few models, and those none of the best, to form one's self upon. One thinks that every thing is to be carried by spirit and vigour; that art is meanness, and that versatility and complaisance are the refuge of pusillanimity and weakness. This most mistaken opinion gives an indelicacy, a *brusquerie*, and a roughness, to the manners. Fools, who can never be undeceived, retain them as long as they live: reflection, with a little experience, makes men of sense shake them off soon. When they come to be a little better acquainted with themselves, and with their own species, they discover, that plain right reason is, nine times in ten, the fettered and shackled attendant of the triumph of the heart and the pas-

can ; extend acquaintance, know every thing and every body there, that when you leave it for other places, you may be *au fait*, and even able to explain whatever you may hear mentioned concerning it.

Adieu.

LETTER CCXLI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 2d, O. S. 1752.

WHEREABOUTS are you in Ariosto? Or have you gone through that most ingenious contexture of truth and lies, of serious and extravagant, of knights-errant, magicians, and all that various matter, which he announces in the beginning of his poem :

Le Donne, i Cavalier, L'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, L'audaci imprese io canto.

I am by no means sure that Homer had superior invention, or excelled more in description than Ariosto. What can be more seducing and voluptuous than the description of Alcina's person and palace? What more ingeniously extravagant than the search made in the moon for Orlando's lost wits, and the account of other people's that were found there? The whole is worth your attention, not only as an ingenious poem, but as the source of all modern tales, novels, fables, and romances ; as Ovid's *Metamorphosis* was of the ancient ones : besides, that when you have read this work, nothing will be difficult to you in the Italian language. You will read Tasso's *Gierusalemme*, and the *Decamerone di Boccaccio*, with great facility afterwards ; and when you have read these three authors, you will, in my opinion, have read all the works of invention that are worth reading in that language ; though the Italians would be very angry at me for saying so.

A gentleman should know those which I call classical works, in every language; such as Boileau, Corneille, Racine, Moliere, &c. in French; Milton, Dryden, Pope, Swift, &c. in English; and the three authors above mentioned in Italian: whether you have any such in German I am not quite sure, nor, indeed, am I inquisitive. These sort of books adorn the mind, improve the fancy, are frequently alluded to by, and are often the subjects of conversations of the best companies. As you have languages to read, and memory to retain them, the knowledge of them is very well worth the little pains it will cost you, and will enable you to shine in company. It is not pedantic to quote and allude to them, which it would be with regard to the ancients.

Among the many advantages which you have had in your education, I do not consider your knowledge of several languages as the least. You need not trust to translations: you can go to the source: you can both converse and negotiate with people of all nations, upon equal terms, which is by no means the case of a man who converses or negotiates in a language which those with whom he hath to do know much better than himself. In business, a great deal may depend upon the force and extent of one word; and in conversation, a moderate thought may gain, or a good one lose, by the propriety or impropriety, the elegance or inelegancy of one single word. As therefore you now know four modern languages well, I would have you study (and, by the way, it will be very little trouble to you) to know them correctly, accurately, and delicately. Read some little books that treat of them, and ask questions concerning their delicacies, of those who are able to answer you. As for instance, should I say in French, *la lettre que je vous ai écrit*, or, *la lettre que je vous ai écrite*? in which, I think the French differ among themselves. There is a short French

grammar by the Port Royal, and another by Père Buffier, both which are worth your reading; as is also a little book called *Les Synonymes François*.—There are books of that kind upon the Italian language, into some of which I would advise you to dip: possibly the German language may have something of the same sort; and since you already speak it, the more properly you speak it the better: one would, I think, as far as possible, do all one does, correctly and elegantly. It is extremely engaging, to people of every nation, to meet with a foreigner who hath taken pains enough to speak their language correctly: it flatters that local and national pride and prejudice, of which every body hath some share.

Francis's Eugenia, which I will send you, pleased most people of good taste here: the boxes were crowded till the sixth night; when the pit and gallery were totally deserted, and it was dropped. Distress, without death, was not sufficient to affect a true British audience, so long accustomed to daggers, racks, and bowls of poison; contrary to Horace's rule, they desire to see Medea murder her children upon the stage. The sentiments were too delicate to move them; and their hearts are to be taken by storm, not by parley.

Have you got the things, which were taken from you at Calais, restored? and among them, the little packet, which my sister gave you for Sir Charles Hotham? In this case, have you forwarded it to him? If you have not yet had an opportunity, you will have one soon; which I desire you will not omit: it is by Monsieur D'Aillon, whom you will see in a few days at Paris, in his way to Geneva; where Sir Charles now is, and will remain some time. Adieu.

LETTER CCXLII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 5th, O. S. 1752.

As I have received no letter from you by the usual post, I am uneasy upon account of your health; for, had you been well, I am sure you would have written, according to your engagement, and my requisition. You have not the least notion of any care of your health; but, though I would not have you be a valetudinarian, I must tell you, that the best and most robust health requires some degree of attention to preserve. Young fellows, thinking they have so much health and time before them, are very apt to neglect or lavish both, and beggar themselves before they are aware: whereas a prudent economy in both, would make them rich indeed; and so far from breaking in upon their pleasures, would improve, and almost perpetuate them. Be you wiser; and, before it is too late, manage both with care and frugality; and lay out neither, but upon good interest and security.

I will now confine myself to the employment of your time, which, though I have often touched upon formerly, is a subject that, from its importance, will bear repetition. You have, it is true, a great deal of time before you; but, in this period of your life, one hour usefully employed may be worth more than four and twenty hereafter; a minute is precious to you now, whole days may possibly not be so forty years hence. Whatever time you allow, or can snatch for serious reading (I say snatch, because company and the knowledge of the world is now your chief object) employ it in the reading of some one book, and that a good one, till you have finished it: and do not distract your mind with various mat-

sions; consequently, they address themselves nine times in ten to the conqueror, not to the conquered: and conquerors, you know, must be applied to in the gentlest, the most engaging, and the most insinuating manner. Have you found out that every woman is infallibly to be gained by every sort of flattery, and every man by one sort or other? Have you discovered what variety of little things affect the heart, and how surely they collectively gain it? If you have, you have made some progress. I would try a man's knowledge of the world, as I would a schoolboy's knowledge of Horace; not by making him construe *Mæcenas atavis edite regibus*, which he could do in the first form; but by examining him as to the delicacy and *curiosa felicitas* of that poet. A man requires very little knowledge and experience of the world, to understand glaring, high coloured, and decided characters; they are but few, and they strike at first: but to distinguish the almost imperceptible shades, and the nice gradations of virtue and vice, sense and folly, strength and weakness (of which characters are commonly composed), demands some experience, great observation, and minute attention. In the same cases most people do the same things, but with this material difference, upon which the success commonly turns,—A man who hath studied the world knows when to time, and where to place them; he hath analysed the characters he applies to, and adapted his address and his arguments to them: but a man, of what is called plain good sense, who hath only reasoned by himself, and not acted with mankind, mistimes, misplaces, runs precipitately and bluntly at the mark, and falls upon his nose in the way. In the common manners of social life, every man of common sense hath the rudiments, the A B C of civility; the means not to offend; and even wishes to please: and, if he hath any real merit, will be received and tolerated in good

company. But that is far from being enough; for though he may be received, he will never be desired; though he does not offend, he will never be loved, but, like some little, insignificant, neutral power, surrounded by great ones, he will neither be feared nor courted by any; but, by turns, invaded by all, whenever it is their interest. A most contemptible situation! Whereas, a man who hath carefully attended to, and experienced the various workings of the heart, and the artifices of the head; and who, by one shade, can trace the progression of the whole colour; who can, at the proper times, employ all the several means of persuading the understanding, and engaging the heart; may and will have enemies; but will and must have friends: he may be opposed, but he will be supported too; his talents may excite the jealousy of some, but his engaging arts will make him beloved by many more; he will be considerable, he will be considered. Many different qualifications must conspire to form such a man, and to make him at once respectable and amiable, and the least must be joined to the greatest; the latter would be unavailing, without the former; and the former would be futile and frivolous, without the latter. Learning is acquired by reading books; but the much more necessary learning, the knowledge of the world, is only to be acquired by reading men, and studying all the various editions of them. Many words in every language are generally thought to be synonymous; but those who study the language attentively will find, that there is no such thing; they will discover some little difference, some distinction, between all those words that are vulgarly called synonymous; one hath always more energy, extent, or delicacy, than another: it is the same with men; all are in general, and yet no two in particular, exactly alike. Those who have not accurately studied perpetually mistake them: they do not discern the shades and gradations

that distinguish characters seemingly alike. Company, various company, is the only school for this knowledge. You ought to be, by this time, at least in the third form of that school, from whence the rise to the uppermost is easy and quick; but then you must have application and vivacity, you must not only bear with, but even seek, restraint in most companies, instead of stagnating in one or two only, where indolence and love of ease may be indulged.

In the plan which I gave you in my last*, for your future motions, I forgot to tell you, that if a King of the Romans should be chosen this year, you shall certainly be at that election; and as upon those occasions, all strangers are excluded from the place of the election, except such as belong to some Ambassador, I have already eventually secured you a place in the *suite* of the King's electoral Ambassador, who will be sent upon that account to Frankfort, or wherever else the election may be. This will not only secure you a sight of the show, but a knowledge of the whole thing; which is likely to be a contested one, from the opposition of some of the Electors, and the protests of some of the Princes of the Empire. That election, if there is one, will, in my opinion, be a memorable era in the history of the Empire; pens at least, if not swords, will be drawn; and ink, if not blood, will be plentifully shed, by the contending parties in that dispute. During the fray, you may securely plunder, and add to your present stock of knowledge of the *jus publicum imperii*. The Court of France hath, I am told, appointed le President Ogier, a man of great abilities, to go immediately to Ratisbon, *pour y souffler la discorde*. It must be owned, that France hath always profited skilfully of its having guaranteed the treaty of Munster; which hath given it a constant pretence to thrust itself into the affairs of the Empire. When

* That letter is missing.

France got Alsace yielded by treaty, it was very willing to have held it as a fief of the Empire; but the Empire was then wiser. Every Power should be very careful, not to give the least pretence to a neighbouring Power to meddle with the affairs of its interior. Sweden hath already felt the effects of the Czarina's calling herself guarantee of its present form of government, in consequence of the treaty of Neustadt, confirmed afterwards by that of Abo; though, in truth, that guarantee was rather a provision against Russia's attempting to alter the then new established form of government in Sweden, than any right given to Russia, to hinder the Swedes from establishing what form of government they pleased. Read them both, if you can get them. Adieu.

LETTER CCXLIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, April the 13th, O. S. 1750.
I RECEIVED this moment your letter of the 19th, N. S. with the enclosed pieces relative to the present dispute between the King and the Parliament. I shall return them by Lord Huntingdon, whom you will soon see at Paris, and who will likewise carry you the piece, which I forgot in making up the packet I sent you by the Spanish Ambassador. The representation of the Parliament is very well drawn, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. They tell the King very respectfully, that in a certain case, *which they should think it criminal to suppose*, they would not obey him. This hath a tendency to what we call here revolution principles. I do not know what the Lord's anointed, his vicegerent upon earth, divinely appointed by him, and accountable to none but him for his actions, will either think or do, upon these

symptoms of reason and good sense, which seem to be breaking out all over France; but this I foresee, that before the end of this century, the trade of both King and Priest will not be half so good a one as it has been. Du Clos, in his reflections, hath observed, and very truly, *qu'il y a un germe de raison qui commence à se développer en France.* A développement that must prove fatal to Regal and Papal pretensions. Prudence may, in many cases, recommend an occasional submission to either; but when that ignorance, upon which an implicit faith in both could only be founded, is once removed, God's Vicegerent, and Christ's Vicar, will only be obeyed and believed, as far as what the one orders, and the other says, is conformable to reason and to truth.

I am very glad (to use a vulgar expression) that *you make as if you were not well*, though you really are; I am sure it is the likeliest way to keep so. Pray leave off entirely your greasy, heavy pastry, fat creams, and indigestible dumplings; and then you need not confine yourself to white meats, which I do not take to be one jot wholesomer than beef, mutton, and partridge.

Voltaire sent me from Berlin his History *du Siècle de Louis XIV.* It came at a very proper time; Lord Bolingbroke had just taught me how History should be read; Voltaire shows me how it should be written. I am sensible, that it will meet with almost as many critics as readers. Voltaire must be criticised: besides, every man's favourite is attacked; for every prejudice is exposed, and our prejudices are our mistresses: reason is at best our wife, very often heard indeed, but seldom minded. It is the history of the human understanding, written by a man of parts, for the use of men of parts. Weak minds will not like it, even though they do not understand it; which is commonly the measure of their admiration. Dull ones will want those minute and uninteresting

details, with which most other histories are incumbered. He tells me all I want to know, and nothing more. His reflections are short, just, and produce others in his readers. Free from religious, philosophical, political, and national prejudices, beyond any historian I ever met with, he relates all those matters as truly and as impartially, as certain regards, which must always be to some degree observed, will allow him: for one sees plainly, that he often says much less than he would say, if he might. He hath made me much better acquainted with the times of Lewis XIV. than the innumerable volumes which I had read could do; and hath suggested this reflection to me, which I had never made before—His vanity, not his knowledge, made him encourage all, and introduce many arts and sciences in his country. He opened in a manner the human understanding in France, and brought it to its utmost perfection; his age equalled in all, and greatly exceeded in many things (pardon me, pedants!) the Augustan. This was great and rapid; but still it might be done, by the encouragement, the applause, and the rewards of a vain, liberal, and magnificent Prince. What is much more surprising, is, that he stopped the operations of the human mind, just where he pleased; and seemed to say, “thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.” For, a bigot to his religion, and jealous of his power, free and rational thoughts upon either never entered into a French head during his reign; and the greatest geniuses that ever any age produced never entertained a doubt of the divine right of Kings, or the infallibility of the Church. Poets, Orators, and Philosophers, ignorant of their natural rights, cherished their chains; and blind active faith triumphed, in those great minds, over silent and passive reason. The reverse of this seems now to be the case in France: reason opens itself; fancy and invention fade and decline.

I will send you a copy of this history by Lord Huntingdon, as I think it very probable, that it is not allowed to be published and sold at Paris. Pray read it more than once, and with attention, particularly the second volume; which contains short, but very clear accounts of many very interesting things, which are talked of by every body, though fairly understood by very few. There are two very puerile affectations, which I wish this book had been free from; the one is, the total subversion of all the old established French orthography; the other is, the not making use of any one capital letter throughout the whole book, except at the beginning of a paragraph. It offends my eyes to see rome, paris, france, cæsar, henry the 4th, &c. begin with small letters; and I do not conceive, that there can be any reason for doing it, half so strong as the reason of long usage is to the contrary. This is an affectation below Voltaire; whom, I am not ashamed to say, that I admire and delight in, as an author, equally in prose and in verse.

I had a letter a few days ago, from Monsieur du Boccage; in which he says, *Monsieur Stanhope s'est jetté dans la politique, et je crois qu'il y réussira*; you do very well, it is your destination; but remember, that, to succeed in great things, one must first learn to please in little ones. Engaging manners and address must prepare the way for superior knowledge and abilities to act with effect. The late Duke of Marlborough's manners and address prevailed with the first King of Prussia, to let his troops remain in the army of the allies; when neither their representations, nor his own share in the common cause, could do it. The Duke of Marlborough had no new matter to urge to him; but had a manner, which he could not, and did not resist. Voltaire, among a thousand little delicate strokes of that kind, says of

the Duke de la Feuillade, *qu'il étoit l'homme le plus brillant et le plus aimable du Royaume, et quoique gendre du Général et Ministre, il avoit pour lui la faveur publique.* Various little circumstances of that sort will often make a man of great real merit be hated, if he hath not address and manners, to make him be loved. Consider all your own circumstances seriously; and you will find, that, of all arts, the art of pleasing is the most necessary for you to study and possess. A silly tyrant said, *oderint modo timeant*: a wise man would have said, *modo ament nihil timendum est mihi.* Judge, from your own daily experience, of the efficacy of that pleasing *je ne sais quoi*, when you feel, as you and every body certainly do, that in men it is more engaging than knowledge, in women than beauty.

I long to see Lord and Lady * * * (who are not yet arrived), because they have lately seen you; and I always fancy, that I can fish out something new concerning you, from those who have seen you last: not that I shall much rely upon their accounts, because I distrust the judgment of Lord and Lady * * *, in those matters about which I am most inquisitive. They have ruined their own son, by what they called and thought loving him. They have made him believe that the world was made for him, not he for the world; and unless he stays abroad a great while, and falls into very good company, he will expect, what he will never find, the attentions and complaisance from others, which he has hitherto been used to from Papa and Mamma. This, I fear, is too much the case of Mr. * * * *; who, I doubt, will be run through the body, and be near dying, before he knows how to live. However you may turn out, you can never make me any of these reproaches. I indulged no silly womanish fondness for you: instead of inflicting my tenderness upon

you, I have taken all possible methods to make you deserve it; and thank God you do; at least, I know but one article, in which you are different from what I could wish you; and you very well know what that is. I want that I and all the world should like you, as well as I love you. Adieu.

LETTER CCXLV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, April the 30th, O. S. 1752.

Avoir du monde is, in my opinion, a very just and happy expression, for having address, manners, and for knowing how to behave properly in all companies; and it implies very truly, that a man that hath not these accomplishments is not of the world. Without them, the best parts are inefficient, civility is absurd, and freedom offensive. A learned parson, rusting in his cell at Oxford or Cambridge, will reason admirably well upon the nature of man; will profoundly analyse the head, the heart, the reason, the will, the passions, the senses, the sentiments, and all those subdivisions of we know not what; and yet, unfortunately, he knows nothing of man: for he hath not lived with him; and is ignorant of all the various modes, habits, prejudices, and tastes, that always influence, and often determine him. He views man as he does colours in Sir Isaac Newton's prism, where only the capital ones are seen; but an experienced dyer knows all their various shades and gradations, together with the result of their several mixtures. Few men are of one plain, decided colour; most are mixed, shaded, and blended; and vary as much, from different situations, as changeable silks do from different lights. The man *qui a du monde* knows all this from his own expe-

rience and observation: the conceited, cloistered philosopher knows nothing of it from his own theory; his practice is absurd and improper; and he acts as awkwardly as a man would dance, who had never seen others dance, nor learned of a dancing-master; but who had only studied the notes by which dances are now pricked down, as well as tunes. Observe and imitate, then, the address, the arts, and the manners of those *qui ont du monde*: see by what methods they first make, and afterwards improve impressions in their favour. Those impressions are much oftener owing to little causes, than to intrinsic merit; which is less volatile, and hath not so sudden an effect. Strong minds have undoubtedly an ascendant over weak ones, as Galigai Maréchale d'Ancre very justly observed, when, to the disgrace and reproach of those times, she was executed for having governed Mary of Medicis by the arts of witchcraft and magic. But the ascendant is to be gained by degrees, and by those arts only which experience and the knowledge of the world teaches: for few are mean enough to be bullied, though most are weak enough to be bubbled. I have often seen people of superior governed by people of much inferior parts, without knowing or even suspecting that they were so governed. This can only happen, when those people of inferior parts have more worldly dexterity and experience than those they govern. They see the weak and unguarded part, and apply to it: they take it, and all the rest follows. Would you gain either men or women, and every man of sense desires to gain both, *il faut du monde*. You have had more opportunities than ever any man had, at your age, of acquiring *ce monde*; you have been in the best companies of most countries, at an age when others have hardly been in any company at all. You are master of all those languages, which John Trott seldom speaks at all, and never well; consequently you need be a stranger no where. This is the way,

and the only way, of having *du monde* ; but if you have it not, and have still any coarse rusticity about you, may one not apply to you the *rusticus expectat* of Horacé?

This knowledge of the world teaches us more particularly two things, both which are of infinite consequence, and to neither of which nature inclines us ; I mean, the command of our temper, and of our countenance. A man who has no *monde* is inflamed with anger, or annihilated with shame, at every disagreeable incident : the one makes him act and talk like a madman, the other makes him look like a fool. But a man who has *du monde* seems not to understand what he cannot or ought not to resent. If he makes a slip himself, he recovers it by his coolness, instead of plunging deeper by his confusion, like a stumbling horse. He is firm, but gentle ; and practises that most excellent maxim, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. The other is the *volto sciolto e pensieri stretti*. People, unused to the world, have babbling countenances ; and are unskilful enough to show, what they have sense enough not to tell. In the course of the world, a man must very often put on an easy, frank countenance, upon very disagreeable occasions ; he must seem pleased, when he is very much otherwise ; he must be able to accost and receive with smiles, those whom he would much rather meet with swords. In Courts he must not turn himself inside out. All this may, nay must be done, without falsehood and treachery : for it must go no farther than politeness and manners, and must stop short of assurances and professions of simulated friendship. Good manners, to those one does not love, are no more a breach of truth, than “ your humble servant,” at the bottom of a challenge is ; they are universally agreed upon, and understood, to be things of course. They are necessary guards of the decency and peace of society : they must only act defensively : and then not

with arms poisoned with perfidy. Truth, but not the whole truth, must be the invariable principle of every man, who hath either religion, honour, or prudence. Those who violate it may be cunning, but they are not able. Lies and perfidy are the refuge of fools and cowards. Adieu!

P. S. I must recommend to you again, to take your leave of all your French acquaintance, in such a manner as may make them regret your departure, and wish to see and welcome you at Paris again; where you may possibly return before it is very long. This must not be done in a cold, civil manner, but with at least seeming warmth, sentiment, and concern. Acknowledge the obligations you have to them, for the kindness they have shown you during your stay at Paris; assure them, that, wherever you are, you shall remember them with gratitude; wish for opportunities of giving them proofs of your *plus tendre et respectueux souvenir*; beg of them, in case your good fortune should carry you to any part of the world where you could be of any the least use to them, that they would employ you without reserve. Say all this, and a great deal more, emphatically and pathetically; for you know *si vis me flere*. This can do you no harm, if you never return to Paris; but if you do, as probably you may, it will be of infinite use to you. Remember too, not to omit going to every house where you have ever been once, to take leave, and recommend yourself to their remembrance. The reputation which you leave at one place, where you have been, will circulate, and you will meet with it at twenty places, where you are to go. That is a labour never quite lost.

This letter will show you, that the accident which happened to me yesterday, and of which Mr. Grevenkop gives you an account, hath had no bad consequences. My escape was a great one.

LETTER CCXLVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, May the 11th, O. S. 1752.
I BREAK my word by writing this letter; but I break it on the allowable side, by doing more than I promised. I have pleasure in writing to you; and you may possibly have some profit in reading what I write; either of the motives were sufficient for me, both I cannot withstand. By your last, I calculate that you will leave Paris this day se'nnight; upon that supposition, this letter may still find you there.

Colonel Perry arrived here two or three days ago, and sent me a book from you, *Cassandra* abridged. I am sure it cannot be too much abridged. The spirit of that most voluminous work, fairly extracted, may be contained in the smallest *duodecimo*; and it is most astonishing, that there ever could have been people idle enough to write or read such endless heaps of the same stuff. It was, however, the occupation of thousands in the last century; and is still the private, though disavowed, amusement of young girls and sentimental ladies. A lovesick girl finds, in the Captain with whom she is in love, all the courage and all the graces of the tender and accomplished Oroondates; and many a grown up, sentimental lady, talks delicate Clelia to the hero, whom she would engage to eternal love, or laments with her that love is not eternal.

Ah! qu'il est doux d'aimer, si l'on aimoit toujours!
Mais, hélas! il n'est point d'éternelles amours.

It is, however, very well to have read one of those extravagant works (of all which La Calprenede's are the best) because it is well to be able to talk, with some degree of knowledge, upon all those subjects, that other people talk sometimes upon; and I would

by no means have any thing, that is known to others, be totally unknown to you. It is a great advantage for any man, to be able to talk or to hear, neither ignorantly nor absurdly, upon any subject; for I have known people, who have not said one word, hear ignorantly and absurdly; it has appeared in their inattentive and unmeaning faces.

This, I think, is as little likely to happen to you, as to any body of your age; and if you will but add a versatility, and easy conformity of manners, I know no company in which you are likely to be *de trop*.

This versatility is more particularly necessary for you at this time, now that you are going to so many different places; for though the manners and customs of the several Courts of Germany are in general the same, yet every one has its particular characteristic; some peculiarity or other which distinguishes it from the next. This you should carefully attend to, and immediately adopt. Nothing flatters people more, nor makes strangers so welcome, as such an occasional conformity. I do not mean by this, that you should mimic the air and stiffness of every awkward German Court; no, by no means; but I mean that you should only cheerfully comply, and fall in with certain local habits, such as ceremonies, diet, turn of conversation, &c. People, who are lately come from Paris, and who have been a good while there, are generally suspected, and especially in Germany, of having a degree of contempt for every other place. Take great care that nothing of this kind appear, at least outwardly, in your behaviour: but commend whatever deserves any degree of commendation, without comparing it with what you may have left, much better, of the same kind at Paris. As for instance, the German kitchen is, without doubt, execrable, and the French delicious; however, never commend the French kitchen at a German table; but eat of what you can find tolerable

there, and commend it, without comparing it to any thing better. I have known many British Yahoos, who, though while they were at Paris conformed to no one French custom, as soon as they got any where else, talked of nothing but what they did, saw, and eat at Paris. The freedom of the French is not to be used indiscriminately at all the Courts in Germany, though their easiness may, and ought; but that too at some places more than others, the Courts of Manheim and Bonn, I take to be a little more unbarbarised than some others; that of Maïence, an ecclesiastical one, as well as that of Treves (neither of which is much frequented by foreigners), retains, I conceive, a great deal of the Goth and Vandal still. There, more reserve and ceremony are necessary; and not a word of the French. At Berlin, you cannot be too French. Hanover, Brunswick, Cassel, &c. are of the mixed kind, *un peu décrottés, mais pas assez*.

Another thing, which I most earnestly recommend to you, not only in Germany, but in every part of the world, where you may ever be, is, not only real, but seeming attention, to whomever you speak to, or to whomever speaks to you. There is nothing so brutally shocking, nor so little forgiven, as a seeming inattention to the person who is speaking to you; and I have known many a man knocked down, for (in my opinion) a much slighter provocation, than that shocking inattention which I mean. I have seen many people, who while you are speaking to them, instead of looking at, and attending to you, fix their eyes upon the ceiling, or some other part of the room, look out of the window, play with a dog, twirl their snuffbox, or pick their nose. Nothing discovers a little, futile, frivolous mind more than this, and nothing is so offensively ill bred: it is an explicit declaration on your part, that every, the most trifling object, deserves your attention more than all that can be said by the person who is

speaking to you. Judge of the sentiments of hatred and resentment, which such treatment must excite, in every breast where any degree of self-love dwells; and I am sure, I never yet met with that breast where there was not a great deal. I repeat it again and again (for it is highly necessary for you to remember it), that sort of vanity and self-love is inseparable from human nature, whatever may be its rank or condition; even your footman will sooner forget and forgive a beating, than any manifest mark of slight and contempt. Be therefore, I beg of you, not only really, but seemingly and manifestly, attentive to whoever speaks to you; nay more, take their tone, and tune yourself to their unison. Be serious with the serious, gay with the gay, and trifle with the triflers. In assuming these various shapes, endeavour to make each of them seem to sit easy upon you, and even to appear to be your own natural one. This is the true and useful versatility of which a thorough knowledge of the world at once teaches the utility, and the means of acquiring.

I am very sure, at least I hope, that you will never make use of a silly expression, which is the favourite expression, and the absurd excuse of all fools and blockheads; *I cannot do such a thing*: a thing by no means either morally or physically impossible. *I cannot* attend long together to the same thing, says one fool: that is, he is such a fool that he will not. I remember a very awkward fellow, who did not know what to do with his sword, and who always took it off before dinner, saying, that he could not possibly dine with his sword on; upon which I could not help telling him, that I really believed he could, without any probable danger either to himself or others. It is a shame and an absurdity, for any man to say, that he cannot do all those things which are commonly done by all the rest of mankind.

Another thing, that I must earnestly warn you against, is laziness; by which more people have lost the fruit of their travels, than (perhaps) by any other thing. Pray be always in motion. Early in the morning go and see things; and the rest of the day go and see people. If you stay but a week at a place, and that an insignificant one, see, however, all that is to be seen there; know as many people, and get into as many houses, as ever you can.

I recommend to you likewise, though probably you have thought of it yourself, to carry in your pocket a map of Germany, in which the post roads are marked; and also some short book of travels through Germany. The former will help to imprint in your memory situations and distances; and the latter will point out many things for you to see, that might otherwise possibly escape you; and which, though they may in themselves be of little consequence, you would regret not having seen, after having been at the places where they were.

Thus warned and provided for your journey, God speed you; *Felix faustumque sit!* Adieu.

LETTER CCXLVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, May the 27th, O. S. 1752.
I SEND you the enclosed original, from a friend of ours, with my own commentaries upon the text; a text which I have so often paraphrased, and commented upon already, that I believe I can hardly say any thing new upon it: but, however, I cannot give it over till I am better convinced, than I yet am, that you feel all the utility, the importance, and the necessity of it: nay, not only feel, but practise it. Your panegyrist allows you, what most fathers would

be more than satisfied with, in a son, and chides me for not contenting myself with *l'essentiellement bon* ; but I, who have been in no one respect like other fathers, cannot neither, like them, content myself with *l'essentiellement bon* ; because I know that it will not do your business in the world, while you want *quelques couches de vernis*. Few fathers care much for their sons, or, at least, most of them care more for their money ; and, consequently, content themselves with giving them, at the cheapest rate, the common run of education ; that is, a school till eighteen ; the university till twenty ; and a couple of years riding post through the several towns of Europe ; impatient till their boobies come home to be married, and, as they call it, settled. Of those who really love their sons, few know how to do it. Some spoil them by fondling them, while they are young, and then quarrel with them when they are grown up, for having been spoiled ; some love them like mothers, and attend only to the bodily health and strength of the hopes of their family, solemnize his birthday, and rejoice, like the subjects of the Great Mogul, at the increase of his bulk : while others minding, as they think, only essentials, take pains and pleasure to see in their heir all their favourite weaknesses and imperfections. I hope and believe that I have kept clear of all these errors, in the education which I have given you. No weaknesses of my own have warped it, no parsimony has starved it, no rigour has deformed it. Sound and extensive learning was the foundation which I meant to lay ; I have laid it ; but that alone, I knew, would by no means be sufficient : the ornamental, the showish, the pleasing superstructure, was to be begun. In that view I threw you into the great world, entirely your own master, at an age when others either guzzle at the university, or are sent abroad in servitude to some awkward, pedantic

Scotch Governor. This was to put you in the way, and the only way, of acquiring those manners, that address, and those graces, which exclusively distinguish people of fashion; and without which 'all moral virtues, and all acquired learning, are of no sort of use in Courts and *le beau monde*; on the contrary, I am not sure if they are not a hinderance. They are feared and disliked in those places, as too severe, if not smoothed and introduced by the *graces*; but of these graces, of this necessary *beau vernis*, it seems there are still *quelques couches qui manquent*. Now, pray let me ask you, coolly and seriously, *pourquoi ces couches manquent-elles?* For you may as easily take them, as you may wear more or less powder in your hair, more or less lace upon your coat. I can, therefore, account for your wanting them, no other way in the world, than from your not being yet convinced of their full value. You have heard some English bucks say, "Damn these finical outlandish airs, give me a manly, resolute manner. They make a rout with their graces, and talk like a parcel of dancing masters, and dress like a parcel of fops; one good Englishman will beat three of them." But let your own observation undeceive you of these prejudices. I will give you one instance only, instead of a hundred that I could give you, of a very shining fortune and figure, raised upon no other foundation whatsoever, than that of address, manners, and graces. Between you and me (for this example must go no farther) what do you think made our friend, Lord A****e, Colonel of a regiment of guards, Governor of Virginia, Groom of the Stole, and Ambassador to Paris; amounting in all to sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a year? Was it his birth? No; a Dutch gentleman only. Was it his estate? No, he had none. Was it his learning, his parts, his political abilities and application? You can answer these

questions as easily, and as soon, as I can ask them. What was it then? Many people wondered, but I do not; for I know, and will tell you. It was his air, his address, his manners, and his graces. He pleased, and by pleasing became a favourite; and by becoming a favourite became all that he has been since. Show me any one instance, where intrinsic worth and merit, unassisted by exterior accomplishments, have raised any man so high. You know the Duc de Richelieu, now *Maréchal, Cordon bleu, Gentilhomme de la Chambre*, twice Ambassador, &c. By what means? Not by the purity of his character, the depth of his knowledge, or any uncommon penetration and sagacity. Women alone formed and raised him. The Dutchess of Burgundy took a fancy to him, and had him before he was sixteen years old; this put him in fashion among the *beau monde*: and the late Regent's eldest daughter, now Madame de Modene, took him next, and was near marrying him. These early connexions with women of the first distinction, gave him those manners, graces, and address, which you see he has; and which, I can assure you, are all that he has; for, strip him of them, and he will be one of the poorest men in Europe. Man or woman cannot resist an engaging exterior; it will please, it will make its way. You want, it seems, but *quelques couches*; for God's sake lose no time in getting them; and now you have gone so far, complete the work. Think of nothing else till that work is finished; unwearied application will bring about any thing; and surely your application can never be so well employed as upon that object, which is absolutely necessary to facilitate all others. With your knowledge and parts, if adorned by manners and graces, what may you not hope one day to be? But without them, you will be in the situation of a man who should be very fleet of one leg, but very lame of the other.

He could not run, the lame leg would check and clog the well one, which would be very near useless.

From my original plan for your education, I meant to make you *un homme universel*; what depended upon me is executed, the little that remains undone depends singly upon you. Do not then disappoint, when you can so easily gratify me. It is your own interest which I am pressing you to pursue, and it is the only return that I desire for all the care and affection of, Yours.

LETTER CCXLVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, May the 31st, O. S. 1752.
THE world is the book, and the only one to which, at present, I would have you apply yourself; and the thorough knowledge of it will be of more use to you than all the books that ever were read. Lay aside the best book whenever you can go into the best company; and depend upon it, you change for the better. However, as the most tumultuous life, whether of business or pleasure, leaves some vacant moments every day, in which a book is the refuge of a rational being, I mean now to point out to you the method of employing those moments (which will and ought to be but few) in the most advantageous manner. Throw away none of your time upon those trivial futile books, published by idle or necessitous authors, for the amusement of idle and ignorant readers: such sort of books swarm and buzz about one every day; flap them away, they have no sting. *Certum pete finem*, have some one object for those leisure moments, and pursue that object invariably till you have attained it; and then

take some other. For instance, considering your destination, I would advise you to single out the most remarkable and interesting æras of modern history, and confine all your reading to that *Æra*. If you pitch upon the Treaty of Munster (and that is the proper period to begin with, in the course which I am now recommending), do not interrupt it by dipping and deviating into other books, unrelative to it: but consult only the most authentic histories, letters, memoirs, and negotiations relative to that great transaction; reading and comparing them, with all that caution and distrust which Lord Bolingbroke recommends to you, in a better manner and in better words than I can. The next period, worth your particular knowledge, is the Treaty of the Pyrenées; which was calculated to lay, and in effect did lay, the foundation of the succession of the House of Bourbon to the Crown of Spain. Pursue that in the same manner, singling out of the millions of volumes written upon that occasion, the two or three most authentic ones; and particularly letters, which are the best authorities in matters of negotiation. Next come the Treaties of Nimeguen and Ryswick, postscripts in a manner to those of Munster and the Pyrenées. Those two transactions have had great light thrown upon them by the publication of many authentic and original letters and pieces. The concessions made at the Treaty of Ryswick, by the then triumphant Lewis the Fourteenth, astonished all those who viewed things only superficially; but, I should think, must have been easily accounted for by those who knew the state of the kingdom of Spain, as well as of the health of its King, Charles the Second, at that time. The interval, between the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick, and the breaking out of the great war in 1702, though a short, is a most interesting one. Every week of it almost produced some great event. Two

Partition Treaties, the death of the King of Spain, his unexpected Will, and the acceptance of it by Lewis the Fourteenth, in violation of the second treaty of partition, just signed and ratified by him. Philip the Fifth, quietly and cheerfully received in Spain, and acknowledged as King of it, by most of those Powers, who afterwards joined in an alliance to dethrone him. I cannot help making this observation upon that occasion ; That character has often more to do in great transactions, than prudence and sound policy : for Lewis the Fourteenth gratified his personal pride, by giving a Bourbon King to Spain, at the expense of the true interest of France ; which would have acquired much more solid and permanent strength by the addition of Naples, Sicily, and Lorraine, upon the foot of the second Partition Treaty ; and I think it was fortunate for Europe that he preferred the Will. It is true, he might hope to influence his grandson ; but he could never expect that his Bourbon posterity in France should influence his Bourbon posterity in Spain ; he knew too well how weak the ties of blood are among men, and how much weaker still they are among Princes. The Memoirs of Count Harrach, and of Las Torres, give a good deal of light into the transactions of the Court of Spain, previous to the death of that weak King ; and the letters of the Maréchal d'Harcourt, then the French Ambassador in Spain, of which I have authentic copies in manuscript, from the year 1698 to 1701, have cleared up that whole affair to me. I keep that book for you. It appears by those letters, that the imprudent conduct of the House of Austria, with regard to the King and Queen of Spain, and Madame Berlips, her favourite, together with the knowledge of the Partition Treaty, which incensed all Spain, were the true and only reasons of the Will in favour of the Duke of Anjou. Cardinal Portoçarrero, nor any

of the Grandees, were bribed by France, as was generally reported and believed at that time ; which confirms Voltaire's anecdote upon that subject. Then opens a new scene and a new century : Lewis the Fourteenth's good fortune forsakes him, till the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene make him amends for all the mischief they had done him, by making the allies refuse the terms of peace offered by him at Gertruydenberg. How the disadvantageous peace of Utrecht was afterwards brought on, you have lately read ; and you cannot inform yourself too minutely of all those circumstances, that treaty being the freshest source, from whence the late transactions of Europe have flowed. The alterations which have since happened, whether by wars or treaties, are so recent, that all the written accounts are to be helped out, proved, or contradicted, by the oral ones of almost every informed person of a certain age or rank in life. For the facts, dates, and original pieces of this century, you will find them in Lamberti, till the year 1715, and after that time in Rousset's *Recueil*.

I do not mean that you should plod hours together in researches of this kind ; no, you may employ your time more usefully ; but I mean, that you should make the most of the moments you do employ, by method, and the pursuit of one single object at a time ; nor should I call it a digression from that object, if, when you meet with clashing and jarring pretensions of different Princes to the same thing, you had immediate recourse to other books, in which those several pretensions were clearly stated ; on the contrary, that is the only way of remembering those contested rights and claims : for, were a man to read *tout de suite*, Schwederus's *Theatrum Pretensionum*, he would only be confounded by the variety, and remember none of them ; whereas, by examining them occasionally, as they happen to occur, either in

the course of your historical reading, or as they are agitated in your own times, you will retain them, by connecting them with those historical facts which occasioned your inquiry. For example, had you read, in the course of two or three folios of Pretensions, those, among others, of the two Kings of England and Prussia to Oost Frise, it is impossible that you should have remembered them; but now that they are become the debated object at the Diet at Ratisbon, and the topic of all political conversations, if you consult both books and persons concerning them, and inform yourself thoroughly, you will never forget them as long as you live. You will hear a great deal of them on one side, at Hanover; and as much on the other side, afterwards, at Berlin: hear both sides, and form your own opinion; but dispute with neither.

Letters from foreign Ministers to their Courts, and from their Courts to them, are, if genuine, the best and most authentic records you can read, as far as they go. Cardinal D'Ossat's, President Jeannin's, D'Estrade's, Sir William Temple's, will not only inform your mind, but form your style; which, in letters of business, should be very plain and simple, but, at the same time, exceedingly clear, correct, and pure.

All that I have said may be reduced to these two or three plain principles; 1st, That you should now read very little, but converse a great deal: 2dly, To read no useless, unprofitable books; and 3dly, That those which you do read, may all tend to a certain object, and be relative to, and consequential of each other. In this method, half an hour's reading, every day, will carry you a great way. People seldom know how to employ their time to the best advantage, till they have too little left to employ; but if, at your age, in the beginning of life, people would but consider the value of it, and put every moment

to interest, it is incredible what an additional fund of knowledge and pleasure such an economy would bring in. I look back with regret upon that large sum of time, which, in my youth, I lavished away idly, without either improvement or pleasure. Take warning betimes, and enjoy every moment; pleasures do not commonly last so long as life, and therefore should not be neglected; and the longest life is too short for knowledge, consequently every moment is precious.

I am surprised at having received no letter from you since you left Paris. I still direct this to Strasburgh, as I did my two last. I shall direct my next to the post-house at Maïence, unless I receive, in the mean time, contrary instructions from you. Adieu! Remember *les attentions*: they must be your passports into good company.

LETTER CCXLIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, June the 23d, O. S. 1752.

I DIRECT this letter to Mayence, where I think it is likely to meet you, supposing, as I do, that you staid three weeks at Manheim after the date of your last from thence; but should you have staid longer at Manheim, to which I have no objection, it will wait for you at Maïence. Maïence will not, I believe, have charms to detain you above a week; so that I reckon you will be at Bonn at the end of July, N. S. There you may stay just as little or as long as you please, and then proceed to Hanover.

I had a letter, by the last post, from a relation of mine at Hanover, Mr. Stanhope Aspinwall, who is in the Duke of Newcastle's office, and has lately been appointed the King's Minister to the Dey of

Algiers ; a post, which, notwithstanding your views of foreign affairs, I believe you do not envy him. He tells me in that letter, there are very good lodgings to be had at one Mrs. Meyers', the next door to the Duke of Newcastle's, which he offers to take for you : I have desired him to do it, in case Mrs. Meyers will wait for you till the latter end of August, or the beginning of September, N. S. which, I suppose, is about the time when you will be at Hanover. You will find this Mr. Aspinwall of great use to you there. He will exert himself to the utmost to serve you : he has been twice or thrice at Hanover, and knows all the *allûres* there : he is very well with the Duke of Newcastle, and will puff you there. Moreover, if you have a mind to work as a volunteer in that *bureau*, he will assist and inform you. In short, he is a very honest, sensible, and informed man ; *mais ne paie pas beaucoup de sa figure ; il abuse même du privilège qu'ont les hommes d'être laids ; et il ne sera pas en reste, avec les Lions et les Léopards qu'il trouvera à Alger.*

As you are entirely master of the time when you will leave Bonn, and go to Hanover, so are you master to stay at Hanover as long as you please, and to go from thence where you please ; provided that at Christmas you are at Berlin, for the beginning of the Carnival : this I would not have you say at Hanover, considering the mutual disposition of those two Courts ; but, when any body asks you where you are to go next, say, that you propose rambling in Germany, at Brunswick, Cassel, &c. till the next spring ; when you intend to be in Flanders, in your way to England. I take Berlin, at this time, to be the politest, the most shining, and the most useful Court in Europe, for a young fellow to be at : and therefore I would upon no account not have you there, for at least a couple of months of the Carnival. If you are as well re-

ceived, and pass your time as well, at Bonn, as I believe you will, I would advise you to remain there till about the 20th of August, N. S. ; in four days more you will be at Hanover. As for your stay there, it must be shorter or longer, according to certain circumstances *which you know of* ; supposing them at the best, then stay till within a week or ten days of the King's return to England ; but supposing them at the worst, your stay must not be too short, for reasons which you also know : no resentment must either appear or be suspected ; therefore, at worst, I think you must remain there a month, and at best, as long as ever you please. But I am convinced that all will turn out very well for you there. Every body is engaged or inclined to help you ; the Ministers, both English and German, the principal Ladies, and most of the foreign Ministers ; so that I may apply to you *nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia*. Du Perron will, I believe, be back there, from Turin, much about the time you get thither : pray be very attentive to him, and connect yourself with him as much as ever you can ; for, besides that he is a very pretty and well informed man, he is very much in fashion at Hanover, is personally very well with the King, and certain Ladies ; so that a visible intimacy and connection with him will do you credit and service. Pray cultivate Monsieur Hop, the Dutch Minister, who has always been very much my friend, and will, I am sure, be yours : his manners, it is true, are not very engaging ; he is rough, but he is sincere. It is very useful sometimes to see the things which one ought to avoid, as it is right to see very often those which one ought to imitate ; and my friend Hop's manners will frequently point out to you what yours ought to be, by the rule of contraries.

Congreve points out a sort of critics, to whom he says that we are doubly obliged :

Rules for good writing they with pains indite,
Then show us what is bad, by what they write.

It is certain that Monsieur Hop, with the best heart in the world, and a thousand good qualities, has a thousand enemies, and hardly a friend: singly from the roughness of his manners.

N. B. I heartily wish you could have stayed long enough at Manheim, to have been seriously and desperately in love with Madame de Taxis; who I suppose is a proud, insolent fine Lady, and who would consequently have expected attentions little short of adoration: nothing would do you more good than such a passion; and I live in hopes that somebody or other will be able to excite such a one in you: your hour may not yet be come, but it will come. Love has been not unaptly compared to the smallpox, which most people have sooner or later. Iphigenia had a wonderful effect upon Cimon; I wish some Hanover Iphigenia may try her skill upon you.

I recommend to you again, though I have already done it twice or thrice, to speak German, even affectedly, while you are at Hanover; which will show that you prefer that language, and be of more use to you there with *somebody*, than you can imagine. When you carry my letters to Monsieur Munchausen, and Monsieur Schwiegeldt, address yourself to them in German; the latter speaks French very well, but the former extremely ill. Show great attention to Madame Munchausen's daughter, who is a great favourite: these little trifles please mothers, and sometimes fathers, extremely. Observe and you will find, almost universally, that the least things either please or displease most; because they necessarily imply, either a very strong desire of obliging, or an unpardonable indifference about it. I will

give you a ridiculous instance enough of this truth, from my own experience. When I was Ambassador the first time in Holland, Comte de Wassenaer and his wife, people of the first rank and consideration, had a little boy of about three years old, of whom they were exceedingly fond: in order to make my court to them, I was so too, and used to take the child often upon my lap, and play with him. One day his nose was very snotty, upon which I took out my handkerchief and wiped it for him; this raised a loud laugh, and they called me a very handy nurse; but the father and mother were so pleased with it, that to this day it is an anecdote in the family; and I never receive a letter from Comte Wassenaer, but he makes me the compliments *du morveux que j'ai mouché autrefois*: who, by the way, I am assured, is now the prettiest young fellow in Holland. Where one would gain people, remember that nothing is little. Adieu.

LETTER CCL.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, June the 26th, O. S. 1752.

As I have reason to fear, from your last letter of the 18th, N. S. from Mannheim, that all, or at least most of my letters to you, since you left Paris, have miscarried; I think it requisite, at all events, to repeat in this, the necessary parts of those several letters, as far as they relate to your future motions.

I suppose that this will either find you, or be but a few days before you at Bonn, where it is directed; and I suppose too, that you have fixed your time for going from thence to Hanover. If things *turn out well at Hanover*, as in my opinion they will, *Chi stà bene non si muova*, stay there till a week or ten days

before the King sets out for England ; but, should *they turn out ill*, which I cannot imagine, stay however a month, that your departure may not seem a step of discontent or peevishness ; the very suspicion of which is by all means to be avoided, Whenever you leave Hanover, be it sooner or later, where would you go ? *Elle è Padrone*, and I give you your choice : Would you pass the months of November and December at Brunswick, Cassel, &c. ? Would you choose to go for a couple of months to Ratisbon, where you would be very well recommended to, and treated by the King's Electoral Minister, the Baron de Bähr, and where you would improve your *jus publicum* ? Or would you rather go directly to Berlin, and stay there till the end of the Carnival ? Two or three months at Berlin are, considering all circumstances, necessary for you ; and the Carnival months are the best ; *pour le reste décidez en dernier ressort, et sans appel comme d'abus*. Let me only know your decree, when you have formed it. Your good or ill success at Hanover will have a very great influence upon your subsequent character, figure, and fortune in the world ; therefore I confess, that I am more anxious about it, than ever bride was on her wedding-night, when wishes, hopes, fears, and doubts, tumultuously agitate, please, and terrify her. It is your first crisis : the character which you acquire there will, more or less, be that which will abide by you for the rest of your life. You will be tried and judged there, not as a boy, but as a man ; and from that moment there is no appeal for character : it is fixed. To form that character advantageously, you have three objects particularly to attend to : your character as a man of morality, truth, and honour ; your knowledge in the objects of your destination, as a man of business ; and your engaging and insinuating address, air, and manners, as a courtier ; the sure and only steps to favour. Merit at Courts,

without favour, will do little or nothing ; favour, without merit, will do a good deal ; but favour and merit together will do every thing. Favour at Courts depends upon so many, such trifling, such unexpected, and unforeseen events, that a good Courtier must attend to every circumstance, however little, that either does or can happen ; he must have no absences, no *distractions* ; he must not say, "I did not mind it ; who would have thought it?" He ought both to have minded and to have thought it. A chambermaid has sometimes caused revolutions in Courts, which have produced others in kingdoms. Were I to make my way to favour in a Court, I would neither wilfully, nor by negligence, give a dog or a cat there reason to dislike me. Two *pies grièches*, well instructed, you know, made the fortune of de Luines with Lewis XIII. Every step a man makes at Court requires as much attention and circumspection, as those which were made formerly between hot ploughshares, in the Ordeal, or fiery trials ; which, in those times of ignorance and superstition, were looked upon as demonstrations of innocence or guilt. Direct your principal battery, at Hanover, at the D—— of N——'s : there are many very weak places in that citadel ; where, with a very little skill, you cannot fail making a great impression. Ask for his orders, in every thing you do ; talk Austrian and Antigallican to him ; and, as soon as you are upon a foot of talking easily to him, tell him *en badinant*, that his skill and success, in thirty or forty elections in England, leave you no reason to doubt of his carrying his Election for Frankfort ; and that you look upon the Archduke as his Member for the Empire. In his hours of festivity and compotation, drop, that he puts you in mind of what Sir William Temple says of the Pensionary de Wit ; who at that time governed half Europe ; that he appeared at balls, assemblies, and public places, as

if he had nothing else to do or to think of. When he talks to you upon foreign affairs, which he will often do, say, that you really cannot presume to give any opinion of your own upon those matters, looking upon yourself, at present, only as a postscript to the *corps diplomatique*; but that, if his Grace will be pleased to make you an additional volume to it, though but in *duodecimo*, you will do your best, that he shall neither be ashamed nor repent of it. He loves to have a favourite, and to open himself to that favourite: he has now no such person with him; the place is vacant, and if you have dexterity, you may fill it. In one thing alone, do not humour him; I mean drinking; for as I believe you have never yet been drunk, you do not yourself know how you can bear your wine, and what a little too much of it may make you do or say; you might possibly kick down all you had done before.

You do not love gaming, and I thank God for it; but at Hanover I would have you show, and profess, a particular dislike to play, so as to decline it upon all occasions, unless where one may be wanted to make a fourth at whist or quadrille; and then take care to declare it the result of your complaisance, not of your inclinations. Without such precaution, you may very possibly be suspected, though unjustly, of loving play, upon account of my former passion for it; and such a suspicion would do you a great deal of hurt, especially with the King, who detests gaming. I must end this abruptly. God bless you.

LETTER CCLI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

VERSATILITY as a Courtier, may be almost decisive to you hereafter ; that is, it may conduce to, or retard your preferment in your own destination. The first reputation goes a great way ; and if you fix a good one at Hanover, it will operate also to your advantage in England. The trade of a Courtier is as much a trade, as that of a shoemaker ; and he who applies himself the most will work the best : the only difficulty is to distinguish (what I am sure you have sense enough to distinguish) between the right and proper qualifications and their kindred faults ; for there is but a line between every perfection and its neighbouring imperfection. As for example, you must be extremely well bred and polite, but without the troublesome forms and stiffness of ceremony. You must be respectful and assenting, but without being servile and abject. You must be frank, but without indiscretion, and close, without being costive. You must keep up dignity of character, without the least pride of birth, or rank. You must be gay, within all the bounds of decency and respect ; and grave without the affectation of wisdom, which does not become the age of twenty. You must be essentially secret, without being dark and mysterious. You must be firm, and even bold, but with great seeming modesty.

With these qualifications, which by the way are all in your own power, I will answer for your success, not only at Hanover, but at any Court in Europe. And I am not sorry that you begin your apprenticeship at a little one ; because you must be more circumspect, and more upon your guard there,

than at a great one, where every little thing is not known, nor reported.

When you write to me, or to any body else, from thence, take care that your letters contain commendations of all you see and hear there ; for they will most of them be opened and read : but, as frequent Couriers will come from Hanover to England, you may sometimes write to me without reserve ; and put your letters into a very little box, which you may send safely by some of them.

I must not omit mentioning to you, that, at the Duke of Newcastle's table, where you will frequently dine, there is a great deal of drinking ; be upon your guard against it, both upon account of your health, which would not bear it, and of the consequences of your being flustered and heated with wine : it might engage you in scrapes and frolics, which the King (who is a very sober man himself) detests. On the other hand, you should not seem too grave and too wise to drink like the rest of the company, therefore use art : mix water with your wine ; do not drink all that is in the glass ; and if detected, and pressed to drink more, do not cry out sobriety ; but say that you have lately been out of order, that you are subject to inflammatory complaints, and that you must beg to be excused for the present. A young fellow ought to be wiser than he should seem to be ; and an old fellow ought to seem wise, whether he really be so or not.

During your stay at Hanover, I would have you make two or three excursions to parts of that Electorate : the Hartz, where the silver mines are ; Göttingen, for the university ; Stade, for what commerce there is. You should also go to Zell. In short, see every thing that is to be seen there, and inform yourself well of all the details of that country. Go to Hamburgh for three or four days, know the constitution of that little Hanseatic Republic, and in-

form yourself well of the nature of the King of Denmark's pretensions to it.

If all things turn out right for you at Hanover, I would have you make it your head-quarters till about a week or ten days before the King leaves it; and then go to Brunswick, which though a little, is a very polite, pretty Court. You may stay there a fortnight or three weeks, as you like it; and from thence go to Cassel, and there stay till you go to Berlin, where I would have you be by Christmas. At Hanover you will very easily get good letters of recommendation to Brunswick and to Cassel. You do not want any to Berlin; however, I will send you one for Voltaire. *A propos* of Berlin; be very reserved and cautious while at Hanover, as to that King and that country; both which are detested, because feared by every body there, from his Majesty down to the meanest peasant: but however, they both extremely deserve your utmost attention; and you will see the arts and wisdom of government better in that country, now, than in any other in Europe. You may stay three months at Berlin, if you like it, as I believe you will; and after that I hope we shall meet here again.

Of all the places in the world (I repeat it once more) establish a good reputation at Hanover, *et faites-vous valoir là, autant qu'il est possible; par le brillant, les manières, et les grâces*. Indeed it is of the greatest importance to you, and will make any future application to the King in your behalf very easy. He is more taken by those little things than any man, or even woman, that I ever knew in my life: and I do not wonder at him. In short, exert to the utmost all your means and powers to please; and remember, that he who pleases the most, will rise the soonest and the highest. Try but once the pleasure and advantage of pleasing, and I will answer that you will never more neglect the means.

I send you herewith two letters, the one to Monsieur Munchausen, the other to Monsieur Schwiegeldt, an old friend of mine, and a very sensible knowing man. They will both, I am sure, be extremely civil to you, and carry you into the best company; and then it is your business to please that company. I never was more anxious about any period of your life than I am about this your Hanover expedition, it being of so much more consequence to you than any other. If I hear from thence that you are liked and loved there for your air, your manners, and address, as well as esteemed for your knowledge, I shall be the happiest man in the world; judge then what I must be, if it happens otherwise. Adieu!

LETTER CCLII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, July the 21st, O.S. 1752.

By my calculation, this letter may probably arrive at Hanover three or four days before you; and as I am sure of its arriving there safe, it shall contain the most material points that I have mentioned in my several letters to you since you left Paris, as if you had received but few of them, which may very probably be the case.

As for your stay at Hanover, it must not *in all events* be less than a month; but, if things turn out to *your satisfaction*, it may be just as long as you please. From thence you may go wherever you like, for I have so good an opinion of your judgment, that I think you will combine and weigh all circumstances, and choose the properest places.—Would you saunter at some of the small Courts, as Brunswick, Cassel, &c, till the Carnival at Berlin?

You are master. Would you pass a couple of months at Ratisbon, which might not be ill employed? *A la bonne heure*. Would you go to Brussels, stay a month or two there with Dayrolles, and from thence to Mr. Yorke, at the Hague? With all my heart. Or, lastly, would you go to Copenhagen and Stockholm? *Ella è anche Padrone*: choose entirely for yourself, without any farther instructions from me; only let me know your determination in time, that I may settle your credit, in case you go to places where at present you have none. Your object should be to see the *mores multorum hominum et urbes*; begin and end it where you please.

By what you have already seen of the German Courts, I am sure you must have observed that they are much more nice and scrupulous, in points of ceremony, respect, and attention, than the greater Courts of France and England. You will therefore, I am persuaded, attend to the minutest circumstances of address and behaviour, particularly during your stay at Hanover, which (I will repeat it, though I have said it often to you already) is the most important preliminary period of your whole life. Nobody in the world is more exact in all points of good breeding than the King; and it is the part of every man's character that he informs himself of first. The least negligence, or the slightest inattention, reported to him, may do you infinite prejudices; as their contraries would service.

If Lord Albemarle (as I believe he did) trusted you with the secret affairs of his department, let the Duke of Newcastle know that he did so, which will be an inducement to him to trust you too, and possibly to employ you in affairs of consequence. Tell him that, though you are young, you know the importance of secrecy in business, and can keep a secret; that I have always inculcated this doctrine into you, and have moreover strictly forbidden you

ever to communicate, even to me, any matters of a secret nature, which you may happen to be trusted with in the course of business.

As for business, I think I can trust you to yourself; but I wish I could say as much for you with regard to those exterior accomplishments, which are absolutely necessary to smooth and shorten the way to it. Half the business is done, when one has gained the heart and the affections of those with whom one is to transact it. Air and address must begin, manners and attention must finish that work. I will let you into one secret concerning myself; which is, that I owe much more of the success which I have had in the world to my manners than to any superior degree of merit or knowledge. I desired to please, and I neglected none of the means. This, I can assure you, without any false modesty, is the truth. You have more knowledge than I had at your age, but then I had much more attention and good breeding than you. Call it vanity, if you please, and possibly it was so; but my great object was to make every man I met with like me, and every woman love me. I often succeeded; but why? By taking great pains, for otherwise I never should; my figure by no means entitled me to it, and I had certainly an up-hill game: whereas your countenance would help you, if you made the most of it, and proscribed for ever the guilty, gloomy, and funereal part of it. Dress, address, and air would become your best countenance, and make your little figure pass very well.

If you have time to read at Hanover, pray let the books you read be all relative to the history and constitution of that country, which I would have you know as correctly as any Hanoverian in the whole Electorate. Inform yourself of the powers of the States, and of the nature and extent of the several Judicatures; the particular articles of trade and com-

merce of Bremen, Harburg, and Stade; the details and value of the mines of the Hartz. Two or three short books will give you the outlines of all these things; and conversation, turned upon those subjects, will do the rest, and better than books can.

Remember of all things to speak nothing but German there; make it (to express myself pedantically) your vernacular language; seem to prefer it to any other; call it your favourite language, and study to speak it with purity and elegance, if it has any.—This will not only make you perfect in it, but will please, and make your court there better than any thing. *A propos* of languages: Did you improve your Italian while you were at Paris, or did you forget it? Had you a master there; and what Italian books did you read with him? If you are master of Italian, I would have you afterwards, by the first convenient opportunity learn Spanish, which you may very easily and in a very little time do; you will then, in the course of your foreign business, never be obliged to employ, pay, or trust any Translator for any European language.

As I love to provide eventually for every thing that can possibly happen, I will suppose the worst that can befall you at Hanover. In that case, I would have you go immediately to the Duke of Newcastle, and beg his Grace's advice, or rather orders, what you should do; adding, that his advice will always be orders to you. You will tell him that, though you are exceedingly mortified, you are much less so than you should otherwise be, from the consideration that, being utterly unknown to his M——, his objection could not be personal to you, and could only arise from circumstances, which it was not in your power either to prevent or remedy: that if his Grace thought, that your continuing any longer there would be disagreeable, you entreat him to tell you so; and that, upon the whole, you referred

yourself entirely to him, whose orders you should most scrupulously obey. But this precaution, I dare say, is *ex abundanti*, and will prove unnecessary; however, it is always right to be prepared for all events, the worst as well as the best; it prevents hurry and surprise, two dangerous situations in business: for I know no one thing so useful, so necessary in all business as great coolness, steadiness, and *sang froid*; they give an incredible advantage over whomever one has to do with.

I have received your letter of the 15th, N. S. from Mayence, where I find that you have diverted yourself much better than I expected. I am very well acquainted with Comte Cobentzel's character, both of parts and business. He could have given you letters to Bonn, having formerly resided there himself. You will not be so agreeably *electrified*, where this letter will find you, as you were both at Mannheim and Mayence; but I hope you may meet with a second German Mrs. F——d, who may make you forget the two former ones, and practise your German. Such transient passions will do you no harm; but, on the contrary, a great deal of good: they will refine your manners and quicken your attention; they give a young fellow *du brillant*, and bring him into fashion, which last is a great article in setting out in the world.

I have wrote, above a month ago, to Lord Albemarle, to thank him for all his kindnesses to you; but pray have you done as much? Those are the necessary attentions which should never be omitted, especially in the beginning of life, when a character is to be established.

That ready wit which you so partially allow me, and so justly Sir Charles Williams, may create many admirers; but, take my word for it, it makes few friends. It shines and dazzles like the noonday sun, but, like that too, is very apt to scorch, and there-

fore is always feared. The milder morning and evening light and heat of that planet, sooth and calm our minds. Good sense, complaisance, gentleness of manners, attentions, and graces are the only things that truly engage, and durably keep the heart at long run. Never seek for wit; if it presents itself well and good, but even in that case let your judgment interpose, and take care that it be not at the expense of any body. Pope says very truly,

There are whom Heaven has blest with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to govern it.

And in another place, I doubt with too much truth,

For wit and judgment ever are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

The Germans are very seldom troubled with any extraordinary ebullitions or effervescences of wit, and it is not prudent to try it upon them; whoever does, *offendet solido*.

Remember to write me very minute accounts of all your transactions at Hanover, for they excite both my impatience and anxiety. Adieu.

LETTER CCLIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Aug. the 4th, O. S. 1752.

I AM extremely concerned at the return of your old asthmatic complaint, which your letter from Cassel of the 28th July, N. S. informs me of. I believe it is chiefly owing to your own negligence; for, notwithstanding the season of the year, and the heat and agitation of travelling, I dare swear you have not taken one single dose of gentle, cooling physic, since that which I made you take at Bath. I hope

you are now better, and in better hands, I mean in Dr. Hugo's at Hanover; he is certainly a very skillful physician, and therefore I desire that you will inform him most minutely of your own case, from your first attack in Carniola to this last at Marpurgh; and not only follow his prescriptions exactly at present, but take his directions, with regard to the regimen that he would have you observe to prevent the returns of this complaint; and, in case of any returns, the immediate applications, whether external or internal, that he would have you make use of. Consider, it is very well worth your while to submit at present to any course of medicine or diet, to any restraint or confinement, for a time, in order to get rid, once for all, of so troublesome and painful a distemper: the returns of which would equally break in upon your business or your pleasures. Notwithstanding all this, which is plain sense and reason, I much fear that, as soon as ever you are got out of your present distress, you will take no preventive care, by a proper course of medicines and regimen; but, like most people of your age, think it impossible that you ever should be ill again. However, if you will not be wise for your own sake, I desire you will be so for mine, and most scrupulously observe Dr. Hugo's present and future directions.

Hanover, where I take it for granted you are, is at present the seat and centre of foreign negotiations; there are Ministers from almost every Court in Europe; and you have a fine opportunity of displaying with modesty, in conversation, your knowledge of the matters now in agitation. The chief I take to be the Election of the King of the Romans, which, though, I despair of, I heartily wish were brought about, for two reasons. The first is, that I think it may prevent a war upon the death of the present Emperor, who, though young and healthy, may possibly die, as young and healthy people often do.

The other, is the very reason that makes some Powers oppose it, and others dislike it who do not openly oppose it; I mean, that it may tend to make the Imperial dignity hereditary in the House of Austria, which I heartily wish, together with a very great increase of power in the Empire; till when, Germany will never be any thing near a match for France. Cardinal Richelieu showed his superior abilities in nothing more than in thinking no pains nor expense too great to break the power of the House of Austria in the Empire. Ferdinand had certainly made himself absolute, and the Empire consequently formidable to France, if that Cardinal had not piously adopted the Protestant cause, and put the Empire, by the treaty of Westphalia, in pretty much the same disjointed situation in which France itself was before Louis the XIth; when Princes of the blood, at the head of provinces, and Dukes of Brittany, &c. always opposed, and often gave laws to the Crown. Nothing but making the Empire hereditary in the House of Austria, can give it that strength and efficiency, which I wish it had, for the sake of the balance of power. For, while the Princes of the Empire are so independent of the Emperor, so divided among themselves, and so open to the corruption of the best bidders, it is ridiculous to expect that Germany ever will, or can act as a compact and well united body against France. But as this notion of mine would as little please *some of our friends*, as many of our enemies, I would not advise you, though you should be of the same opinion, to declare yourself too freely so. Could the Elector Palatine be satisfied, which I confess will be difficult, considering the nature of his pretensions, the tenaciousness and haughtiness of the Court of Vienna, and our inability to do, as we have too often done, their work for them; I say, if the Elector Palatine could be engaged to give his vote, I should think it would be

right to proceed to the election with a clear majority of five votes; and leave the King of Prussia, and the Elector of Cologne, to protest and remonstrate as much as ever they please. The former is too wise, and the latter too weak in every respect, to act in consequence of those protests. The distracted situation of France, with its ecclesiastical and parliamentary quarrels, not to mention the illness and possibly the death of the Dauphin, will make the King of Prussia, who is certainly no Frenchman in his heart, very cautious how he acts as one. The Elector of Saxony will be influenced by the King of Poland, who must be determined by Russia, considering his views upon Poland, which, by the by, I hope he will never obtain: I mean, as to making that crown hereditary in his family. As for his son's having it by the precarious tenure of election, by which his father now holds it, *à la bonne heure*. But, should Poland have a good government under hereditary Kings, there would be a new devil raised in Europe, that I do not know who could lay. I am sure I would not raise him, though on my own side for the present.

I do not know how I came to trouble my head so much about politics to-day, which has been so very free from them for some years; I suppose it was because I knew that I was writing to the most consummate politician of this, and his age. If I err, you will set me right; *si quid novisti rectius istis, candidus imperti, &c.*

I am excessively impatient for your next letter, which I expect by the first post from Hanover, to remove my anxiety, as I hope it will, not only with regard to your health, but likewise to *other things*; in the mean time, in the language of a pedant, but with the tenderness of a parent, *jubeo te bene valere*.

Lady Chesterfield makes you many compliments, and is much concerned at your indisposition.

LETTER CCLIV.

À Monsieur de Voltaire pour lors à Berlin.

MONSIEUR,

A Londres, 27 d'Août, V. S. 1752.

JE m'intéresse infiniment à tout ce qui touche Monsieur Stanhope, qui aura l'honneur de vous rendre cette lettre ; c'est pourquoi je prens la liberté de vous le présenter ; je ne peux pas lui en donner une preuve plus convainquante. Il a beaucoup lu, il a beaucoup vu ; s'il l'a bien digéré, voilà ce que je ne sais pas ; il n'a que vingt ans. Il a déjà été à Berlin il y a quelques années, et c'est pourquoi il y retourne à présent ; car à cette heure on revient au Nord par les mêmes raisons, pour lesquelles on alloit il n'y a pas long tems au Sud.

Permettez, Monsieur, que je vous remercie du plaisir et de l'instruction que m'a donné votre Histoire du Siècle de Louis XIV. Je ne l'ai lu encore que quatre fois, c'est que je voudrois l'oublier un peu avant la cinquième, mais je vois que cela m'est impossible ; j'attendrai donc l'augmentation que vous nous en avez promis, mais je vous supplie de ne me la pas faire attendre long tems. Je croyois savoir passablement l'Histoire du Siècle de Louis XIV. moyennant les milliers d'Histoires, de Mémoires, d'Anecdotes, &c. que j'en avois lu, mais vous m'avez bien montré que je m'étois trompé, et que je n'en avois qu'une idée très-confuse à bien des égards, et très-fausse à bien d'autres. Que je vous sais gré sur tout, Monsieur, du jour dans lequel vous avez mis les folies et les fureurs des sectes. Vous employez contre ces fous ou ces imposteurs les armes convenables ; d'en employer d'autres ce seroit les imiter : c'est par le ridicule qu'il faut les attaquer, c'est par le mépris qu'il

faut les punir. A propos de ces fous, je vous envoie ci-jointe une pièce sur leur sujet par le feu Docteur Swift, laquelle je crois ne vous déplaira pas. Elle n'a jamais été imprimée, vous en devinerez bien la raison, mais elle est authentique. J'en ai l'original écrit de sa propre main. Son Jupiter, au jour du jugement, les traite à peu près comme vous les traitéz, et comme ils le méritent.

Au reste, Monsieur, je vous dirai franchement, que je suis embarrassé sur votre sujet, et que je ne peux pas me décider sur ce que je souhaiterois de votre part. Quand je lis votre dernière histoire, je voudrois que vous fussiez toujours historien ; mais quand je lis votre Rome Sauvée (toute mal imprimée et défigurée qu'elle est) je vous voudrois toujours Poëte. J'avoue pourtant qu'il vous reste encore une histoire à écrire digne de votre plume, et dont votre plume est seule digne. Vous nous avez donné il y a long tems l'histoire du plus grand Furieux (je vous demande pardon si je ne peux pas dire du plus grand Héros) de l'Europe. Vous nous avez donné en dernier lieu, l'histoire du plus grand Roi ; donnez-nous, à présent, l'histoire du plus grand et du plus honnête Homme de l'Europe, que je croirois dégrader en appelant Roi. Vous l'avez toujours devant vos yeux, rien ne vous seroit plus facile ; sa gloire n'exigeant pas votre invention poétique, mais pouvant se reposer en toute sâreté sur votre vérité historique. Il n'a rien à demander à son historien, que son premier devoir comme historien, qui est, *Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat*. Adieu, Monsieur, je vois bien que je dois vous admirer de plus en plus tous les jours, mais aussi je sais bien que rien ne pourra jamais ajouter à l'estime et à l'attachement avec lesquels je suis actuellement,

Votre très-humble, et

très-obéissant serviteur,

CHESTERFIELD.

TRANSLATION.

SIR,

London, August the 27th, O. S. 1752.

As a most convincing proof how infinitely I am interested in every thing which concerns Mr. Stanhope, who will have the honour of presenting you this letter, I take the liberty of introducing him to you. He has read a great deal, he has seen a great deal; whether or not he has made a proper use of that knowledge, is what I do not know: he is only twenty years of age. He was at Berlin some years ago, and therefore he returns thither; for at present people are attracted towards the north, by the same motives which but lately drew them to the south.

Permit me, Sir, to return you thanks for the pleasure and instruction I have received from your History of Lewis the Fourteenth. I have as yet read it but four times, because I wish to forget it a little before I read it a fifth; but I find that impossible: I shall therefore only wait till you give us the augmentation which you promised: let me entreat you not to defer it long. I thought myself pretty conversant in the History of the Reign of Lewis the Fourteenth by means of those innumerable histories, memoirs, anecdotes, &c. which I had read relative to that period of time. You have convinced me that I was mistaken, and had upon that subject very confused ideas in many respects, and very false ones in others. Above all I cannot but acknowledge the obligation we have to you, Sir, for the light which you have thrown upon the follies and outrages of the different sects; the weapons you employ against those madmen, or those impostors, are the only suitable ones; to make use of any others would be imitating them: they must be attacked by ridicule, and punished with contempt. *A propos* of those fanatics;

I send you here enclosed, a piece upon that subject, written by the late Dean Swift: I believe you will not dislike it. You will easily guess why it never was printed: it is authentic, and I have the original in his own handwriting. His Jupiter, at the day of judgment, treats them much as you do, and as they deserve to be treated.

Give me leave, Sir, to tell you freely, that I am embarrassed upon your account, as I cannot determine what it is that I wish from you. When I read your last history, I am desirous that you should always write history; but when I read your *Rome Sauvée* (although ill printed and disfigured) yet I then wish you never to deviate from poetry; however, I confess that there still remains one history worthy of your pen, and of which your pen alone is worthy. You have long ago given us the history of the greatest and most outrageous Madman (I ask your pardon if I cannot say the greatest Hero) of Europe; you have given us latterly the history of the greatest King; give us now the history of the greatest and most virtuous Man in Europe; I should think it degrading to call him King. To you this cannot be difficult, he is always before your eyes; your poetical invention is not necessary to his glory, as that may safely rely upon your historical candour. The first duty of an historian is the only one he need require from his, *Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat*. Adieu, Sir, I find that I must admire you every day more and more; but I also know that nothing ever can add to the esteem and attachment with which I am actually,

Your most humble, and
most obedient servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCLV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Sept. the 19th, 1752.

SINCE you have been at Hanover, your correspondence has been both unfrequent and laconic. You made indeed one great effort in folio on the 18th, with a postscript of the 22d August N. S. and since that, *vous avez rattré in quarto*. On the 31st August, N. S. you give me no informations of what I want chiefly to know; which is, what Dr. Hugo (whom I charged you to consult) said of your asthmatic complaint, and what he prescribed you to prevent the returns of it; and also what is the company that you keep there; who has been kind and civil to you, and who not.

You say that you go constantly to the parade; and you do very well, for though you are not of that trade, yet military matters make so great a part both of conversation and negotiation, that it is very proper not to be ignorant of them. I hope you mind more than the mere exercise of the troops you see; and that you inform yourself at the same time of the more material details; such as their pay, and the difference of it when in and out of quarters, what is furnished them by the country when in quarters, and what is allowed them of ammunition, bread, &c. when in the field; the number of men and officers in the several troops and companies, together with the non-commissioned officers, as *caporals*, *frey-caporals*, *anspessades*, serjeants, quarter-masters, &c.; the clothing, how frequent, how good, and how furnished; whether by the Colonel, as here in England, from what we call the *off-reckonings*, that is, deductions from the men's pay, or by Commissaries appointed by the Government for that purpose, as

in France and Holland. By these inquiries you will be able to talk military with military men, who, in every country in Europe, except England, make at least half of all the best companies. Your attending the parades has also another good effect, which is, that it brings you of course acquainted with the officers, who, when of a certain rank and service, are generally very polite, well bred people, *et du bon ton*. They have commonly seen a great deal of the World, and of Courts; and nothing else can form a gentleman, let people say what they will of sense and learning: with both which a man may contrive to be a very disagreeable companion. I dare say, there are very few Captains of foot, who are not much better company than ever Descartes or Sir Isaac Newton were. I honour and respect such superior geniuses; but I desire to converse with people of this world, who bring into company their share, at least, of cheerfulness, good breeding, and knowledge of mankind. In common life, one much oftener wants small money, and silver, than gold. Give me a man who has ready cash about him for present expenses; sixpences, shillings, half-crowns, and crowns, which circulate easily: but a man who has only an ingot of gold about him is much above common purposes, and his riches are not handy nor convenient. Have as much gold as you please in one pocket, but take care always to keep change in the other; for you will much oftener have occasion for a shilling than for a guinea. In this the French must be allowed to excel all people in the world: they have *un certain entregent, un enjouement, une aimable légèreté dans la conversation, une politesse aisée et naturelle, qui paroît ne leur rien coûter*, which give Society all its charms. I am sorry to add, but it is too true, that the English and the Dutch are the farthest from this, of all the people in the world; I do by no means except even the Swiss.

Though you did not think proper to inform me, I know from other hands, that you were to go to the Göhr with a Comte Schullemburgh, for eight or ten days only to see the reviews. I know also, that you had a blister upon your arm, which did you a great deal of good: I know too you have contracted a great friendship with Lord Essex; and that you two were inseparable at Hanover. All these things I would rather have known from you than from others; and they are the sort of things that I am the most desirous of knowing, as they are more immediately relative to yourself.

I am very sorry for the Duchess of Newcastle's illness, full as much upon your as upon her account, as it has hindered you from being so much known to the Duke as I could have wished: use and habit going a great way with him, as indeed they do with most people. I have known many people patronized, pushed up, and preferred by those who could have given no other reason for it, than that they were used to them. We must never seek for motives by deep reasoning, but we must find them out by careful observation and attention; no matter what they should be; but the point is, what they are. Trace them up, step by step, from the character of the person. I have known *de par le monde*, as Brantôme says, great effects from causes too little ever to have been suspected. Some things must be known, and can never be guessed.

God knows where this letter will find you, or follow you; not at Hanover, I suppose; but wherever it does, may it find you in health and pleasure!

Adieu.

LETTER CCLVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Sept. the 22d, 1752.

THE day after the date of my last, I received your letter of the 8th. I approve extremely of your intended progress, and am very glad that you go to the Göhr with Comte Schullemburg. I would have you see every thing with your own eyes, and hear every thing with your own ears: for I know, by very long experience, that it is very unsafe to trust to other people's. Vanity and interest cause many misrepresentations, and folly causes many more. Few people have parts enough to relate exactly and judiciously; and those who have, for some reason or other, never fail to sink, or to add some circumstances.

The reception which you have met with at Hano-
ver, I look upon as an omen of your being well
received every where else; for, to tell you the truth,
it was the place that I distrusted the most in that
particular. But there is a certain conduct, there are
certaines manières that will, and must get the better
of all difficulties of that kind; it is to acquire them,
that you still continue abroad, and go from Court to
Court: they are personal, local, and temporal; they
are modes which vary, and owe their existence to
accidents, whim, and humour; all the sense and
reason in the world would never point them out;
nothing but experience, observation, and what is
called knowledge of the world, can possibly teach
them. For example, it is respectful to bow to the
King of England, it is disrespectful to bow to the
King of France; it is the rule to courtesy to the
Emperor; and the prostration of the whole body is
required by Eastern Monarchs. These are esta-

lished ceremonies, and must be complied with; but why they were established, I defy sense and reason to tell us. It is the same among all ranks, where certain customs are received, and must necessarily be complied with, though by no means the result of sense and reason. As for instance, the very absurd, though almost universal custom of drinking people's healths. Can there be any thing in the world less relative to any other man's health, than my drinking a glass of wine? Common sense, certainly, never pointed it out; but yet common sense tells me I must conform to it. Good sense bids one be civil, and endeavour to please; though nothing but experience and observation can teach one the means, properly adapted to time, place, and persons. This knowledge is the true object of a gentleman's travelling, if he travels as he ought to do. By frequenting good company in every country, he himself becomes of every country; he is no longer an Englishman, a Frenchman, or an Italian; but he is an European: he adopts, respectively, the best manners of every country; and is a Frenchman at Paris, an Italian at Rome, an Englishman at London.

This advantage, I must confess, very seldom accrues to my countrymen from their travelling; as they have neither the desire nor the means of getting into good company abroad: for, in the first place, they are confoundedly bashful; and, in the next place, they either speak no foreign language at all, or, if they do, it is barbarously. You possess all the advantages that they want; you know the languages in perfection, and have constantly kept the best company in the places where you have been; so that you ought to be an European. Your canvas is solid and strong, your outlines are good; but remember, that you still want the beautiful colouring of Titian, and the delicate graceful touches of Guido.

Now is your time to get them. There is, in all good company, a fashionable air, countenance, manner, and phraseology, which can only be acquired by being in good company, and very attentive to all that passes there. When you dine or sup at any well bred man's house, observe carefully how he does the honours of his table to the different guests. Attend to the compliments of congratulation, or condolence, that you hear a well bred man make to his superiors, to his equals, and to his inferiors; watch even his countenance and his tone of voice, for they all conspire in the main point of pleasing. There is a certain distinguishing diction of a man of fashion: he will not content himself, like John Trott, to a new married man, Sir, I wish you much joy; or to a man who has lost his son, Sir, I am sorry for your loss; and both with a countenance equally unmoved: but he will say in effect the same thing, in a more elegant and less trivial manner, and with a countenance adapted to the occasion. He will advance with warmth, vivacity, and a cheerful countenance, to the new married man, and embracing him, perhaps say to him, "If you do justice to my attachment to you, you will judge of the joy that I feel upon this occasion, better than I can express it," &c.; to the other in affliction, he will advance slowly, with a grave composure of countenance, in a more deliberate manner, and with a lower voice, perhaps say, "I hope you do me the justice to be convinced, that I feel whatever you feel, and shall ever be affected where you are concerned."

Your *abord*, I must tell you, was too cold and uniform; I hope it is now mended. It should be respectfully open and cheerful with your superiors, warm and animated with your equals, hearty and free with your inferiors. There is a fashionable kind of *small talk* that you should get; which, trifling as it is, is of use in mixed companies, and at

table, especially in your foreign department ; where it keeps off certain serious subjects, that might create disputes, or at least coldness for a time. Upon such occasions it is not amiss to know how to *parler cuisine*, and to be able to dissert upon the growth and flavour of wines. These, it is true, are very little things ; but they are little things that occur very often, and therefore should be said *avec gentillesse, et grâce*. I am sure they must fall often in your way, pray take care to catch them. There is a certain language of conversation, a fashionable diction, of which every gentleman ought to be perfectly master, in whatever language he speaks. The French attend to it carefully, and with great reason ; and their language, which is a language of phrases, helps them out exceedingly. That delicacy of diction is characteristic of a man of fashion and good company.

I could write folios upon this subject and not exhaust it, but I think, and hope, that to you I need not. You have heard and seen enough, to be convinced of the truth and importance of what I have been so long inculcating into you upon these points. How happy am I, and how happy are you, my dear child, that these Titian tints, and Guido graces, are all that you want to complete my hopes and your own character ! But then, on the other hand, what a drawback would it be to that happiness, if you should never acquire them ? I remember, when I was of your age, though I had not near so good an education as you have, or seen a quarter so much of the world, I observed those masterly touches, and irresistible graces in others, and saw the necessity of acquiring them myself ; but then an awkward *mauvaise honte*, of which I had brought a great deal with me from Cambridge, made me ashamed to attempt it, especially if any of my countrymen and particular acquaintance were by. This was extremely absurd

in me ; for without attempting I could never succeed. But, at last, insensibly, by frequenting a great deal of good company, and imitating those whom I saw that every body liked, I formed myself *tant bien que mal*. For God's sake, let this last fine varnish, so necessary to give lustre to the whole piece, be the sole and single object now of your utmost attention : Berlin may contribute a great deal to it, if you please ; there are all the ingredients that compose it.

A propos of Berlin ; while you are there, take care to seem ignorant of all political matters between the two Courts ; such as the affairs of Ostfrise, and Saxe Lawemburg, &c. and enter into no conversations upon those points ; however, be as well at Court as you possibly can ; live at it, and make one of it. Should General Keith offer you civilities, do not decline them ; but return them however without being *enfant de la maison chez lui* : say *des choses flatteuses* of the Royal Family, and especially of his Prussian Majesty, to those who are the most like to repeat them. In short, make yourself well there, without making yourself ill *somewhere else*. Make compliments from me to Algarotti, and converse with him in Italian.

I go next week to the Bath, for a deafness, which I have been plagued with these four or five months ; and which, I am assured, that pumping on my head will remove. This deafness, I own, has tried my patience ; as it has cut me off from society, at an age when I had no pleasures but those left. In the mean time, I have, by reading and writing, made my eyes supply the defect of my ears. Madame H——, I suppose, entertained both yours alike ; however, I am very glad you were well with her ; for she is a good *Prôneuse*, and puffs are very useful to a young fellow at his entrance into the world.

If you should meet with Lord Pembroke again, any where, make him many compliments from me ;

and tell him, I should have written to him, but that I knew how troublesome an old correspondent must be to a young one. He is much commended in the accounts from Hanover.

You will stay at Berlin just as long as you like it, and no longer ; and from thence you are absolutely master of your own motions, either to the Hague or to Brussels ; but I think you had better go to the Hague first, because that from thence Brussels will be in your way to Calais, which is a much better passage to England, than from Helvoetsluys. The two Courts of the Hague and Brussels are worth your seeing ; and you will see them both to advantage, by means of Colonel Yorke and Dayrolles. Adieu. Here is enough for this time.

LETTER CCLVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, September the 26th, 1752.
As you chiefly employ, or rather wholly engross my thoughts, I see every day, with increasing pleasure, the fair prospect which you have before you. I had two views in your education ; they draw nearer and nearer, and I have now very little reason to distrust your answering them fully. Those two were, Parliamentary and Foreign affairs. In consequence of those views, I took care first, to give you a sufficient stock of sound learning, and next, an early knowledge of the world. Without making a figure in Parliament, no man can make any in this country ; and eloquence alone enables a man to make a figure in Parliament, unless it be a very mean and contemptible one, which those make there who silently vote, and who do *pedibus ire in sententiam*. Foreign affairs, when skilfully managed, and supported by a

parliamentary reputation, lead to whatever is most considerable in this country. You have the languages necessary for that purpose, with a sufficient fund of historical and treaty knowledge ; that is to say, you have the Matter ready, and only want the Manner. Your objects being thus fixed, I recommend to you to have them constantly in your thoughts, and to direct your reading, your actions, and your words, to those views. Most people think only *ex re natâ*, and few *ex professo* : I would have you do both, but begin with the latter. I explain myself : Lay down certain principles, and reason and act consequentially from them. As for example : say to yourself, I will make a figure in Parliament, and in order to do that, I must not only speak, but speak very well. Speaking mere common sense will by no means do ; and I must speak not only correctly but elegantly ; and not only elegantly but eloquently. In order to this, I will first take pains to get an habitual, but unaffected, purity, correctness, and elegance of style in my common conversation ; I will seek for the best words, and take care to reject improper, inexpressive, and vulgar ones. I will read the greatest masters of oratory, both ancient and modern, and I will read them singly in that view. I will study Demosthenes and Cicero, not to discover an old Athenian or Roman custom, nor to puzzle myself with the value of talents, mines, drachms, and sesterces, like the learned blockheads in *us* ; but to observe their choice of words, their harmony of diction, their method, their distribution, their exordia, to engage the favour and attention of their audience ; and their perorations, to enforce what they have said, and to leave a strong impression upon the passions. Nor will I be pedant enough to neglect the moderns ; for I will likewise study Atterbury, Dryden, Pope, and Bolingbroke ; nay, I will read every thing that I do read, in that intention,

and never cease improving and refining my style upon the best models, till at last I become a model of eloquence myself, which, by care, it is in every man's power to be. If you set out upon this principle, and keep it constantly in your mind, every company you go into, and every book you read, will contribute to your improvement, either by showing you what to imitate, or what to avoid. Are you to give an account of any thing to a mixed company? or are you to endeavour to persuade either man or woman? This principle, fixed in your mind, will make you carefully attend to the choice of your words, and to the clearness and harmony of your diction.

So much for your parliamentary object; now to the foreign one.

Lay down first those principles which are absolutely necessary to form a skilful and successful negotiation, and form yourself accordingly. What are they? First, the clear historical knowledge of past transactions of that kind. That you have pretty well already, and will have daily more and more; for, in consequence of that principle, you will read history, memoirs, anecdotes, &c. in that view chiefly. The other necessary talents for negotiation are; the great art of pleasing, and engaging the affection and confidence, not only of those with whom you are to cooperate, but even of those whom you are to oppose: to conceal your own thoughts and views, and to discover other people's: to engage other people's confidence, by a seeming cheerful frankness and openness, without going a step too far: to get the personal favour of the King, Prince, Ministers, or Mistress of the Court to which you are sent: to gain the absolute command over your temper and your countenance, that no heat may provoke you to say, nor no change of countenance to betray, what should be a secret. To familiarize

and domesticate yourself in the houses of the most considerable people of the place, so as to be received there rather as a friend to the family, than as a foreigner. Having these principles constantly in your thoughts, every thing you do and every thing you say, will some way or other tend to your main view : and common conversation will gradually fit you for it. You will get a habit of checking any rising heat ; you will be upon your guard against any indiscreet expression ; you will by degrees get the command of your countenance, so as not to change it upon any the most sudden accident : and you will, above all things, labour to acquire the great art of pleasing, without which nothing is to be done. Company is, in truth, a constant state of negotiation ; and, if you attend to it in that view, will qualify you for any. By the same means that you make a friend, guard against an enemy, or gain a mistress ; you will make an advantageous treaty, baffle those who counteract you, and gain the Court you are sent to. Make this use of all the Company you keep, and your very pleasures will make you a successful Negotiator. Please all who are worth pleasing ; offend none. Keep your own secret, and get out other people's. Keep your own temper, and artfully warm other people's. Counterwork your rivals with diligence and dexterity, but at the same time with the utmost personal civility to them : and be firm without heat. Messieurs d'Avaux and Servien did no more than this. I must make one observation, in confirmation of this assertion ; which is, that the most eminent Negotiators have always been the politest and best bred men in company ; even what the women call the *prettiest men*. For God's sake, never lose view of these two your capital objects : bend every thing to them, try every thing by their rules, and calculate every thing for their purposes. What is peculiar to these two objects is,

that they require nothing but what one's own vanity, interest, and pleasure would make one do independently of them. If a man were never to be in business, and always to lead a private life, would he not desire to please and to persuade? So that, in your two destinations, your fortune and figure luckily conspire with your vanity and your pleasures. Nay more; a foreign minister, I will maintain it, can never be a good man of business, if he is not an agreeable man of pleasure too. Half his business is done by the help of his pleasures: his views are carried on, and perhaps best, and most unsuspectedly, at balls, suppers, assemblies, and parties of pleasure; by intrigues with women, and connexions insensibly formed with men, at those unguarded hours of amusement.

These objects now draw very near you, and you have no time to lose in preparing yourself to meet them. You will be in Parliament almost as soon as your age will allow, and I believe you will have a foreign department still sooner, and that will be earlier than ever any body had one. If you set out well at one and twenty, what may you not reasonably hope to be at one and forty? All that I could wish you! Adieu.

LETTER CCLVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, September the 29th, 1752.

THERE is nothing so necessary, but at the same time there is nothing more difficult (I know it by experience) for you young fellows, than to know how to behave yourselves prudently towards those whom you do not like. Your passions are warm, and your heads are light; you hate all those who oppose your views, either of ambition or love; and a rival,

in either, is almost a synonymous term for an enemy. Whenever you meet such a man, you are awkwardly cold to him, at best; but often rude, and always desirous to give him some indirect slap. This is unreasonable; for one man has as good a right to pursue an employment, or a mistress, as another; but it is, into the bargain, extremely imprudent; because you commonly defeat your own purpose by it, and while you are contending with each other, a third often prevails. I grant you, that the situation is irksome; a man cannot help thinking as he thinks, nor feeling what he feels; and it is a very tender and sore point to be thwarted and counter-worked in one's pursuits at Court, or with a mistress: but prudence and abilities must check the effects, though they cannot remove the cause. Both the pretenders make themselves disagreeable to their mistress, when they spoil the company by their pouting, or their sparring; whereas, if one of them has command enough over himself (whatever he may feel inwardly) to be cheerful, gay, and easily and unaffectedly civil to the other, as if there were no manner of competition between them, the Lady will certainly like him the best, and his rival will be ten times more humbled and discouraged; for he will look upon such a behaviour as a proof of the triumph and security of his rival; he will grow outrageous with the Lady, and the warmth of his reproaches will probably bring on a quarrel between them. It is the same in business; where he who can command his temper and his countenance the best, will always have an infinite advantage over the other. This is what the French call *un procédé honnête et galant*, to *pique* yourself upon showing particular civilities to a man, to whom lesser minds would in the same case show dislike, or perhaps rudeness. I will give you an instance of this in my

own case ; and pray remember it, whenever you come to be, as I hope you will, in a like situation.

When I went to the Hague, in 1744, it was to engage the Dutch to come roundly into the war, and to stipulate their quotas of troops, &c. ; your acquaintance, the Abbé de la Ville, was there on the part of France, to endeavour to hinder them from coming into the war at all. I was informed, and very sorry to hear it, that he had abilities, temper, and industry. We could not visit, our two masters being at war ; but the first time I met him at a third place, I got somebody to present me to him ; and I told him, that though we were to be national enemies, I flattered myself we might be, however, personal friends ; with a good deal more of the same kind ; which he returned in full as polite a manner. Two days afterwards I went, early in the morning, to solicit the Deputies of Amsterdam, where I found l'Abbé de la Ville, who had been beforehand with me ; upon which I addressed myself to the Deputies, and said, smilingly, ** Je suis bien fâché, Messieurs, de trouver mon Ennemi avec vous ; je le connois déjà assez pour le craindre : la partie n'est pas égale, mais je me fie à vos propres intérêts contre les talens de mon Ennemi ; et au moins si je n'ai pas eu le premier mot, j'aurai le dernier aujourd'hui.* They smiled : the Abbé was pleased with the compliment, and the manner of it, stayed about a quarter of an hour, and then left me to my Deputies, with whom I continued upon the same tone, though in a very serious manner, and told them that I was only come to state their own true interests to them, plainly and simply,

* I am very sorry, Gentlemen, to find my enemy with you ; my knowledge of his capacity is already sufficient to make me fear him : we are not upon equal terms ; but I trust to your own interest, against his talents. If I have not this day had the first word, I shall at least have the last.

without any of those arts, which it was very necessary for my friend to make use of to deceive them. I carried my point, and continued my *procédé* with the Abbé ; and by this easy and polite commerce with him, at third places, I often found means to fish out from him whereabouts he was.

Remember, there are but two *procédés* in the world for a gentleman and a man of parts : either extreme politeness, or knocking down. If a man notoriously and designedly insults and affronts you, knock him down ; but if he only injures you, your best revenge is to be extremely civil to him in your outward behaviour, though at the same time you counterwork him, and return him the compliment, perhaps with interest. This is not perfidy nor dissimulation ; it would be so, if you were, at the same time, to make professions of esteem and friendship to this man ; which I by no means recommend, but, on the contrary, abhor. All acts of civility are, by common consent, understood to be no more than a conformity to custom, for the quiet and conveniency of society, the *agrémens* of which are not to be disturbed by private dislikes and jealousies. Only women and little minds pout and spar for the entertainment of the company, that always laughs at, and never pities them. For my own part, though I would by no means give up any point to a competitor, yet I would pique myself upon showing him rather more civility than to another man. In the first place, this *procédé* infallibly makes all *les rieurs* of your side, which is a considerable party ; and in the next place, it certainly pleases the object of the competition, be it either man or woman ; who never fail to say, upon such an occasion, that *they must own you have behaved yourself very handsomely in the whole affair*. The world judges from the appearances of things, and not from the reality, which few are able, and still fewer are inclined to fathom ; and a man, who will take care always

to be in the right in those things, may afford to be sometimes a little in the wrong in more essential ones : there is a willingness, a desire to excuse him. With nine people in ten, good breeding passes for good nature, and they take attentions for good offices. At Courts there will be always coldnesses, dislikes, jealousies, and hatred ; the harvest being but small, in proportion to the number of labourers ; but then, as they arise often, they die soon, unless they are perpetuated by the manner in which they have been carried on, more than by the matter which occasioned them. The turns and vicissitudes of Courts frequently make friends of enemies, and enemies of friends : you must labour, therefore, to acquire that great and uncommon talent, of hating with good breeding, and loving with prudence ; to make no quarrel irreconcilable, by silly and unnecessary indications of anger ; and no friendship dangerous, in case it breaks, by a wanton, indiscreet, and unreserved confidence.

Few (especially young) people know how to love, or how to hate ; their love is an unbounded weakness, fatal to the person they love ; their hate is a hot, rash, and imprudent violence, always fatal to themselves. Nineteen fathers in twenty, and every mother, who had loved you half as well as I do, would have ruined you ; whereas I always made you feel the weight of my authority, that you might one day know the force of my love. Now, I both hope and believe my advice will have the same weight with you from choice, that my authority had from necessity. My advice is just eight-and-thirty years older than your own, and consequently, I believe you think, rather better. As for your tender and pleasurable passions, manage them yourself ; but let me have the direction of all the others. Your ambition, your figure, and your fortune will, for some time at least, be rather safer in my keeping than in your own. Adieu.

LETTER CCLIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, October the 4th, 1752.

I CONSIDER you now as at the Court of Augustus, where, if ever the desire of pleasing animated you, it must make you exert all the means of doing it. You will see there, full as well, I dare say, as Horace did at Rome, how states are defended by arms, adorned by manners, and improved by laws. Nay, you have a Horace there, as well as an Augustus; I need not name Voltaire, *qui nil molitur inepte*, as Horace himself said of another poet. I have lately read over all his works that are published, though I had read them more than once before. I was induced to this by his *Siècle de Louis XIV.* which I have yet read but four times. In reading over all his works, with more attention I suppose than before, my former admiration of him is, I own, turned into astonishment. There is no one kind of writing in which he has not excelled. You are so severe a classic, that I question whether you will allow me to call his *Henriade* an Epic poem, for want of the proper number of Gods, Devils, Witches, and other absurdities, requisite for the machinery: which machinery is (it seems) necessary to constitute the *Epopée*. But whether you do or not, I will declare (though possibly to my own shame) that I never read any Epic poem with near so much pleasure. I am grown old, and have possibly lost a great deal of that fire, which formerly made me love fire in others at any rate, and however attended with smoke: but now I must have all sense, and cannot, for the sake of five righteous lines, forgive a thousand absurd ones.

In this disposition of mind, judge whether I can read all Homer through *tout de suite*. I admire his

beauties ; but, to tell you the truth, when he slumbers, I sleep. Virgil, I confess, is all sense, and therefore I like him better than his model ; but he is often languid, especially in his five or six last books, during which I am obliged to take a good deal of snuff. Besides, I profess myself an ally of Turnus's, against the pious Æneas, who, like many *soi-disant* pious people, does the most flagrant injustice and violence, in order to execute what they impudently call the will of Heaven. But what will you say, when I tell you truly, that I cannot possibly read our countryman Milton through ? I acknowledge him to have some most sublime passages, some prodigious flashes of light ; but then you must acknowledge, that light is often followed by *darkness visible*, to use his own expression. Besides, not having the honour to be acquainted with any of the parties in his Poem, except the Man and the Woman, the characters and speeches of a dozen or two of Angels, and of as many Devils, are as much above my reach as my entertainment. Keep this secret for me : for if it should be known, I should be abused by every tasteless Pedant, and every solid Divine in England.

Whatever I have said to the disadvantage of these three Poems, holds much stronger against Tasso's Gierusalemme : it is true he has very fine and glaring rays of poetry ; but then they are only meteors, they dazzle, then disappear, and are succeeded by false thoughts, poor *concetti*, and absurd impossibilities : witness the Fish and the Parrot ; extravagancies unworthy of an Heroic Poem, and would much better have become Ariosto, who professes *le coglionerie*.

I have never read the Lusiade of Camoens, except in a prose translation, consequently I have never read it at all, so shall say nothing of it ; but the *Henriade* is all sense from the beginning to the end, often adorned by the justest and liveliest reflections, the most beautiful descriptions, the noblest images, and

the sublimest sentiments; not to mention the harmony of the verse, in which Voltaire undoubtedly exceeds all the French poets: should you insist upon an exception in favour of Racine, I must insist, on my part, that he at least equals him. What Hero ever interested more than Henry the Fourth, who, according to the rules of Epic poetry, carries on one great and long action, and succeeds in it at last? What description ever excited more horror than those first of the Massacre, and then of the Famine, at Paris? Was love ever painted with more truth and *morbidezza* than in the ninth book? Not better, in my mind, even in the fourth of Virgil. Upon the whole, with all your classical rigour, if you will but suppose *St. Louis* a God, a Devil, or a Witch, and that he appears in person, and not in a dream, the *Henriade* will be an Epic poem, according to the strictest statute laws of the *Epopée*; but in my court of equity it is one as it is.

I could expatiate as much upon all his different works, but that I should exceed the bounds of a letter, and run into a dissertation. How delightful is his History of that Northern Brute, the King of Sweden; for I cannot call him a Man; and I should be sorry to have him pass for a Hero, out of regard to those true Heroes; such as Julius Cæsar, Titus, Trajan, and the present King of Prussia; who cultivated and encouraged arts and sciences; whose animal courage was accompanied by the tender and social sentiments of humanity; and who had more pleasure in improving, than in destroying their fellow creatures. What can be more touching, or more interesting; what more nobly thought, or more happily expressed, than all his dramatic pieces? What can be more clear and rational than all his philosophical letters? and what ever was so graceful, and gentle, as all his little poetical trifles? You are for-

tunately *à portée* of verifying, by your knowledge of the man, all that I have said of his works.

Monsieur de Maupertuis (whom I hope you will get acquainted with) is, what one rarely meets with, deep in philosophy and mathematics, and yet *honnête et aimable homme*; Algarotti is young Fontenelle. Such men must necessarily give you the desire of pleasing them; and if you can frequent them, their acquaintance will furnish you the means of pleasing every body else.

A propos of pleasing; your pleasing Mrs. F——d is expected here in two or three days; I will do all that I can for you with her: I think you carried on the romance to the third or fourth volume; I will continue it to the eleventh; but as for the twelfth and last, you must come and conclude it yourself. *Non sum qualis eram.*

Good night to you, child; for I am going to bed, just at the hour at which I suppose you are beginning to live, at Berlin.

LETTER CCLX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 16th, 1752.

VANITY, or to call it by a gentler name, the desire of admiration and applause, is perhaps the most universal principle of human actions; 'I do not say, that it is the best; and I will own, that it is sometimes the cause of both foolish and criminal effects. But it is so much oftener the principle of right things, that, though they ought to have a better, yet, considering human nature, that principle is to be encouraged and cherished, in consideration of its effects. Where that desire is wanting, we are apt to be indifferent, listless, indolent, and inert; we do not exert

our powers; and we appear to be as much below ourselves, as the vainest man living can desire to appear above what he really is.

As I have made you my confessor, and do not scruple to confess even my weaknesses to you, I will fairly own, that I had that vanity, that weakness, if it be one, to a prodigious degree; and, what is more, I confess it without repentance; nay, I am glad I had it; since, if I have had the good fortune to please in the world, it is to that powerful and active principle that I owe it. I began the world, not with a bare desire, but with an insatiable thirst, a rage of popularity, applause, and admiration. If this made me do some silly things, on one hand, it made me, on the other hand, do almost all the right things that I did: it made me attentive and civil to the women I disliked, and to the men I despised, in hopes of the applause of both: though I neither desired, nor would I have accepted the favours of the one, nor the friendship of the other. I always dressed, looked, and talked my best; and, I own, was overjoyed whenever I perceived that by all three, or by any one of them, the company was pleased with me. To men, I talked whatever I thought would give them the best opinion of my parts and learning; and, to women, what I was sure would please them; flattery, gallantry, and love. And moreover I will own to you, under the secrecy of confession, that my vanity has very often made me take great pains to make many a woman in love with me, if I could, for whose person I would not have given a pinch of snuff. In company with men, I always endeavoured to out-shine, or, at least, if possible, to equal the most shining man in it. This desire elicited whatever powers I had to gratify it; and where I could not perhaps shine in the first, enabled me, at least, to shine in a second or third sphere. By these means I soon grew in fashion; and when a man is once in fashion, all

he does is right. It was infinite pleasure to me, to find my own fashion and popularity. I was sent for to all parties of pleasure, both of men or women; where, in some measure, I gave the tone. This gave me the reputation of having had some women of condition; and that reputation, whether true or false, really got me others. With the men I was a Proteus, and assumed every shape, in order to please them all: among the gay, I was the gayest, among the grave, the gravest; and I never omitted the least attentions of good breeding, or the least offices of friendship, that could either please, or attach them to me: and accordingly I was soon connected with all the men of any fashion or figure in town.

To this principle of vanity, which Philosophers call a mean one, and which I do not, I owe great part of the figure which I have made in life. I wish you had as much, but I fear you have too little of it; and you seem to have a degree of laziness and listlessness about you, that makes you indifferent as to general applause. This is not in character at your age, and would be barely pardonable in an elderly and philosophical man. It is a vulgar, ordinary saying, but it is a very true one, that one should always put the best foot foremost. One should please, shine, and dazzle wherever it is possible. At Paris, I am sure you must observe *que chacun se fait valoir autant qu'il est possible*; and La Bruyère observes, very justly, *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir*: wherever applause is in question, you will never see a French man, nor woman, remiss or negligent. Observe the eternal attentions and politeness that all people have there for one another. *Ce n'est pas pour leurs beaux yeux, au moins*. No, but for their own sakes, for commendations and applause. Let me then recommend this principle of vanity to you; act upon it *meo periculo*; I promise you it will turn to your account.

Practise all the arts that ever Coquette did, to please. Be alert and indefatigable in making every man admire, and every woman in love with you. I can tell you too, that nothing will carry you higher in the world.

I have had no letter from you since your arrival at Paris, though you must have been long enough there to have written me two or three. In about ten or twelve days I propose leaving this place, and going to London; I have found considerable benefit by my stay here, but not all that I want. Make my compliments to Lord Albemarle.

LETTER CCLXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 28th, 1752.

SINCE my last to you, I have read Madame Maintenon's Letters; I am sure they are genuine, and they both entertained and informed me. They have brought me acquainted with the character of that able and artful Lady; whom I am convinced that I now know, much better than her *directeur* the *Abbé* de Fénelon (afterwards Archbishop of Cambray) did, when he wrote her the one hundred and eighty-fifth letter; and I know him the better too for that letter. The *Abbé*, though brimful of divine love, had a great mind to be first Minister, and Cardinal, in order, *no doubt*, to have an opportunity of doing the more good. His being *directeur* at that time to Madame Maintenon, seemed to be a good step towards those views. She put herself upon him for a saint, and he was weak enough to believe it; he, on the other hand, would have put himself upon her

for a saint too, which, I dare say, she did not believe; but both of them knew, that it was necessary for them to appear saints to Lewis XIV., who they were very sure was a bigot. It is to be presumed, nay, indeed it is plain by that one hundred and eighty-fifth letter, that Madame Maintenon had hinted to her *directeur* some scruples of conscience, with relation to her commerce with the King; and which I humbly apprehend to have been only some scruples of prudence, at once to flatter the bigot character, and increase the desires of the King. The pious *Abbé*, frightened out of his wits, lest the King should impute to the *directeur* any scruples or difficulties which he might meet with on the part of the Lady, writes her the above mentioned letter; in which he not only bids her, not tease the King by advice and exhortations, but to have the utmost submission to his will; and, that she may not mistake the nature of that submission, he tells her, it is the same that Sarah had for Abraham; to which submission Isaac perhaps was owing. No bawd could have written a more seducing letter to an innocent country girl, than the *directeur* did to his *pénitente*; who, I dare say, had no occasion for his good advice. Those who would justify the good *directeur*, alias the pimp, in this affair, must not attempt to do it, by saying, that the King and Madame Maintenon were at that time privately married; that the *directeur* knew it; and that this was the meaning of his *énigme*. That is absolutely impossible; for that private marriage must have removed all scruples between the parties; nay, could not have been contracted upon any other principle, since it was kept private, and consequently prevented no public scandal. It is therefore extremely evident, that Madame Maintenon could not be married to the King, at the time when she scrupled granting, and when the *directeur* advised her to

grant, those favours which Sarah with so much submission granted to Abraham : and what that *directeur* is pleased to call *le mystère de Dieu*, was most evidently a state of concubinage. The letters are very well worth your reading ; they throw light upon many things of those times.

I have just received a letter from Sir William Stanhope, from Lyons ; in which he tells me that he saw you at Paris, that he thinks you a little grown, but that you do not make the most of it, for that you stoop still ; *d'ailleurs* his letter was a panegyric of you.

The young Comte de Schullenburg, the Cham-bellan whom you knew at Hanover, is come over with the King, *et fait aussi vos éloges*.

Though, as I told you in my last, I have done buying pictures, by way of *virtù*, yet there are some portraits of remarkable people that would tempt me. For instance, if you could by chance pick up at Paris, at a reasonable price, and undoubted originals (whether heads, half lengths, or whole lengths, no matter) of Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, and Retz ; Monsieur de Turenne, le grand Prince de Condé ; Mesdames de Montespan, de Fontanges, de Mombason, de Sévigné, de Maintenon, de Chevreuse, de Longueville, d'Olonne, &c. I should be tempted to purchase them. I am sensible that they can only be met with, by great accident, at family sales and auctions, so I only mention the affair to you eventually.

I do not understand, or else I do not remember, what affair you mean in your last letter ; which you think will come to nothing, and for which, you say, I had once a mind that you should take the road again. Explain it to me.

I shall go to town in four or five days, and carry back with me a little more hearing than I brought : but yet not half enough for common use. One wants

ready pocket money much oftener than one wants great sums; and, to use a very odd expression, I want to hear at sight. I love every-day senses, every-day wit and entertainment; a man who is only good on holidays is good for very little. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, New Year's Day, 1753.

It is now above a fortnight since I have received a letter from you. I hope, however, that you are well, but engrossed by the business of Lord Albemarle's *bureau* in the mornings, and by business of a genteeler nature in the evenings; for I willingly give up my own satisfaction to your improvement, either in business or manners.

Here have been lately imported from Paris, two gentlemen, who, I find, were much acquainted with you there; Comte Sinzendorf, and Monsieur Clairaut, the Academician. The former is a very pretty man, well bred, and with a great deal of useful knowledge; for those two things are very consistent. I examined him about you, thinking him a competent judge. He told me, *que vous parliez l'Allemand comme un Allemand; que vous saviez le droit public de l'Empire parfaitement bien; que vous aviez le goût sûr, et des connoissances fort étendues.* I told him, that I knew all this very well; but that I wanted to know whether you had *l'air, les manières, les attentions, enfin le brillant d'un honnête homme*: his answer was, *Mais oui, en vérité, c'est fort bien.* This, you see, is but cold, in comparison of what I do wish, and of what you ought to wish. Your friend Clairaut interposed, and said, *Mais je vous assure qu'il est fort poli*; to which I answered, *Je le crois bien, vis-d-vis*

des Lapons vos amis ; je vous recuse pour Juge, jusqu'd ce que vous ayez été délaponné, au moins dix ans, parmi les honnêtes gens. These testimonies in your favour are such as perhaps you are satisfied with, and think sufficient: but I am not: they are only the cold depositions of disinterested and unconcerned witnesses, upon a strict examination. When, upon a trial, a man calls witnesses to his character, and those witnesses only say, that they never heard, nor do not know any ill of him; it intimates at best a neutral and insignificant, though innocent character. Now I want, and you ought to endeavour, that *les agrémens, les grâces, les attentions, &c.* should be a distinguishing part of your character, and specified of you by people unmasked. I wish to hear people say of you, *ah, qu'il est aimable ! Quelles manières, quelles grâces, quel art de plaire !* Nature, thank God, has given you all the powers necessary; and if she has not yet, I hope in God she will give you the will of exerting them.

I have lately read, with great pleasure, Voltaire's two little Histories of *les Croisades*, and *l'Esprit humain*; which I recommend to your perusal, if you have not already read them. They are bound up with a most poor performance, called *Micromégas*, which is said to be Voltaire's too; but I cannot believe it, it is so very unworthy of him: it consists only of thoughts stolen from Swift, but miserably mangled and disfigured. But his History of the Croisades shows, in a very short and strong light, the most immoral and wicked scheme, that was ever contrived by knaves, and executed by madmen and fools, against humanity. There is a strange, but never failing relation, between honest madmen and skilful knaves; and wherever one meets with collected numbers of the former, one may be very sure that they are secretly directed by the latter. The

Popes, who have generally been both the ablest and the greatest knaves in Europe, wanted all the power and money of the East: for they had all that was in Europe already. The times and the minds favoured their design, for they were dark and uninformed; and Peter the Hermit, at once a knave and a madman, was a fine papal tool for so wild and wicked an undertaking. I wish we had good histories of every part of Europe, and indeed of the world, written upon the plan of Voltaire's *de l'Esprit humain*; for, I own, I am provoked at the contempt which most historians show for humanity in general; one would think by them, that the whole human species consisted but of about a hundred and fifty people, called and dignified (commonly very undeservedly too) by the titles of Emperors, Kings, Popes, Generals, and Ministers.

I have never seen in any of the newspapers, any mention of the affairs of the Cevennes, or Grenoble, which you gave me an account of some time ago; and the Duke de Mirepoix pretends, at least, to know nothing of either. Were they false reports; or does the French Court choose to stifle them? I hope that they are both true, because I am very willing, that the cares of the French government should be employed and confined to themselves.

Your friend, the Electress Palatine, has sent me six wild boars' heads, and other *pièces de sa chasse*, in return for the fans, which she approved of extremely. This present was signified to me by one Mr. Harold, who wrote me a letter in very indifferent English; I suppose he is a Dane, who has been in England.

Mr. Harte came to town yesterday, and dined with me to-day. We talked you over; and I can assure you, that though a Parson, and no member *du beau monde*, he thinks all the most shining accomplishments of it full as necessary for you, as I do. His expression was, *that is all that he wants; but if he*

wants that, considering his situation and destination, he might as well want every thing else.

This is the day when people reciprocally offer, and receive the kindest and the warmest wishes, though, in general, without meaning them on one side, or believing them on the other. They are formed by the head, in compliance with custom, though disavowed by the heart, in consequence of nature. His wishes, upon this occasion, are the best, that are the best turned; you do not, I am sure, doubt the truth of mine, and therefore I will express them with a Quaker-like simplicity. May this new year be a very new one indeed to you; may you put off the old, and put on the new man! but I mean the outward, not the inward man. With this alteration, I might justly sum up all my wishes for you in these words:

Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera sumes.

This minute, I receive your letter of the 26th past, which gives me a very disagreeable reason for your late silence. By the symptoms which you mention of your illness, I both hope and believe, that it was wholly owing to your own want of care. You are rather inclined to be fat, you have naturally a good stomach, and you eat at the best tables; which must of course make you plethoric: and, upon my word, you will be very subject to these accidents, if you will not from time to time, when you find yourself full, heated, or your head aching, take some little easy preventive purge, that would not confine you; such as chewing a little rhubarb, when you go to bed at night, or some senna tea in the morning. You do very well to live extremely low, for some time; and I could wish, though I do not expect it, that you would take one gentle vomit: for those giddinesses, and swimings in the head, always proceed from some foulness of the stomach. However, upon

the whole, I am very glad that your old complaint has not mixed itself with this: which, I am fully convinced, arises singly from your own negligence. Adieu.

I am sorry for Monsieur Kurzcé, upon his sister's account.

LETTER CCLXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, January the 15th, 1753.

I NEVER think my time so well employed, as when I think it employed to your advantage. You have long had the greatest share of it; you now engross it. The moment is now decisive; the piece is going to be exhibited to the public; the mere outlines, and the general colouring, are not sufficient to attract the eyes, and to secure applause; but the last finishing, artful, and delicate strokes, are necessary. Skilful judges will discern, and acknowledge their merit; the ignorant will, without knowing why, feel their power. In that view, I have thrown together, for your use, the enclosed Maxims*; or, to speak more properly, observations on men and things; for I have no merit as to the invention; I am no system-monger; and, instead of giving way to my imagination, I have only consulted my memory; and my conclusions are all drawn from facts, not from fancy. Most maxim-mongers have preferred the prettiness to the justness of a thought, and the turn to the truth; but I have refused myself to every thing that my own experience did not justify and confirm. I wish you would consider them seriously, and separately, and recur to them again *pro re natâ* in similar cases. Young men are as apt to think themselves wise

* Turn to the end of the volume.

enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough. They look upon spirit to be a much better thing than experience; which they call coldness. They are but half mistaken; for though spirit without experience is dangerous, experience without spirit is languid and defective. Their union, which is very rare, is perfection: you may join them, if you please; for all my experience is at your service; and I do not desire one grain of your spirit in return. Use them both; and let them reciprocally animate and check each other. I mean here, by the spirit of youth, only the vivacity and presumption of youth; which hinder them from seeing the difficulties, or dangers of an undertaking; but I do not mean, what the silly vulgar call spirit, by which they are captious, jealous of their rank, suspicious of being undervalued, and tart (as they call it) in their repartees, upon the slightest occasions. This is an evil, and a very silly spirit, which should be driven out, and transferred to a herd of swine. This is not the spirit of a man of fashion, who has kept good company. People of an ordinary, low education, when they happen to fall into good company, imagine themselves the only object of its attention; if the company whispers, it is, to be sure, concerning them; if they laugh, it is at them, and if any thing ambiguous, that by the most forced interpretation can be applied to them, happens to be said, they are convinced that it was meant at them; upon which they grow out of countenance first, and then angry. This mistake is very well ridiculed in the *Stratagem*, where Scrub says, *I am sure they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly*. A well bred man seldom thinks, but never seems to think, himself slighted, undervalued, or laughed at in company, unless where it is so plainly marked out, that his honour obliges him to resent it in a proper manner; *mais les honnêtes gens ne se boudent jamais*. I will admit, that

it is very difficult to command one's self enough, to behave with ease, frankness, and good breeding towards those, who one knows dislike, slight, and injure one as far as they can without personal consequences ; but I assert, that it is absolutely necessary to do it : you must embrace the man you hate, if you cannot be justified in knocking him down ; for otherwise you avow the injury, which you cannot revenge. A prudent Cuckold (and there are many such at Paris) pockets his horns, when he cannot gore with them ; and will not add to the triumph of his maker, by only butting with them ineffectually. A seeming ignorance is very often a most necessary part of worldly knowledge. It is, for instance, commonly advisable to seem ignorant of what people offer to tell you ; and, when they say, Have not you heard of such a thing ? to answer, No, and to let them go on, though you know it already. Some have a pleasure in telling it, because they think that they tell it well ; others have a pride in it, as being the sagacious discoverers ; and many have a vanity in showing that they have been, though very undeservedly, trusted : all these would be disappointed, and consequently displeased, if you said, Yes. Seem always ignorant (unless to one most intimate friend) of all matters of private scandal and defamation, though you should hear them a thousand times ; for the parties affected always look upon the receiver to be almost as bad as the thief : and, whenever they become the topic of conversation, seem to be a sceptic, though you are really a serious believer ; and always take the extenuating part. But all this seeming ignorance should be joined to thorough and extensive private informations : and, indeed, it is the best method of procuring them ; for most people have such a vanity, in showing a superiority over others, though but for a moment, and in the merest trifles, that they will tell you what they should not,

rather than not show that they can tell what you did not know: besides that, such seeming ignorance will make you pass for incurious, and consequently undesigning. However, fish for facts, and take pains to be well informed of every thing that passes; but fish judiciously, and not always, nor indeed often, in the shape of direct questions; which always put people upon their guard, and often repeated, grow tiresome. But sometimes take the things that you would know for granted; upon which somebody will, kindly and officiously, set you right: sometimes say, that you have heard so and so; and at other times seem to know more than you do, in order to know all that you want: but avoid direct questioning, as much as you can. All these necessary arts of the world require constant attention, presence of mind, and coolness. Achilles, though invulnerable, never went to battle, but completely armed. Courts are to be the theatres of your wars, where you should be always as completely armed, and even with the addition of a heel-piece. The least inattention, the least *distraction*, may prove fatal. I would fain see you what pedants call *omnis homo*, and what Pope much better calls *all accomplished*: you have the means in your power, add the will, and you may bring it about. The vulgar have a coarse saying, of *spoiling a hog for a halfpenny-worth of tar*: prevent the application, by providing the tar; it is very easily to be had, in comparison with what you have already got.

The fine Mrs. Pitt, who, it seems, saw you often at Paris, speaking of you the other day, said, in French, for she speaks little English

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whether it is that you did not pay the homage due to her beauty, or that it did not strike you as it does others, I cannot determine; but I hope she had

some other reason than truth, for saying it. I will suppose that you did not care a pin for her; but, however, she surely deserved a degree of propitiatory adoration from you, which I am afraid you neglected. Had I been in your case, I should have endeavoured, at least, to have supplanted Mr. Mackay in his office of nocturnal reader to her. I played at cards, two days ago, with your friend Mrs. Fitzgerald, and her most sublime mother, Mrs. Seagrave; they both inquired after you: and Mrs. Fitzgerald said, she hoped you went on with your dancing; I said Yes, and that you assured me, you had made such considerable improvements in it, that you had now learned to stand still, and even upright. Your *virtuosa*, la Signora Vestri, sung here the other day, with great applause: I presume you are *intimately* acquainted with her merit. Good night to you, whoever you pass it with.

I have this moment received a packet, sealed with your seal, though not directed by your hand, for Lady Hervey. No letter from you! Are you not well?

LETTER CCLXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, May the 27th, O. S. 1753.

I HAVE this day been tired, jaded, nay, tormented, by the company of a most worthy, sensible, and learned man, a near relation of mine, who dined and passed the evening with me. This seems a paradox, but is a plain truth; he has no knowledge of the world, no manners, no address; far from talking without book, as is commonly said of people who talk sillily, he only talks by book; which, in general conversation is ten times worse. He has formed in his own closet, from books, certain systems of every thing,

argues tenaciously upon those principles, and is both surprised and angry at whatever deviates from them. His theories are good, but, unfortunately, are all impracticable. Why? Because he has only read, and not conversed. He is acquainted with books, and an absolute stranger to men. Labouring with his matter, he is delivered of it with pangs; he hesitates, stops in his utterance, and always expresses himself inelegantly. His actions are all ungraceful; so that, with all his merit and knowledge, I would rather converse six hours with the most frivolous tittle-tattle woman, who knew something of the world, than with him. The preposterous notions of a systematical man, who does not know the world, tire the patience of a man who does. It would be endless to correct his mistakes, nor would he take it kindly; for he has considered every thing deliberately, and is very sure that he is in the right. Impropropriety is a characteristic, and a never-failing one of these people. Regardless, because ignorant, of custom and manners, they violate them every moment. They often shock, though they never mean to offend; never attending either to the general character, or the particular distinguishing circumstances of the people to whom, or before whom they talk: whereas the knowledge of the world teaches one, that the very same things, which are exceedingly right and proper in one company, time, and place, are exceedingly absurd in others. In short, a man who has great knowledge, from experience and observation of the characters, customs, and manners of mankind, is a being as different from, and as superior to a man of mere book and systematical knowledge, as a well managed horse is to an ass. Study therefore, cultivate, and frequent men and women; not only in their outward, and consequently guarded, but in their interior, domestic, and consequently less disguised, characters and manners. Take your notions of things, as by

observation and experience you find they really are, and not as you read that they are or should be ; for they never are quite what they should be. For this purpose, do not content yourself with general and common acquaintance ; but, wherever you can, establish yourself, with a kind of domestic familiarity, in good houses. For instance, go again to Orli, for two or three days, and so at two or three *reprises*. Go and stay two or three days at a time at Versailles, and improve and extend the acquaintance you have there. Be at home at St. Cloud ; and, whenever any private person of fashion invites you to pass a few days at his country-house, accept of the invitation. This will necessarily give you a versatility of mind, and a facility to adopt various manners and customs ; for every body desires to please those in whose house they are ; and people are only to be pleased in their own way. Nothing is more engaging than a cheerful and easy conformity to people's particular manners, habits, and even weaknesses ; nothing (to use a vulgar expression) should come amiss to a young fellow. He should be, for good purposes, what Alcibiades was commonly for bad ones, a Proteus, assuming with ease, and wearing with cheerfulness, any shape. Heat, cold, luxury, abstinence, gravity, gaiety, ceremony, easiness, learning, trifling, business, and pleasure, are modes which he should be able to take, lay aside, or change occasionally, with as much ease as he would take or lay aside his hat. All this is only to be acquired by use and knowledge of the world, by keeping a great deal of company, analyzing every character, and insinuating yourself into the familiarity of various acquaintance. A right, a generous ambition to make a figure in the world, necessarily gives the desire of pleasing ; the desire of pleasing points out, to a great degree, the means of doing it ; and the art of pleasing is, in truth, the art of rising, of distinguishing one's-self, of making a figure and

a fortune in the world. But without pleasing, without the Graces, as I have told you a thousand times, *ogni fatica è vana*. You are now but nineteen, an age at which most of your countrymen are illiberally getting drunk in Port, at the University. You have greatly got the start of them in learning; and, if you can equally get the start of them in the knowledge and manners of the world, you may be very sure of outrunning them in Court and Parliament, as you set out so much earlier than they. They generally begin but to see the world at one-and-twenty; you will by that age have seen all Europe. They set out upon their travels unlicked cubs; and in their travels they only lick one another, for they seldom go into any other company. They know nothing but the English world, and the worst part of that too, and generally very little of any but the English language; and they come home, at three or four-and-twenty, refined and polished (as is said in one of Congreve's plays) like Dutch skippers from a whale-fishing. The care which has been taken of you, and (to do you justice) the care you have taken of yourself, has left you, at the age of nineteen only, nothing to acquire but the knowledge of the world, manners, address, and those exterior accomplishments. But they are great and necessary acquisitions, to those who have sense enough to know their true value; and your getting them before you are one-and-twenty, and before you enter upon the active and shining scene of life, will give you such an advantage over all your cotemporaries, that they cannot overtake you; they must be distanced. You may probably be placed about a young Prince, who will probably be a young King. There all the various arts of pleasing, the engaging address, the versatility of manners, the *brilliant*, the Graces, will outweigh and yet outrun all solid knowledge and unpolished merit. Oil yourself therefore, and be both supple and shining for that race, if you would

be first, or early, at the goal. Ladies will most probably too, have something to say there ; and those who are best with them, will probably be best *somewhere else*. Labour this great point, my dear child, indefatigably ; attend to the very smallest parts, the minutest graces, the most trifling circumstances, that can possibly concur in forming the shining character of a complete Gentleman, *un galant homme, un homme de Cour*, a man of business and pleasure ; *estimé des hommes, recherché des femmes, aimé de tout le monde*. In this view, observe the shining part of every man of fashion, who is liked and esteemed ; attend to, and imitate that particular accomplishment for which you hear him chiefly celebrated and distinguished ; then collect those various parts, and make yourself a Mosaic of the whole. No one body possesses every thing, and almost every body possesses some one thing worthy of imitation : only choose your models well ; and, in order to do so, choose by your ear more than by your eye. The best model is always that which is most universally allowed to be the best, though in strictness it may possibly not be so. We must take most things as they are, we cannot make them what we would, nor often what they should be ; and, where moral duties are not concerned, it is more prudent to follow, than to attempt to lead. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Bath, October the 3d, 1755.

You have set out well at the Hague ; you are in love with Madame Munter, which I am very glad of : you are in the fine company there, and I hope one of it ; for it is not enough, at your age, to be merely in good company ; but you should by your address

and attentions, make that good company think you one of them. There is a tribute due to beauty, even independently of farther views; which tribute, I hope, you paid with alacrity to Madame Munter and Madame Degenfeldt: depend upon it they expected it, and were offended in proportion as that tribute seemed either unwillingly or scantily paid. I believe my friend Kreuningen admits nobody now to his table, for fear of their communicating the plague to him, or at least the bite of a mad dog. Pray profit of the *entrées libres*, that the French Ambassador has given you; frequent him, and *speak* to him. I think you will not do amiss to call upon Mr. Burrish, at Aix-la-Chapelle, since it is so little out of your way; and you will do still better, if you would, which I know you will not, drink those waters, for five or six days only, to scour your stomach and bowels a little: I am sure it would do you a great deal of good. Mr. Burrish can, doubtless, give you the best letters to Munich; and he will naturally give you some to Comte Preysing, or Comte Sinsheim, and such sort of grave people; but I could wish that you would ask him for some to young fellows of pleasure or fashionable coquettes, that you may be *dans l'honnête débauche de Munich*. *A propos* of your future motions; I leave you in a great measure the master of them, so shall only suggest my thoughts to you upon that subject.

You have three Electoral Courts in view, Bonn, Munich, and Mannheim. I would advise you to see two of them rather cursorily, and fix your tabernacle at the third, whichever that may be, for a considerable time. For instance, should you choose (as I fancy you will) to make Mannheim the place of your residence, stay only ten or twelve days at Bonn, and as long at Munich, and then go and fix at Mannheim; and so, *vice versâ*, if you should like Bonn or Munich better than you think you would Man-

heim ; make that the place of your residence, and only visit the other two. It is certain that no man can be much pleased himself, or please others much, in any place where he is only a bird of passage for eight or ten days ; neither party thinking it worth while to make an acquaintance, still less to form any connexion, for so short a time : but when months are the case, a man may domesticate himself pretty well ; and very soon not be looked upon as a stranger. This is the real utility of travelling, when, by contracting a familiarity at any place, you get into the inside of it, and see it in its undress. That is the only way of knowing the customs, the manners, and all the little characteristical peculiarities, that distinguish one place from another ; but then this familiarity is not to be brought about by cold, formal visits of half an hour : no ; you must show a willingness, a desire, an impatience, of forming connexions, *il faut s'y prêter, et y mettre du liant, du désir de plaire*. Whatever you do approve, you must be lavish in your praises of ; and you must learn to commend what you do not approve of, if it is approved of there. You are not much given to praise, I know ; but it is because you do not yet know, how extremely people are engaged by a seeming sanction to their own opinions, prejudices, and weaknesses, even in the merest trifles. Our self-love is mortified, when we think our opinions, and even our tastes, customs, and dresses, either arraigned or condemned ; as, on the contrary, it is tickled and flattered by approbation. I will give you a remarkable instance of this kind. The famous Earl of Shaftesbury, in the flagitious reign of Charles the Second, while he was Chancellor, had a mind to be a Favourite as well as a Minister of the King : in order therefore to please his Majesty, whose prevailing passion was women, my Lord kept a w——e, whom he had no occasion for, and made no manner of use of. The

King soon heard of it, and asked him if it was true; he owned it was; but that, though he kept that one woman, he had several others besides, for he loved variety. A few days afterwards, the King, at his public levee saw Lord Shaftesbury at some distance, and said in the circle, "One would not think that that little weak man is the greatest whore-master in England; but I can assure you that he is." Upon Lord Shaftesbury's coming into the circle, there was a general smile; the King said, "This is concerning you, my Lord." "Me, Sir!" answered the Chancellor, with some surprise. "Yes, you," answered the King; "for I had just said, that you were the greatest whore-master in England: Is it not true?" "Of a *subject*, Sir," replied Lord Shaftesbury, "perhaps I am." It is the same in every thing; we think a difference of opinion, of conduct, of manners, a tacit reproach, at least, upon our own; we must therefore use ourselves to a ready conformity to whatever is neither criminal nor dishonourable. Whoever differs from any general custom is supposed both to think, and proclaim himself wiser than the rest of the world; which the rest of the world cannot bear, especially in a young man. A young fellow is always forgiven, and often applauded, when he carries a fashion to an excess; but never if he stops short of it. The first is ascribed to youth and fire; but the latter is imputed to an affectation of singularity, or superiority. At your age, one is allowed to *outrier* fashion, dress, vivacity, gallantry, &c. but by no means to be behindhand in any one of them. And one may apply to youth in this case, *Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.* Adieu.

LETTER CCLXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, October the 19th, 1753.

OF all the various ingredients that compose the useful and necessary art of pleasing, no one is so effectual and engaging, as that gentleness, that *douceur* of countenance and manners, to which you are no stranger, though (God knows why) a sworn enemy. Other people take great pains to conceal, or disguise, their natural imperfections; some, by the make of their clothes, and other arts, endeavour to conceal the defects of their shape; women who unfortunately have natural bad complexions, lay on good ones; and both men and women, upon whom unkind nature has inflicted a surliness and ferocity of countenance, do at least all they can, though often without success, to soften and mitigate it; they affect *douceur*, and aim at smiles, though often in the attempt, like the Devil in *Milton*, they *grin horribly a ghastly smile*. But you are the only person I ever knew, in the whole course of my life, who not only disdain, but absolutely reject and disguise a great advantage, that nature has kindly granted. You easily guess I mean *countenance*; for she has given you a very pleasing one; but you beg to be excused, you will not accept it; on the contrary, take singular pains to put on the most *funeste*, forbidding, and unpleasing one, that can possibly be imagined. This one would think impossible; but you know it to be true. If you imagine that it gives you a manly, thoughtful, and decisive air, as some, though very few of your countrymen do, you are most exceedingly mistaken; for it is at best the air of a German corporal, part of whose exercise is to look fierce, and to *blasmeer-op*. You will say, perhaps, What,

am I always to be studying my countenance, in order to wear this *douceur*? I answer, No, do it but for a fortnight, and you never will have occasion to think of it more. Take but half the pains to recover the countenance that nature gave you, that you must have taken to disguise and deform it as you have, and the business will be done. Accustom your eyes to a certain softness, of which they are very capable, and your face to smiles, which become it more than most faces I know. Give all your motions too, an air of *douceur*, which is directly the reverse of their present celerity and rapidity. I wish you would adopt a little of *l'air du Couvent* (you very well know what I mean) to a certain degree; it has something extremely engaging; there is a mixture of benevolence, affection, and unction in it: it is frequently really sincere, but is almost always thought so, and consequently pleasing. Will you call this trouble? It will not be half an hour's trouble to you in a week's time. But suppose it be, pray tell me, why did you give yourself the trouble of learning to dance so well as you do? It is neither a religious, moral, or civil duty. You must own, that you did it then singly to please, and you were in the right on't. Why do you wear fine clothes, and curl your hair? Both are troublesome; lank locks, and plain flimsy rags, are much easier. This then you also do in order to please, and you do very right. But then, for God's sake, reason and act consequentially; and endeavour to please in other things too, still more essential; and without which the trouble you have taken in those is wholly thrown away. You show your dancing, perhaps, six times a year, at most; but you show your countenance, and your common motions, every day, and all day. Which then, I appeal to yourself, ought you to think of the most, and care to render easy, graceful, and engaging? *Douceur* of countenance and gesture can alone make them so? You are by no

means ill natured ; and would you then most unjustly be reckoned so ? Yet your common countenance intimates, and would make any body, who did not know you, believe it. *A propos* of this ; I must tell you what was said the other day to a fine lady whom you know, who is very good natured in truth, but whose common countenance implies ill nature, even to brutality. It was Miss H——n, Lady M——y's niece, whom you have seen, both at Blackheath and at Lady Hervey's. Lady M——y was saying to me, that you had a very engaging countenance, when you had a mind to it, but that you had not always that mind ; upon which Miss H——n said, that she liked your countenance best, when it was as glum as her own. Why then, replied Lady M——y, you two should marry ; for, while you both wear your worst countenances, nobody else will venture upon either of you ; and they call her now Mrs. Stanhope. To complete this *douceur* of countenance and motions, which I so earnestly recommend to you, you should carry it also to your expressions, and manner of thinking, *mettez y toujours de l'affectueux de l'onction* ; take the gentle, the favourable, the indulgent side of most questions. I own, that the manly and sublime John Trott, your countryman, seldom does ; but, to show his spirit and decision, takes the rough and harsh side, which he generally adorns with an oath, to seem more formidable. This he only thinks fine ; for, to do John justice, he is commonly as good natured as any body. These are among the many little things which you have not, and I have lived long enough in the world to know of what infinite consequence they are, in the course of life. Reason then, I repeat it again, within yourself *consequentially* ; and let not the pains you have taken, and still take, to please in some things, be a *pure perte*, by your negligence of, and inattention to others, of much less trouble, and much more consequence.

I have been of late much engaged, or rather bewildered, in Oriental history, particularly that of the Jews, since the destruction of their temple, and their dispersion by Titus; but the confusion and uncertainty of the whole, and the monstrous extravagancies and falsehoods of the greatest part of it, disgusted me extremely. Their Thalmud, their Mischna, their Targums, and other traditions and writings of their Rabbins and Doctors, who were most of them Cabalists, are really more extravagant and absurd, if possible, than all that you have read in Comte de Gabalis; and indeed, most of his stuff is taken from them. Take this sample of their nonsense, which is transmitted in the writings of one of their most considerable Rabbins. "One Abas Saul, a man ten feet high, was digging a grave, and happened to find the eye of Goliath, in which he thought proper to bury himself, and so he did, all but his head, which the Giant's eye was unfortunately not quite deep enough to receive." This, I assure you, is the most modest lie of ten thousand. I have also read the Turkish History, which, excepting the religious part, is not fabulous, though very possibly not true. For the Turks, having no notion of letters, and being, even by their religion, forbid the use of them, except for reading and transcribing the Koran; they have no historians of their own, nor any authentic records or memorials for other historians to work upon: so that what histories we have of that country, are written by foreigners; as Platina, Sir Paul Rycaut, Prince Cantemir, &c. or else snatches only of particular and short periods, by some who happened to reside there at those times: such as Busbequius, whom I have just finished. I like him, as far as he goes, much the best of any of them: but then his account is, properly, only an account of his own embassy, from the Emperor Charles the Fifth to Solymán the Magnificent. However, there he gives, episodically, the

best account I know, of the customs and manners of the Turks, and of the nature of that government, which is a most extraordinary one. For, despotic as it always seems, and sometimes is, it is in truth a military republic; and the real power resides in the Janissaries; who sometimes order their Sultan to strangle his Vizir, and sometimes the Vizir to depose or strangle his Sultan, according as they happen to be angry at the one or the other. I own, I am glad that the capital strangler should, in his turn, be *strangle-able*, and now and then strangled: for I know of no brute so fierce, nor criminal so guilty, as the creature called a Sovereign, whether King, Sultan, or Sophy, who thinks himself, either by divine or human right, vested with an absolute power of destroying his fellow-creatures; or who, without inquiring into his right, lawlessly exerts that power. The most excusable of all those human monsters, are the Turks, whose religion teaches them inevitable fatalism. *A propos* of the Turks; my Loyola, I pretend, is superior to your Sultan. Perhaps you think this impossible, and wonder who this Loyola is. Know then, that I have had a Barbet brought me from France, so exactly like Sultan, that he has been mistaken for him several times; only his snout is shorter, and his ears longer than Sultan's. He has also the acquired knowledge of Sultan; and I am apt to think that he studied under the same master at Paris. His habit, and his white band, show him to be an Ecclesiastic; and his begging, which he does very earnestly, proves him to be of a Mendicant order; which, added to his flattery and insinuation, make him supposed to be a Jesuit, and have acquired him the name of Loyola. I must not omit too, that, when he breaks wind, he smells exactly like Sultan.

I do not yet hear one jot the better for all my bathings and pumpings, though I have been here already full half my time; I consequently go very

little into company, being very little fit for any. I hope you keep company enough for us both; you will get more by that, than I shall by all my reading. I read singly to amuse myself, and fill up my time, of which I have too much; but you have two much better reasons for going into company, Pleasure and Profit. May you find a great deal of both, in a great deal of company! Adieu.

LETTER CCLXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, November the 20th, 1753.

Two mails are now due from Holland, so that I have no letter from you to acknowledge; but that, you know by long experience, does not hinder my writing to you: I always receive your letters with pleasure; but I mean, and endeavour, that you should receive mine with some profit; preferring always your advantage to my own pleasure.

If you find yourself well settled and naturalized at Manheim, stay there some time, and do not leave a certain for an uncertain good: but if you think you shall be as well, or better established at Munich, go there as soon as you please; and if disappointed, you can always return to Manheim. I mentioned, in a former letter, your passing the Carnival at Berlin, which, I think, may be both useful and pleasing to you; however, do as you will; but let me know what you resolve. That King and that country have, and will have, so great a share in the affairs of Europe, that they are well worth being thoroughly known.

Whether, where you are now, or ever may be hereafter, you speak French, German, or English most, I earnestly recommend to you a particular attention to the propriety and elegance of your style: employ the best words you can find in the language, avoid

cacophony, and make your periods as harmonious as you can. I need not, I am sure, tell you what you must often have felt, how much the elegance of diction adorns the best thoughts, and palliates the worst. In the House of Commons, it is almost every thing; and indeed, in every assembly, whether public or private. Words, which are the dress of thoughts, deserve, surely, more care than clothes, which are only the dress of the person, and which, however, ought to have their share of attention. If you attend to your style in any one language, it will give you a habit of attending to it in every other; and if once you speak either French or German very elegantly, you will afterwards speak much the better English for it. I repeat it to you again, for at least the thousandth time; exert your whole attention now in acquiring the ornamental parts of character. People know very little of the world, and talk nonsense, when they talk of plainness and solidity unadorned; they will do in nothing: mankind has been long out of a state of nature, and the golden age of native simplicity will never return. Whether for the better or the worse, no matter; but we are refined; and plain manners, plain dress, and plain diction, would as little do in life, as acorns, herbage, and the water of the neighbouring spring, would do at table. Some people are just come, who interrupt me in the middle of my sermon; so good night.

LETTER CCLXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, November the 26th, 1753.
FINE doings at Manheim! If one may give credit to the weekly histories of Monsieur Roderigue, the finest writer among the moderns; not only *des chasses brillantes et nombreuses, des opéras ou les acteurs se sur-*

passent, les jours des Saints de L L. A A. E E. sérénissimes, célébrés en grand gala; but, to crown the whole, Monsieur Zuchmantel is happily arrived, and Monsieur Wartensleben hourly expected. I hope that you are *pars magna* of all these delights; though, as Noll Bluff says, in the Old Bachelor, *that rascally Gazetteer takes no more notice of you, than if you were not in the land of the living.* I should think, that he might at least have taken notice, that in those rejoicings you appeared with a rejoicing, and not a gloomy countenance; and you distinguished yourself, in that numerous and shining company, by your air, dress, address, and attentions. If this was the case, as I will both hope and suppose that it was, I will, if you require it, have him written to, to do you justice in his next *supplément*. Seriously, I am very glad, that you are whirled in that *tourbillon* of pleasures; they smooth, polish, and rub off rough corners: perhaps too, you have some particular *collision*, which is still more effectual.

Schannat's History of the Palatinate was, I find, written originally in German, in which language, I suppose, it is that you have read it; but, as I must humbly content myself with the French translation, Vaillant has sent for it for me, from Holland, so that I have not yet read it. While you are in the Palatinate, you do very well to read every thing relative to it; you will do still better if you make that reading the foundation of your inquiries into the more minute circumstances and anecdotes of that country, whenever you are in company with informed and knowing people.

The Ministers here, intimidated by the absurd and groundless clamours of the mob, have, very weakly in my mind, repealed, this session, the bill which they had passed in the last, for rendering Jews capable of being naturalized, by subsequent acts of parliament. The clamourers triumph, and will, doubt-

less, make farther demands; which, if not granted, this piece of complaisance will soon be forgotten. Nothing is truer in politics, than this reflection of the Cardinal de Retz, *Que le peuple craint toujours quand on ne le craint pas*; and, consequently, they grow unreasonable and insolent, when they find that they are feared. Wise and honest governors will never, if they can help it, give the people just cause to complain; but then, on the other hand, they will firmly withstand groundless clamour. Besides that this noise against the Jew bill proceeds from that narrow mob spirit of *intoleration* in religious, and inhospitality in civil matters; both which all wise governments should oppose.

The confusion in France increases daily, as, no doubt, you are informed, where you are. There is an answer of the Clergy's to the remonstrances of the Parliament, lately published; which was sent me by the last post from France, and which I would have sent you, enclosed in this, were it not too bulky. Very probably you may see it at Manheim, from the French Minister: it is very well worth your reading, being most artfully and plausibly written, though founded upon false principles; the *jus divinum* of the Clergy, and consequently, their supremacy in all matters of faith and doctrine, are asserted; both which I absolutely deny. Were those two points allowed the Clergy of any country whatsoever, they must necessarily govern that country absolutely; every thing being, directly or indirectly, relative to faith or doctrine; and whoever is supposed to have the power of saving and damning souls, to all eternity (which power the Clergy pretend to), will be much more considered, and better obeyed, than any civil power, that forms no pretensions beyond this world. Whereas, in truth, the Clergy in every country are, like all other subjects, dependant upon the supreme legislative power; and are appointed by

that power, under whatever restrictions and limitations it pleases, to keep up decency and decorum in the church, just as constables are to keep peace in the parish. This Fra. Paolo has clearly proved, even upon their own principles of the Old and New Testament, in his book *de Beneficiis*, which I recommend to you to read with attention ; it is short. Adieu !

LETTER CCLXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, December the 25th, 1753.

YESTERDAY again I received two letters at once from you, the one of the 7th, the other of the 15th, from Mannheim.

You never had in your life so good a reason for not writing, either to me or to any body else, as your sore finger lately furnished you. I believe it was painful, and I am glad it is cured ; but a sore finger, however painful, is a much lesser evil than laziness, of either body or mind, and attended by fewer ill consequences.

I am very glad to hear that you were distinguished at the Court of Mannheim, from the rest of your countrymen and fellow-travellers : it is a sign that you had better manners and address than they ; for take it for granted, the best bred people will always be the best received, wherever they go. Good manners are the settled medium of social, as *specie* is of commercial life ; returns are equally expected for both ; and people will no more advance their civility to a Bear, than their money to a Bankrupt. I really both hope, and believe, that the German Courts will do you a great deal of good ; their ceremony and restraint being the proper correctives, and antidotes, for your negligence and inattention. I believe they

would not greatly relish your weltering in your own laziness, and an easy chair, nor take it very kindly, if, when they spoke to you, or you to them, you looked another way; as much as to say, Kiss my b—h. As they give, so they require attention; and, by the way, take this maxim for an undoubted truth, That no young man can possibly improve in any company, for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

I dare not trust to Meyssonier's report of his Rhenish, his Burgundy not having answered either his account or my expectations. I doubt, as a wine merchant, he is the *perfidus caupo*, whatever he may be as a banker. I shall therefore venture upon none of his wine; but delay making my provision of Old Hock, till I go abroad myself next spring; as I told you in the utmost secrecy, in my last, that I intend to do; and then, probably, I may taste some that I like, and go upon sure ground. There is commonly very good, both at Aix-la-Chapelle and Liège; where I formerly got some excellent, which I carried with me to Spa, where I drank no other wine.

As my letters to you frequently miscarry, I will repeat in this, that part of my last, which related to your future motions. Whenever you shall be tired of Berlin, go to Dresden; where Sir Charles Williams will be, who will receive you with open arms. He dined with me to-day; and sets out for Dresden in about six weeks. He spoke of you with great kindness, and impatience to see you again. He will trust and employ you in business (and he is now in the whole secret of importance) till we fix our place to meet in; which, probably, will be Spa. Wherever you are, inform yourself minutely of, and attend particularly to the affairs of France; they grow serious, and, in my opinion, will grow more and more so every day. The King is despised, and I do not wonder at it; but he has brought it about,

to be hated at the same time, which seldom happens to the same man. His Ministers are known to be as disunited as incapable: he hesitates between the Church and the Parliaments, like the Ass in the fable, that starved between two hampers of hay; too much in love with his mistress to part with her, and too much afraid for his soul, to enjoy her: jealous of the Parliaments, who would support his authority; and a devoted bigot to the Church, that would destroy it. The people are poor, consequently discontented: those who have religion are divided in their notions of it; which is saying, that they hate one another. The Clergy never do forgive; much less will they forgive the Parliament: the Parliament never will forgive them. The Army must, without doubt, take, in their own minds at least, different parts in all these disputes, which, upon occasion, would break out. Armies, though always the supporters and tools of absolute power for the time being, are always the destroyers of it too; by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it. This was the case of the Prætorian bands, who deposed and murdered the monsters they had raised to oppress mankind. The Janissaries in Turkey, and the regiments of guards in Russia, do the same now. The French nation reasons freely, which they never did before, upon matters of religion and government, and begin to be *sprejudicati*; the officers do so too; in short, all the symptoms, which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in Government, now exist, and daily increase in France. I am glad of it; the rest of Europe will be the quieter, and have time to recover. England, I am sure, wants rest; for it wants men and money: the Republic of the United Provinces wants both, still more: the other Powers cannot well dance, when neither France, nor the maritime Powers, can, as they used to do, pay the

piper. 'The first squabble in Europe, that I foresee, will be about the Crown of Poland, should the present King die; and therefore I wish his Majesty a long life, and a merry Christmas. So much for foreign politics; but, *à propos* of them, pray take care, while you are in those parts of Germany, to inform yourself correctly of all the details, discussions, and agreements, which the several wars, confiscations, bans, and treaties, occasioned between the Bavarian and Palatine Electorates; they are interesting and curious.

I shall not, upon the occasion of the approaching new year, repeat to you the wishes which I continue to form for you; you know them all already; and you know that it is absolutely in your own power to satisfy most of them. Among many other wishes, this is my most earnest one, That you would open the new year with a most solemn and devout sacrifice to the Graces; who never reject those that supplicate them with fervour: without them, let me tell you, that your friend Dame Fortune will stand you in little stead: may they all be your friends!

Adieu.

LETTER CCLXX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, January the 15th, 1754.

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 26th past, from Munich. Since you are got so well out of the distress and dangers of your journey from Manheim, I am glad that you were in them,

Condisce i diletti
Memoria di pene.
Ne sà che sia bene
Chi mal non soffri.

They were but little samples of the much greater

distress and dangers which you must expect to meet with in your great, and, I hope, long journey through life. In some parts of it flowers are scattered with profusion, the road is smooth, and the prospect pleasant ; but in others (and I fear the greater number) the road is rugged, beset with thorns and briars, and cut by torrents. Gather the flowers in your way ; but at the same time guard against the briars that are either mixed with them, or that most certainly succeed them.

I thank you for your wild boar, who, now he is dead, I assure him *se laissera bien manger malgré qu'il en ait* ; though I am not sure that I should have had that personal valour which so successfully distinguished you in single combat with him, which made him bite the dust like Homer's heroes, and, to conclude my period sublimely, put him into that *pickle*, from which I propose eating him. At the same time that I applaud your valour, I must do justice to your modesty ; which candidly admits that you were not overmatched, and that your adversary was of about your own age and size. A *Marcassin*, being under a year old, would have been below your indignation. *Bête de compagnie*, being under two years old, was still, in my opinion, below your glory ; but I guess that your enemy was *un Ragot*, that is, from two to three years old ; an age and size which, between man and boar, answer pretty well to yours.

If accidents of bad roads or waters do not retain you at Munich, I do not fancy that pleasures will ; and I rather believe you will seek for, and find them at the Carnival at Berlin ; in which supposition, I eventually direct this letter to your banker there. While you are at Berlin (I earnestly recommend it to you again and again) pray *care* to see, hear, know, and mind every thing there. *The ablest Prince in Europe* is surely an object that deserves attention ;

and the least thing that he does, like the smallest sketches of the greatest painters, has its value, and a considerable one too.

Read with care the *Code Frederick*, and inform yourself of the good effects of it in those parts of his dominions where it has taken place, and where it has banished the former chicanes, quirks, and quibbles of the old law. Do not think any detail too minute, or trifling, for your inquiry and observation. I wish that you could find one hour's leisure every day, to read some good Italian author, and to converse in that language with our worthy friend Signor Angelo Cori: it would both refresh and improve your Italian, which, of the many languages you know, I take to be that in which you are the least perfect; but of which too, you already know enough to make yourself master of, with very little trouble, whenever you please.

Live, dwell, and grow, at the several Courts there; use them so much to your face, that they may not look upon you as a stranger. Observe, and take their tone, even to their affectations and follies; for such there are, and perhaps should be, at all Courts. Stay, in all events, at Berlin, till I inform you of Sir Charles Williams's arrival at Dresden; where, I suppose, you would not care to be before him, and where you may go as soon after him as ever you please. Your time there will neither be unprofitably nor disagreeably spent; he will introduce you into all the best company, though he can introduce you to none so good as his own. He has of late applied himself very seriously to foreign affairs, especially those of Saxony and Poland; he knows them perfectly well, and will tell you what he knows. He always expresses, and I have good reason to believe very sincerely, great kindness and affection for you.

The works of the late Lord Bolingbroke are just

published, and have plunged me into philosophical studies; which hitherto I have not been much used to, or delighted with; convinced of the futility of those researches: but I have read his Philosophical Essay upon the extent of human knowledge, which, by the way, makes two large quartos and a half. He there shows very clearly, and with most splendid eloquence, what the human mind can, and cannot do; that our understandings are wisely calculated for our place in this planet, and for the link which we form in the universal chain of things; but that they are by no means capable of that degree of knowledge, which our curiosity makes us search after, and which our vanity makes us often believe we arrive at. I shall not recommend to you the reading of that work. But, when you return hither, I shall recommend to your frequent and diligent perusal, all his tracts, that are relative to our history and constitution; upon which he throws lights, and scatters graces, which no other writer has ever done.

Reading, which was always a pleasure to me, in the time even of my greatest dissipation, is now become my only refuge; and, I fear, I indulge it too much, at the expense of my eyes. But what can I do? I must do something; I cannot bear absolute idleness: my ears grow every day more useless to me, my eyes, consequently, more necessary; I will not hoard them like a miser, but will rather risk the loss, than not enjoy the use of them.

Pray let me know all the particulars, not only of your reception at Munich, but also at Berlin; at the latter, I believe, it will be a good one: for his Prussian Majesty knows that I have long been *an admirer and respecter of his great and various talents.*

Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 1st, 1754.

I RECEIVED, yesterday, yours of the 12th from Munich; in consequence of which, I direct this to you there, though I directed my three last to Berlin, where, I suppose, you will find them at your arrival. Since you are not only domesticated, but *niché* at Munich, you are much in the right to stay there. It is not by seeing places that one knows them, but by familiar and daily conversations with the people of fashion. I would not care to be in the place of that prodigy of beauty, whom you are to drive *dans la course de Traineaux*; and I am apt to think, you are much more likely to break her bones, than she is, though ever so cruel, to break your heart. Nay, I am not sure but that, according to all the rules of gallantry, you are obliged to overturn her on purpose: in the first place, for the chance of seeing her backside: in the next, for the sake of the contrition and concern which it would give you an opportunity of showing; and, lastly, upon account of all the *gentilleses et epigrammes*, which it would naturally suggest. Voiture has made several stanzas upon an accident of that kind, which happened to a lady of his acquaintance. There is a great deal of wit in them, rather too much; for, according to the taste of those times, they are full of what the Italians call *concetti spiritosissimi*; the Spaniards, *agudeze*; and we, affectation and quaintness. I hope you have endeavoured to suit your *Traineau* to the character of the fair one whom it is to contain. If she is of an irascible, impetuous disposition (as fine women can sometimes be) you will, doubtless, place her in the body of a lion, a tiger, a dragon, or some tremen-

dous beast of prey and fury ; if she is a sublime and stately beauty, which I think more probable (for unquestionably she is *hoch gebohrne*) you will, I suppose, provide a magnificent swan or proud peacock for her reception ; but if she is all tenderness and softness, you have, to be sure, taken care, amorous doves and wanton sparrows should seem to flutter round her. Proper mottos, I take it for granted, that you have eventually prepared ; but if not, you may find a great many ready made ones in *Les Entretiens d'Ariste et d'Eugène, sur les Devises*, written by Père Bouhours, and worth your reading at any time. I will not to say to you, upon this occasion, like the Father in Ovid,

Parce puer stimulus et fortius utere loris.

On the contrary, drive on briskly ; it is not the chariot of the sun that you drive, but you carry the sun in your chariot ; consequently, the faster it goes the less it will be likely either to scorch or consume. This is Spanish enough, I am sure.

If this finds you still at Munich, pray make many compliments from me to Mr. Burrish, to whom I am very much obliged for all his kindness to you : it is true, that while I had power, I endeavoured to serve him ; but it is as true too, that I served many others more, who have neither returned nor remembered those services.

I have been very ill this last fortnight, of your old Carniolian complaint, the *arthritis vaga* ; luckily, it did not fall upon my breast, but seized on my right arm ; there it fixed its seat of empire ; but, as in all tyrannical governments, the remotest parts felt their share of its severity. Last post I was not able to hold a pen long enough to write to you, and therefore desired Mr. Grevenkop to do it for me ; but that letter was directed to Berlin. My pain is now much abated, though I have still some fine remains

of it in my shoulder, where, I fear, it will tease me a great while. I must be careful to take Horace's advice, and consider well, *Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent*.

Lady Chesterfield bids me make you her compliments, and assure you, that the music will be much more welcome to her with you, than without you.

In some of my last letters, which were directed to, and will, I suppose, wait for you at Berlin, I complimented you, and with justice, upon your great improvement of late in the epistolary way, both with regard to the style and the turn of your letters; your four or five last to me have been very good ones, and one that you wrote to Mr. Harte, upon the New Year, was so pretty a one, and he was so much and so justly pleased with it, that he sent it me from Windsor the instant he had read it. This talent (and a most necessary one it is in the course of life) is to be acquired by resolving, and taking pains to acquire it; and, indeed, so is every talent except poetry, which is, undoubtedly, a gift. Think therefore, night and day, of the turn, the purity, the correctness, the perspicuity, and the elegance of whatever you speak or write: take my word for it, your labour will not be in vain, but greatly rewarded by the harvest of praise and success which it will bring you. Delicacy of turn and elegance of style, are ornaments as necessary to common sense, as attentions, address, and fashionable manners, are to common civility; both may subsist without them, but then, without being of the least use to the owner. The figure of a man is exactly the same in dirty rags, or in the finest and best chosen clothes; but in which of the two he is the most likely to please, and to be received in good company, I leave to you to determine.

Both my arm and my paper hint to me to bid you good night.

LETTER CCLXXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 12th, 1754.

I TAKE my aim, and let off this letter at you, at Berlin; I should be sorry it missed you, because I believe you will read it with as much pleasure as I write it. It is to inform you, that, after some difficulties and dangers, your seat in the new Parliament is at last absolutely secured, and that without opposition, or the least necessity of your personal trouble or appearance. This success, I must farther inform you, is, in a great degree, owing to Mr. Eliot's friendship to us both; for he brings you in with himself, at his surest borough. As it was impossible to act with more zeal and friendship, than Mr. Eliot has acted in this whole affair, I desire that you will, by the very next post, write him a letter of thanks; warm and young thanks, not old and cold ones. You may enclose it in yours to me, and I will send it to him, for he is now in Cornwall.

Thus, sure of being a Senator, I dare say you do not propose to be one of the *pedarii senatores et pedibus ire in sententiam*; for, 'as the House of Commons is the theatre where you must make your fortune and figure in the world, you must resolve to be an actor, and not a *persona muta*, which is just equivalent to a candle-snuffer upon other theatres. Whoever does not shine there is obscure, insignificant, and contemptible; and you cannot conceive how easy it is, for a man of half your sense and knowledge to shine there if he pleases. The receipt to make a speaker, and an applauded one too, is short and easy. Take of common sense *quantum sufficit*, add a little application to the rules and

orders of the house, throw obvious thoughts in a new light, and make up the whole with a large quantity of purity, correctness, and elegance of style. Take it for granted, that by far the greatest part of mankind do neither analyse nor search to the bottom; they are incapable of penetrating deeper than the surface. All have senses to be gratified, very few have reason to be applied to. Graceful utterance and action please their eyes, elegant diction tickles their ears; but strong reason would be thrown away upon them. I am not only persuaded by theory, but convinced by my experience, that (supposing a certain degree of common sense) what is called a good speaker, is as much a mechanic as a good shoemaker; and that the two trades are equally to be learned by the same degree of application. Therefore, for God's sake, let this trade be the principal object of your thoughts; never lose sight of it. Attend minutely to your style, whatever language you speak or write in; seek for the best words, and think of the best turns. Whenever you doubt of the propriety or elegance of any word, search the dictionary, or some good author for it, or inquire of somebody who is master of that language; and in a little time, propriety and elegance of diction will become so habitual to you, that they will cost you no more trouble. As I have laid this down to be mechanical, and attainable by whoever will take the necessary pains, there will be no great vanity in my saying, that I saw the importance of the object so early, and attended to it so young, that it would now cost me more trouble to speak or write ungrammatically, vulgarly, and inelegantly, than ever it did to avoid doing so. The late Lord Bolingbroke, without the least trouble, talked all day long, full as elegantly as he wrote: Why? Not by a peculiar gift from heaven; but, as he has often told me himself, by an early and constant

attention to his style. The present Solicitor-general, Murray, has less law than many lawyers, but has more practice than any; merely upon account of his eloquence, of which he has a never-failing stream. I remember, so long ago as when I was at Cambridge, whenever I read pieces of eloquence (and indeed they were my chief study) whether ancient or modern, I used to write down the shining passages, and then translate them, as well and as elegantly as ever I could; if Latin or French, into English; if English, into French. This, which I practised for some years, not only improved and formed my style, but imprinted in my mind and memory the best thoughts of the best authors. The trouble was little, but the advantage, I have experienced, was great. While you are abroad, you can neither have time nor opportunity to read pieces of English, or Parliamentary eloquence, as I hope you will carefully do when you return; but, in the mean time, whenever pieces of French eloquence come in your way, such as the speeches of persons received into the Academy, *oraisons funèbres*, representations of the several Parliaments to the King, &c. read them in that view, in that spirit; observe the harmony, the turn and elegance of the style; examine in what you think it might have been better; and consider in what, had you written it yourself, you might have done worse. Compare the different manners of expressing the same thoughts, in different authors; and observe how differently the same things appear in different dresses. Vulgar, coarse, and ill chosen words, will deform and degrade the best thoughts, as much as rags and dirt will the best figure. In short, you now know your object; pursue it steadily, and have no digressions that are not relative to, and connected with the main action. Your success in Parliament will effectually remove all other objections; either a foreign or a domestic

destination will no longer be refused you, if you make your way to it through Westminster.

I think I may now say, that I am quite recovered of my late illness, strength and spirits excepted, which are not yet restored. Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa will, I believe, answer all my purposes.

I long to hear an account of your reception at Berlin, which I fancy will be a most gracious one.

Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, Feb. the 15th, 1754.

I CAN now with great truth apply your own motto to you, *Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia*. You are sure of being, as early as your age will permit, a Member of that House, which is the only road to figure and fortune in this country. Those indeed who are bred up to, and distinguish themselves in particular professions, as the army, the navy, and the law, may by their own merit raise themselves to a certain degree; but you may observe too, that they never get to the top without the assistance of Parliamentary talents and influence. The means of distinguishing yourself in Parliament are, as I told you in my last, much more easily attained than I believe you imagine. Close attendance to the business of the House will soon give you the Parliamentary *routine*; and strict attention to your style will soon make you, not only a speaker, but a good one. The vulgar look upon a man, who is reckoned a fine speaker, as a phenomenon, a supernatural being, and endowed with some peculiar gift of Heaven: they stare at him, if he walks in the Park, and cry, *that is he*. You will, I am sure, view him in a juster light,

and *nulla formidine*. You will consider him only as a man of good sense, who adorns common thoughts with the graces of elocution, and the elegance of style. The miracle will then cease; and you will be convinced, that with the same application and attention, to the same objects, you may most certainly equal, and perhaps surpass, this prodigy. Sir W—— Y——, with not a quarter of your parts, and not a thousandth part of your knowledge, has, by a glibness of tongue singly, raised himself successively to the best employments of the kingdom: he has been Lord of the Admiralty, Lord of the Treasury, Secretary at War, and is now Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; and all this with a most sullied, not to say blasted character. Represent the thing to yourself as it really is, easily attainable, and you will find it so. Have but ambition enough passionately to desire the object, and spirit enough to use the means, and I will be answerable for your success. When I was younger than you are, I resolved within myself, that I would in all events be a speaker in Parliament, and a good one too, if I could. I consequently never lost sight of that object, and never neglected any of the means that I thought led to it. I succeeded to a certain degree; and, I assure you, with great ease, and without superior talents.—Young people are very apt to overrate both men and things, from not being enough acquainted with them. In proportion as you come to know them better, you will value them less. You will find that reason, which always ought to direct mankind, seldom does; but that passions and weaknesses commonly usurp its seat, and rule in its stead. You will find that the ablest have their weak sides too, and are only comparatively able, with regard to the still weaker herd: having fewer weaknesses themselves, they are able to avail themselves of the innumerable ones of the generality of mankind: being

more masters of themselves, they become more easily masters of others. They address themselves to their weaknesses, their senses, their passions; never to their reason, and consequently seldom fail of success. But then analyse those great, those governing, and, as the vulgar imagine, those perfect Characters, and you will find the great Brutus a thief in Macedonia, the great Cardinal de Richelieu a jealous poetaster, and the great Duke of Marlborough a miser. Till you come to know mankind by your own experience, I know no thing, nor no man, that can, in the mean time, bring you so well acquainted with them as le Duc de la Rochefoucault; his little book of Maxims, which I would advise you to look into, for some moments at least, every day of your life, is, I fear, too like, and too exact a picture of human nature. I own it seems to degrade it, but yet my experience does not convince me that it degrades it unjustly.

Now, to bring all this home to my first point. All these considerations should not only invite you to attempt to make a figure in Parliament, but encourage you to hope that you shall succeed. To govern mankind, one must not overrate them; and to please an audience, as a speaker, one must not overvalue it. When I first came into the House of Commons, I respected that assembly as a venerable one, and felt a certain awe upon me; but, upon better acquaintance, that awe soon vanished, and I discovered that, of the five hundred and sixty, not above thirty could understand reason, and that all the rest were *peuple*: that those thirty only required plain common sense, dressed up in good language; and that all the others only required flowing and harmonious periods, whether they conveyed any meaning or not, having ears to hear, but not sense enough to judge. These considerations made me speak with little concern the first time, with less the

second, and with none at all the third. I gave myself no farther trouble about any thing, except my elocution and my style; presuming, without much vanity, that I had common sense sufficient not to talk nonsense. Fix these three truths strongly in your mind: First, that it is absolutely necessary for you to speak in Parliament; secondly, that it only requires a little human attention, and no supernatural gifts; and, thirdly, that you have all the reason in the world to think that you shall speak well.—When we meet, this shall be the principal subject of our conversations; and, if you will follow my advice, I will answer for your success.

Now from great things to little ones; the transition is to me easy, because nothing seems little to me that can be of any use to you. I hope you take great care of your mouth and teeth, and that you clean them well every morning with a sponge and tepid water, with a few drops of arquebusade water dropped into it; besides washing your mouth carefully after every meal. I do insist upon your never using those sticks, or any hard substance whatsoever, which always rub away the gums, and destroy the varnish of the teeth. I speak this from woful experience; for my negligence of my teeth, when I was younger than you are, made them bad; and afterwards, my desire to have them look better made me use sticks, irons, &c. which totally destroyed them, so that I have not now above six or seven left. I lost one this morning, which suggested this advice to you.

I have received the tremendous wild boar, which your still more tremendous arm slew in the immense deserts of the Palatinate; but have not yet tasted of it, as it is hitherto above my low regimen. The late King of Prussia, whenever he killed any number of wild boars, used to oblige the Jews to buy them, at a high price, though they could eat

none of them ; so they defrayed the expense of his hunting. His son has juster rules of government, as the *Code Frederick* plainly shows.

I hope that, by this time, you are as well *ancré* at Berlin as you were at Munich ; but if not, you are sure of being so at Dresden. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February 26th, 1754.

I HAVE received your letters of the 4th from Munich, and of the 11th from Ratisbon ; but I have not received that of the 31st January, to which you refer in the former. It is to this negligence and uncertainty of the post that you owe your accidents between Munich and Ratisbon ; for, had you received my letters regularly, you would have received one from me before you left Munich, in which I advised you to stay, since you were so well there. But at all events, you were in the wrong to set out from Munich in such weather and such roads ; since you could never imagine that I had set my heart so much upon your going to Berlin, as to venture your being buried in the snow for it. Upon the whole, considering all, you are very well off. You do very well, in my mind, to return to Munich, or, at least, to keep within the circle of Munich, Ratisbon, and Manheim, till the weather and the roads are good : stay at each or any of those places as long as ever you please, for I am extremely indifferent about your going to Berlin.

As to our meeting, I will tell you my plan, and you may form your own accordingly. I propose setting out from hence the last week in April, then drinking the Aix-la-Chapelle waters for a week, and

from thence being at Spa about the 15th of May, where I shall stay two months at most, and then returning strait to England. As I both hope and believe that there will be no mortal at Spa during my residence there, the fashionable season not beginning till the middle of July, I would by no means have you come there at first, to be locked up with me and some few *Capucins*, for two months, in that miserable hole; but I would advise you to stay where you like best, till about the first week in July, and then to come and pick me up at Spa, or meet me upon the road at Liege or Brussels. As for the intermediate time, should you be weary of Manheim and Munich, you may, if you please, go to Dresden to Sir Charles Williams, who will be there before that time; or you may come for a month or six weeks to the Hague, or, in short, go or stay wherever you like best. So much for your motions.

As you have sent for all the letters directed to you at Berlin, you will receive from thence volumes of mine, among which you will easily perceive that some were calculated for a supposed perusal previous to your opening them. I will not repeat any thing contained in them, excepting that I desire you will send me a warm and cordial letter of thanks for Mr. Eliot; who has, in the most friendly manner imaginable, fixed you at his own borough of Liskeard, where you will be elected, jointly with him, without the least opposition or difficulty. I will forward that letter to him into Cornwall, where he now is.

Now, that you are to be soon a man of business, I heartily wish you would immediately begin to be a man of method, nothing contributing more to facilitate and dispatch business than method and order. Have order and method in your accounts, in your reading, in the allotment of your time, in short, in every thing. You cannot conceive how much time

you will save by it, nor how much better every thing you do will be done. The Duke of Marlborough did by no means spend, but he slatterned himself into that immense debt, which is not yet near paid off. The hurry and confusion of the Duke of Newcastle do not proceed from his business, but from his want of method in it. Sir Robert Walpole, who had ten times the business to do, was never seen in a hurry, because he always did it with method. The head of a man who has business, and no method nor order, is properly that *rudis indigestaque moles quam dixeret chaos*. As you must be conscious that you are extremely negligent and slatternly, I hope you will resolve not to be so for the future. Prevail with yourself only to observe good method and order for one fortnight, and I will venture to assure you, that you will never neglect them afterwards, you will find such conveniency and advantage arising from them. Method is the great advantage that lawyers have over other people, in speaking in Parliament; for, as they must necessarily observe it in their pleadings in the Courts of Justice, it becomes habitual to them every where else. Without making you a compliment, I can tell you with pleasure, that order, method, and more activity of mind, are all that you want, to make, some day or other, a considerable figure in business. You have more useful knowledge, more discernment of characters, and much more discretion than is common at your age; much more, I am sure, than I had at that age.—Experience you cannot yet have, and therefore trust in the mean time to mine. I am an old traveller; am well acquainted with all the by, as well as the great, roads; I cannot misguide you from ignorance, and you are very sure I shall not from design.

I can assure you, that you will have no opportunity of subscribing yourself, my Excellency's, &c. Retirement and quiet were my choice some years

ago, while I had all my senses, and health and spirits enough to carry on business; but now I have lost my hearing, and find my constitution declining daily, they are become my necessary and only refuge. I know myself (no common piece of knowledge, let me tell you), I know what I can, what I cannot, and consequently what I ought to do. I ought not, and therefore will not, return to business, when I am much less fit for it than I was when I quitted it. Still less will I go to Ireland, where, from my deafness and infirmities, I must necessarily make a different figure from that which I once made there. My pride would be too much mortified by that difference. The two important senses of seeing and hearing should not only be good, but quick, in business; and the business of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (if he will do it himself) requires both those senses in the highest perfection. It was the Duke of Dorset's not doing the business himself, but giving it up to favourites, that has occasioned all this confusion in Ireland; and it was my doing the whole myself, without either Favourite, Minister, or Mistress, that made my administration so smooth and quiet. I remember, when I named the late Mr. Liddel for my Secretary, every body was much surprised at it; and some of my friends represented to me, that he was no man of business, but only a very genteel, pretty young fellow; I assured them, and with truth, that that was the very reason why I chose him: for that I was resolved to do all the business myself, and without even the suspicion of having a Minister; which the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary, if he is a Man of business, is always supposed, and commonly with reason, to be. Moreover, I look upon myself now to be *emeritus* in business, in which I have been near forty years together; I give it up to you: apply yourself to it, as I have done, for forty years, and then I consent to your

leaving it for a philosophical retirement, among your friends and your books. Statesmen and beauties are very rarely sensible of the gradations of their decay; and, too sanguinely hoping to shine on in their meridian, often set with contempt and ridicule. I retired in time, *uti conviva satur*; or, as Pope says, still better, "Ere tittering youth shall shove you from the stage." My only remaining ambition is to be the Counsellor and Minister of your rising ambition. Let me see my own youth revived in you; let me be your Mentor, and, with your parts and knowledge, I promise you, you shall go far. You must bring, on your part, activity and attention, and I will point out to you the proper objects for them. I own, I fear but one thing for you, and that is what one has generally the least reason to fear, from one of your age; I mean your laziness, which, if you indulge, will make you stagnate in a contemptible obscurity all your life. It will hinder you from doing any thing that will deserve to be written, or from writing any thing that may deserve to be read; and yet one or other of these two objects should be at least aimed at by every rational being. I look upon indolence as a sort of *suicide*; for the Man is effectually destroyed, though the appetites of the Brute may survive. Business by no means forbids pleasures; on the contrary, they reciprocally season each other; and I will venture to affirm, that no man enjoys either in perfection that does not join both. They whet the desire for each other. Use yourself therefore, in time, to be alert and diligent in your little concerns: never procrastinate, never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day; and never do two things at a time: pursue your object, be it what it will, steadily and indefatigably; and let any difficulties (if surmountable) rather animate than slacken your endeavours. Perseverance has surprising effects.

I wish you would use yourself to translate, every day, only three or four lines, from any book, in any language, into the correctest and most elegant English that you can think of; you cannot imagine how it will insensibly form your style, and give you an habitual elegancy: it would not take you up a quarter of an hour in a day. This letter is so long, that it will hardly leave you that quarter of an hour, the day you receive it. So good night.

LETTER CCLXXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 8th, 1754.

A GREAT and unexpected event has lately happened in our ministerial world—Mr. Pelham died last Monday, of a fever and mortification; occasioned by a general corruption of his whole mass of blood, which had broke out into sores in his back. I regret him as an old acquaintance, a pretty near relation, and a private man, with whom I have lived many years in a social and friendly way. He meant well to the public; and was incorrupt in a post where corruption is commonly contagious. If he was no shining, enterprising Minister, he was a safe one, which I like better. Very shining Ministers, like the Sun, are apt to scorch, when they shine the brightest: in our constitution, I prefer the milder light of a less glaring Minister. His successor is not yet, at least publicly, *designatus*. You will easily suppose that many are very willing, and very few able, to fill that post. Various persons are talked of, by different people, for it, according as their interest prompts them to wish, or their ignorance to conjecture. Mr. Fox is the most talked of, he is

strongly supported by the Duke of Cumberland. Mr. Legge, the Solicitor General, and Dr. Lee, are likewise all spoken of, upon the foot of the Duke of Newcastle's, and the Chancellor's interest. Should it be any one of the three last, I think no great alterations will ensue; but should Mr. Fox prevail, it would, in my opinion, soon produce changes, by no means favourable to the Duke of Newcastle. In the mean time, the wild conjectures of volunteer politicians, and the ridiculous importance which, upon these occasions, blockheads always endeavour to give themselves, by grave looks, significant shrugs, and insignificant whispers, are very entertaining to a bystander, as, thank God, I now am. *One knows something*, but is not yet at liberty to tell it; another has heard something from a very good hand; a third congratulates himself upon a certain degree of intimacy, which he has long had with every one of the candidates, though perhaps he has never spoken twice to any one of them. In short, in these sort of intervals, vanity, interest, and absurdity always display themselves in the most ridiculous light. One who has been so long behind the scenes, as I have, is much more diverted with the entertainment, than those can be who only see it from the pit and boxes. I know the whole machinery of the interior, and can laugh the better at the silly wonder and wild conjectures of the uninformed spectators. This accident, I think, cannot in the least affect your election, which is finally settled with your friend Mr. Eliot. For, let who will prevail, I presume, he will consider me enough, not to overturn an arrangement of that sort, in which he cannot possibly be personally interested. So pray go on with your parliamentary preparations. Have that object always in your view, and pursue it with attention.

I take it for granted, that your late residence in

Germany has made you as perfect and correct in German, as you were before in French, at least it is worth your while to be so ; because it is worth every man's while to be perfectly master of whatever language he may ever have occasion to speak. A man is not himself, in a language which he does not thoroughly possess ; his thoughts are degraded, when inelegantly or imperfectly expressed ; he is cramped and confined, and consequently can never appear to advantage. Examine and analyze those thoughts that strike you the most, either in conversation or in books ; and you will find, that they owe at least half their merit to the turn and expression of them. There is nothing truer than that old saying, *Nihil dictum quod non prius dictum*. It is only the manner of saying or writing it, that makes it appear new. Convince yourself, that Manner is almost every thing, in every thing, and study it accordingly.

I am this moment informed, and I believe truly, that Mr. Fox is to succeed Mr. Pelham, as first Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer ; and your friend Mr. Yorke, of the Hague, to succeed Mr. Fox, as Secretary at War. I am not sorry for this promotion of Mr. Fox, as I have always been upon civil terms with him, and found him ready to do me any little services. He is frank and gentlemanlike in his manner ; and, to a certain degree, I really believe will be your friend upon my account ; if you can afterwards make him yours, upon your own, *tant mieux*. I have nothing more to say now, but Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 15th, 1754.

WE are here in the midst of a second winter; the cold is more severe, and the snow deeper, than they were in the first. I prèsume your weather in Germany is not much more gentle; and therefore, I hope that you are quietly and warmly fixed at some good town; and will not risk a second burial in the snow, after your late fortunate resurrection out of it. Your letters, I suppose, have not been able to make their way through the ice; for I have received none from you since that of the 12th of February, from Ratisbon. I am the more uneasy at this state of ignorance, because I fear that you may have found some subsequent inconveniencies from your overturn, which you might not be aware of at first.

The curtain of the political theatre was partly drawn up the day before yesterday, and exhibited a scene which the public in general did not expect; the Duke of Newcastle was declared first Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, Mr. Fox Secretary of State in his room, and Mr. Henry Legge Chancellor of the Exchequer. The employments of Treasurer of the Navy, and Secretary at War, supposed to be vacant by the promotion of Mr. Fox and Mr. Legge, were to be kept *in petto* till the dissolution of this Parliament, which will probably be next week, to avoid the expense and trouble of unnecessary re-elections; but it was generally supposed that Colonel Yorke, of the Hague, was to succeed Mr. Fox, and George Grenville, Mr. Legge. This scheme, had it taken place, you are, I believe, aware, was more a temporary expedient, for securing the elections of the new Parliament, and forming it, at its first meet-

ing, to the interests and the inclinations of the Duke of Newcastle and the Chancellor, than a plan of Administration either intended or wished to be permanent. This scheme was disturbed yesterday: Mr. Fox, who had sullenly accepted the seals the day before, more sullenly refused them yesterday. His object was to be first Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and consequently to have a share in the election of the new Parliament, and a much greater in the management of it when chosen. This necessary consequence of his view defeated it; and the Duke of Newcastle, and the Chancellor, chose to kick him up stairs into the Secretaryship of State, rather than trust him with either the election or the management of the new Parliament. In this, considering their respective situations, they certainly acted wisely; but whether Mr. Fox has done so, or not, in refusing the seals, is a point which I cannot determine. If he is, as I presume he is, animated with revenge, and, I believe, would not be over scrupulous in the means of gratifying it, I should have thought he could have done it better, as a Secretary of State, with constant admission into the Closet, than as a private man at the head of an opposition. But I see all these things at too great a distance to be able to judge soundly of them. The true springs and motives of political measures are confined within a very narrow circle, and known to very few; the good reasons alleged are seldom the true ones. The Public commonly judges, or rather guesses, wrong, and I am now one of that Public. I therefore recommend to you a prudent pyrrhonism in all matters of state, until you become one of the wheels of them yourself, and consequently acquainted with the general motion, at least, of the others; for as to all the minute and secret springs, that contribute more or less to the whole machine, no man living ever

knows them all, not even he who has the principal direction of it. As in the human body there are innumerable little vessels and glands that have a good deal to do, and yet escape the knowledge of the most skilful anatomist; he will know more indeed than those who only see the exterior of our bodies; but he will never know all. This bustle, and these changes at Court, far from having disturbed the quiet and security of your election, have, if possible, rather confirmed them; for the Duke of Newcastle (I must do him justice) has, in the kindest manner imaginable to you, wrote a letter to Mr. Eliot, to recommend to him the utmost care of your election.

Though the plan of administration is thus unsettled, mine, for my travels this summer, is finally settled; and I now communicate it to you, that you may form your own upon it. I propose being at Spa on the 10th or 12th of May, and staying there till the 10th of July. As there will be no mortal there during my stay, it would be both unpleasant and unprofitable to you to be shut up *tête-à-tête* with me the whole time; I should therefore think it best for you not to come to me there till the last week in June. In the mean time, I suppose, that, by the middle of April, you will think you have had enough of Manheim, Munich, or Ratisbon, and that district. Where would you choose to go then? for I leave you absolutely your choice. Would you go to Dresden for a month or six weeks? That is a good deal out of your way; and I am not sure that Sir Charles will be there by that time. Or would you rather take Bonn in your way, and pass the time till we meet at the Hague? From Manheim you may have a great many good letters of recommendation to the court of Bonn; which Court, and its Elector, in one light or another, are worth your seeing. From thence your journey to the Hague

will be but a short one; and you would arrive there at that season of the year when the Hague is, in my mind, the most agreeable, smiling scene in Europe; and from the Hague you would have but three very easy days journeys to me at Spa. Do as you like; for, as I told you before, *Elle è assolutamente padrone*. But, lest you should answer, that you desire to be determined by me, I will eventually tell you my opinion. I am rather inclined to the latter plan: I mean, that of your coming to Bonn, staying there according as you like it, and then passing the remainder of your time, that is May and June, at the Hague. Our connexion and transactions with the Republic of the United Provinces are such, that you cannot be too well acquainted with that constitution, and with those people. You have established good acquaintances there, and you have been *fêtoyé* round by the foreign Ministers: so that you will be there *en pays connu*. Moreover, you have not seen the Stadthouder, the *Gouvernante*, nor the Court there, which *à bon compte* should be seen. Upon the whole then, you cannot, in my opinion, pass the months of May and June more agreeably, or more usefully, than at the Hague. However, if you have any other plan, that you like better, pursue it: only let me know what you intend to do, and I shall most cheerfully agree to it.

The Parliament will be dissolved in about ten days, and the writs for the election of the new one issued out immediately afterwards; so that, by the end of next month, you may depend upon being *Membre de la chambre basse*; a title that sounds high in foreign countries, and perhaps higher than it deserves. I hope you will add a better title to it in your own, I mean that of a good speaker in Parliament: you have, I am sure, all the materials necessary for it, if you will but put them together and adorn them. I spoke in Parliament the first month

I was in it, and a month before I was of age; and from the day I was elected, till the day that I spoke, I am sure I thought nor dreamed of nothing but speaking. The first time, to say the truth, I spoke very indifferently as to the matter; but it passed tolerably, in favour of the spirit with which I uttered it, and the words in which I dressed it. I improved by degrees, till at last it did tolerably well. The House, it must be ownèd, is always extremely indulgent to the two or three first attempts of a young speaker; and, if they find any degree of common sense in what he says, they make great allowances for his inexperience, and for the concern which they suppose him to be under. I experienced that indulgence; for, had I not been a young Member, I should certainly have been, as I own I deserved, reprimanded by the House for some strong and indiscreet things that I said. Adieu! it is indeed high time.

LETTER CCLXXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 26th, 1754.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 15th from Mannheim, where I find you have been received in the usual gracious manner; which I hope you return in a *graceful* one. As this is a season of great devotion and solemnity, in all Catholic countries, pray inform yourself of, and constantly attend to, all their silly and pompous Church ceremonies: one ought to know them. I am very glad that you wrote the letter to Lord ———, which, in every different case that can possibly be supposed, was, I am sure, both a decent and a prudent step. You will find it very difficult, whenever we meet, to convince me that you could have any good reasons

for not doing it; for I will, for argument's sake, suppose, what I cannot in reality believe, that he has both said and done the worst he could, of and by you; what then? How will you help yourself? Are you in a situation to hurt him? Certainly not; but he certainly is in a situation to hurt you. Would you show a sullen, pouting, impotent resentment? I hope not: leave that silly, unavailing sort of resentment to women, and men like them, who are always guided by humour, never by reason and prudence. That pettish, pouting conduct is a great deal too young, and implies too little knowledge of the world, for one who has seen so much of it as you have. Let this be one invariable rule of your conduct—Never to show the least symptom of resentment, which you cannot, to a certain degree, gratify; but always to smile, where you cannot strike. There would be no living in Courts, nor indeed in the world, if one could not conceal, and even dissemble, the just causes of resentment, which one meets with every day in active and busy life. Whoever cannot master his humour enough, *pour faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, should leave the world, and retire to some hermitage, in an unfrequented desert. By showing an unavailing and sullen resentment, you authorize the resentment of those who can hurt you, and whom you cannot hurt; and give them that very pretence, which perhaps they wished for, of breaking with, and injuring you; whereas the contrary behaviour would lay them under the restraints of decency at least; and either shackle or expose their malice. Besides, captiousness, sullenness, and pouting, are most exceedingly illiberal and vulgar. *Un honnête homme ne les connoît point.*

I am extremely glad to hear that you are soon to have Voltaire at Manheim: immediately upon his arrival, pray make him a thousand compliments from me. I admire him most exceedingly; and

whether as an Epic, Dramatic, or Lyric Poet, or Prose writer, I think I justly apply to him the *Nil molitur inepte*. I long to read his own correct edition of *Les Annales de l'Empire*, of which the *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire Universelle*, which I have read, is, I suppose, a stolen and imperfect part; however, imperfect as it is, it has explained to me that chaos of history of seven hundred years, more clearly than any other book had done before. You judge very rightly, that I love *le style léger et fleuri*. I do, and so does every body who has any parts and taste. It should, I confess, be more or less *fleuri*, according to the subject; but at the same time I assert, that there is no subject that may not properly, and which ought not to be adorned, by a certain elegance and beauty of style. What can be more adorned than Cicero's Philosophical Works? What more than Plato's? It is their eloquence only, that has preserved and transmitted them down to us, through so many centuries; for the philosophy of them is wretched, and the reasoning part miserable. But eloquence will always please, and has always pleased. Study it therefore; make it the object of your thoughts and attention. Use yourself to relate elegantly; that is a good step towards speaking well in Parliament. Take some political subject, turn it in your thoughts, consider what may be said, both for and against it, then put those arguments into writing, in the most correct and elegant English you can. For instance, a standing army, a place bill, &c.; as to the former, consider, on one side, the dangers arising to a free country from a great standing military force; on the other side, consider the necessity of a force to repel force with. Examine whether a standing army, though in itself an evil, may not, from circumstances, become a necessary evil, and preventive of greater dangers. As to the latter, consider how far places may bias and warp the conduct of men, from

the service of their country, into an unwarrantable complaisance to the Court; and, on the other hand, consider whether they can be supposed to have that effect upon the conduct of people of probity and property, who are more solidly interested in the permanent good of their country, than they can be in an uncertain and precarious employment. Seek for, and answer in your own mind, all the arguments that can be urged on either side, and write them down in an elegant style. This will prepare you for debating, and give you an habitual eloquence; for I would not give a farthing for a mere holiday eloquence, displayed once or twice in a session, in a set declamation; but I want an every-day, ready, and habitual eloquence, to adorn *extempore* and debating speeches; to make business not only clear but agreeable, and to please even those whom you cannot inform, and who do not desire to be informed. All this you may acquire, and make habitual to you, with as little trouble as it cost you to dance a minuet as well as you do. You now dance it mechanically, and well, without thinking of it.

I am surprised that you found but one letter from me at Manheim, for you ought to have found four or five; there are as many lying for you, at your banker's at Berlin, which I wish you had, because I always endeavoured to put something into them, which, I hope, may be of use to you.

When we meet at Spa, next July, we must have a great many serious conversations; in which I will pour out all my experience of the world, and which, I hope, you will trust to, more than to your own young notions of men and things. You will, in time, discover most of them to have been erroneous; and, if you follow them long, you will perceive your error too late; but, if you will be led by a guide, who, you are sure, does not mean to mislead you, you will unite two things, seldom united in the

same person; the vivacity and spirit of youth, with the caution and experience of age.

Last Saturday, Sir Thomas Robinson, who had been the King's Minister at Vienna, was declared Secretary of State for the southern department, Lord Holderness having taken the northern. Sir Thomas accepted it unwillingly, and, as I hear, with a promise that he shall not keep it long. Both his health and spirits are bad, two very disqualifying circumstances for that employment; yours, I hope, will enable you some time or other, to go through with it. In all events, aim at it, and if you fail or fall, let it, at least, be said of you, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*.

Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, April the 5th, 1754.

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 20th March, from Manheim, with the enclosed for Mr. Eliot; it was a very proper one, and I have forwarded it to him by Mr. Harte, who sets out for Cornwall to-morrow morning.

I am very glad that you use yourself to translations; and I do not care of what, provided you study the correctness and elegance of your style. The Life of Sextus Quintus is the best book, of the innumerable books written by Gregorio Leti, whom the Italians, very justly, call *Leti caca libri*. But I would rather that you chose some pieces of oratory for your translations; whether ancient or modern, Latin or French; which would give you a more oratorical train of thoughts, and turn of expression. In your letter to me, you make use of two words, which, though true and correct English, are, however, from long disuse, become inelegant, and seem

now to be stiff, formal, and in some degree, scriptural: the first is the word *namely*, which you introduce thus, *You inform me of a very agreeable piece of news, namely, that my election is secured.* Instead of *namely*, I would always use, *which is*, or *that is*, that my election is secured. The other word is, *Mine own inclinations*: this is certainly correct, before a subsequent word that begins with a vowel; but it is too correct, and is now disused as too formal, notwithstanding the *hiatus* occasioned by *my own*. Every language has its peculiarities; they are established by usage, and, whether right or wrong, they must be complied with. I could instance many very absurd ones in different languages; but so authorized by the *jus et norma loquendi*, that they must be submitted to. *Namely*, and *to wit*, are very good words in themselves, and contribute to clearness, more than the relatives which we now substitute in their room; but, however, they cannot be used, except in a sermon, or some very grave and formal compositions. It is with language as with manners; they are both established by the usage of people of fashion; it must be imitated, it must be complied with. Singularity is only pardonable in old age and retirement; I may now be as singular as I please, but you may not. We will, when we meet, discuss these and many other points, provided you will give me attention and credit; without both which it is to no purpose to advise either you or any body else.

I want to know your determination, where you intend to (if I may use that expression) *while* away your time, till the last week in June, when we are to meet at Spa; I continue rather in the opinion which I mentioned to you formerly, in favour of the Hague; but however I have not the least objection to Dresden, or to any other place that you may like better. If you prefer the Dutch scheme, you take Treves and Coblenz in your way, as also Dusseldorp: all

which places I think you have not yet seen. At Manheim you may certainly get good letters of recommendation to the Courts of the two Electors of Treves and Cologne, whom you are yet unacquainted with; and I should wish you to know them all. For, as I have often told you, *olim hæc meminisse juvabit*. There is a utility in having seen what other people have seen, and there is a justifiable pride in having seen what others have not seen. In the former case, you are equal to others; in the latter, superior. As your stay abroad will not now be very long, pray, while it lasts, see every thing, and every body you can; and see them well, with care and attention. It is not to be conceived of what advantage it is to any body to have seen more things, people, and countries, than other people in general have: it gives them a credit, makes them referred to, and they become the objects of the attention of the company. They are not out in any part of polite conversation; they are acquainted with all the places, customs, courts, and families, that are likely to be mentioned; they are, as Monsieur de Maupertuis justly observes, *de tous les pays, comme les savans sont de tous les tems*. You have fortunately, both those advantages; the only remaining point is *de savoir les faire valoir*; for, without that, one may as well not have them. Remember that very true maxim of La Bruyère's, *Qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir*. The knowledge of the world will teach you to what degree you ought to show *ce que vous valez*. One must by no means, on one hand, be indifferent about it; as, on the other, one must not display it with affectation, and in an overbearing manner: but, of the two, it is better to show too much than too little. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 27th, 1754.

I HEARTILY congratulate you upon the loss of your political maidenhead, of which I have received from others a very good account. I hear, that you were stopped for some time in your career; but recovered breath, and finished it very well. I am not surprised, nor indeed concerned, at your accident; for I remember the dreadful feeling of that situation in myself; and as it must require a most uncommon share of impudence to be unconcerned upon such an occasion, I am not sure that I am not rather glad that you stopped. You must therefore now think of hardening yourself by degrees, by using yourself insensibly to the sound of your own voice, and to the act (trifling as it seems) of rising up and sitting down again. Nothing will contribute so much to this as committee work, of elections at night, and of private bills in the morning. There asking short questions, moving for witnesses to be called in, and all that kind of small ware, will soon fit you to set up for yourself. I am told that you are much mortified at your accident; but without reason; pray, let it rather be a spur than a curb to you. Persevere, and depend upon it, it will do well at last. When I say persevere, I do not mean that you should speak every day, nor in every debate. Moreover, I would not advise you to speak again upon public matters for some time, perhaps a month or two; but I mean, never lose view of that great object; pursue it with discretion, but pursue it always. *Pelotez en attendant partie.* You know I have always told you, that speaking in public was but a knack, which those who apply to most, will succeed in best. Two old Mem-

bers, very good judges, have sent me compliments upon this occasion; and have assured me, that they plainly find *it will do*, though they perceived, from that natural confusion you were in, that you neither said all, nor perhaps what you intended. Upon the whole, you have set out very well, and have sufficient encouragement to go on. Attend therefore assiduously, and observe carefully all that passes in the House; for it is only knowledge and experience that can make a debater. But if you still want comfort, Mrs. —, I hope, will administer it to you; for, in my opinion, she may, if she will, be very comfortable; and with women, as with speaking in Parliament, perseverance will most certainly prevail, sooner or later.

What little I have played for here, I have won; but that is very far from the considerable sum which you heard of. I play every evening from seven till ten, at a crown whist party, merely to save my eyes from reading or writing for three hours by candle-light. I propose being in town the week after next, and hope to carry back with me much more health than I brought down here. Good night.

Mr. Stanhope being returned to England, and seeing his Father almost every day, is the occasion of an interruption of two years in their correspondence.

LETTER CCLXXX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 15th, 1756.

I RECEIVED yours yesterday morning, together with the Prussian papers, which I have read with great attention. If Courts could blush, those of Vienna and Dresden ought, to have their falsehoods so publicly and so undeniably exposed. The former will, I presume, next year, employ a hundred thousand men, to answer the accusation; and if the Empress of the Two Russias is pleased to argue in the same cogent manner, their logic will be too strong for all the King of Prussia's rhetoric. I well remember the treaty so often referred to in those pieces, between the two Empresses, in 1746. The King was strongly pressed by the Empress Queen to accede to it. Wassenauer communicated it to me for that purpose. I asked him if there were no secret articles; suspecting that there were some, because the ostensible treaty was a mere harmless defensive one. He assured me there were none. Upon which I told him, that as the King had already defensive alliances with those two Empresses, I did not see of what use his accession to this treaty, *if merely a defensive one*, could be, either to himself or the other contracting parties; but that, however, if it was only desired as an indication of the King's good will, I would give him an act, by which his Majesty should accede to that treaty, as far, but no farther, as at present he stood engaged to the respective Empresses, by the defensive alliances subsisting with each. This offer by no means satisfied him; which was a plain proof of the secret articles now brought to light, and into which the Court of Vienna hoped to draw us. I told Wassenauer so, and after that I heard no more of his invitation.

I am still bewildered in the changes at Court, of which I find that all the particulars are not yet fixed. Who would have thought, a year ago, that Mr. Fox, the Chancellor, and the Duke of Newcastle, should all three have quitted together; nor can I yet account for it; explain it to me, if you can. I cannot see, neither, what the Duke of Devonshire and Fox, whom I looked upon as intimately united, can have quarrelled about, with relation to the Treasury; inform me, if you know. I never doubted of the prudent versatility of your Vicar of Bray; but I am surprised at Obrien Windham's going out of the Treasury, where I should have thought that the interest of his brother-in-law, George Grenville, would have kept him.

Having found myself rather worse, these two or three last days, I was obliged to take some *ipecacuana* last night; and, what you will think odd, for a vomit, I brought it all up again in about an hour, to my great satisfaction and emolument, which is seldom the case in restitutions.

You did well to go to the Duke of Newcastle, who, I suppose, will have no more levees; however, go from time to time, and leave your name at his door, for you have obligations to him. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 14th, 1756.

WHAT can I say to you from this place, where *every day is still but as the first*, though by no means so agreeably passed, as Anthony describes his to have been? The same nothings succeed one another every day with me, as regularly and uniformly as the hours of the day. You will think this tiresome, and so it is; but how can I help it? Cut off from society by

my deafness, and dispirited by my ill health, where could I be better? You will say, perhaps, where could you be worse? Only in prison, or the galleys, I confess. However I see a period to my stay here; and I have fixed, in my own mind, a time for my return to London; not invited there by either politics or pleasures, to both which I am equally a stranger, but merely to be at home; which, after all, according to the vulgar saying, is home, be it never so homely.

The political settlement, as it is called, is, I find, by no means settled: Mr. Fox, who took this place in his way to his brother's, where he intended to pass a month, was stopped short by an express, which he received from his connection, to come to town immediately; and accordingly he set out from hence very early, two days ago. I had a very long conversation with him, in which he was, seemingly at least, very frank and communicative: but still I own myself in the dark. In those matters, as in most others, half knowledge (and mine is at most that) is more apt to lead one into error, than to carry one to truth; and our own vanity contributes to the seduction. Our conjectures pass upon us for truths; we will know what we do not know, and often what we cannot know: so mortifying to our pride is the bare suspicion of ignorance!

It has been reported here, that the Empress of Russia is dying; this would be a fortunate event indeed for the King of Prussia, and necessarily produce the neutrality and inaction, at least, of that great power; which would be a heavy weight taken out of the opposite scale to the King of Prussia. The *Augustissima* must, in that case, do all herself; for, though France will no doubt promise largely, it will, I believe, perform but scantily; as it desires no better, than that the different powers of Germany should tear one another to pieces.

I hope you frequent all the Courts; a man should make his face familiar there. Long habit produces favour insensibly: and acquaintance often does more than friendship, in that climate, where *les beaux sentimens* are not the natural growth.

Adieu! I am going to the ball, to save my eyes from reading, and my mind from thinking.

LETTER CCLXXXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, January the 12th, 1757.

I WAITED quietly, to see when either your leisure, or your inclinations, would allow you to honour me with a letter; and at last I received one this morning, very near a fortnight after you went from hence. You will say, that you had no news to write me; and that probably may be true; but, without news, one has always something to say to those with whom one desires to have any thing to do.

Your observation is very just with regard to the King of Prussia, whom the most august House of Austria would most unquestionably have poisoned a century or two ago. But now that *Terras Astræa reliquit*, Kings and Princes die of natural deaths; even war is pusillanimously carried on in this degenerate age; quarter is given; towns are taken, and the people spared: even in a storm, a woman can hardly hope for the benefit of a rape. Whereas (such was the humanity of former days) prisoners were killed by thousands in cold blood, and the generous victors spared neither man, woman, nor child. Heroic actions of this kind were performed at the taking of Magdebourg. The King of Prussia is certainly now in a situation that must soon decide his fate, and make him Cæsar or nothing. Notwith-

standing the march of the Russians, his greatest danger, in my mind, lies westward. I have no great notion of Apraxin's abilities, and I believe many a Prussian Colonel would outgeneral him. But Brown, Piccolomini, Lucchese, and many other veteran officers in the Austrian troops, are respectable enemies.

Mr. Pitt seems to me to have almost as many enemies to encounter, as his Prussian Majesty. The late Ministry, and the Duke's party, will, I presume, unite against him and his Tory friends: and then quarrel among themselves again. His best, if not his only chance of supporting himself would be, if he had credit enough in the city, to hinder the advancing of the money to any Administration but his own; and I have met with some people here who think that he has.

I have put off my journey from hence for a week, but no longer. I find I still gain some strength and some flesh here, and therefore I will not cut, while the run is for me.

By a letter which I received this morning from Lady Allen, I observe that you are extremely well with her; and it is well for you to be so, for she is an excellent and warm puff.

A propos (an expression which is commonly used to introduce whatever is unrelative to it) you should apply to some of Lord Holderness's people, for the perusal of Mr. Cope's letters. It will not be refused you; and the sooner you have them the better. I do not mean them as models for your manner of writing, but as outlines of the matter you are to write upon.

If you have not read Hume's Essays, read them; they are four very small volumes; I have just finished, and am extremely pleased with them. He thinks impartially, deep, often new; and, in my mind, commonly just. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, September the 17th, 1757.
LORD Holderness has been so kind as to communicate to me all the letters which he has received from you hitherto, dated the 15th, 19th, 23d, and 26th, August; and also a draught of that which he wrote to you the 9th instant. I am very well pleased with all your letters; and, what is better, I can tell you that the King is so too; and he said, but three days ago, to Monsieur Munchausen, *He (meaning you) sets out very well, and I like his letters; provided that, like most of my English Ministers abroad, he does not grow idle hereafter.* So that here is both praise to flatter, and a hint to warn you. What Lord Holderness recommends to you, being by the King's order, intimates also a degree of approbation; for the *blacker ink, and the larger character*, show, that his Majesty, whose eyes are grown weaker, intends to read all your letters himself. Therefore, pray do not neglect to get the blackest ink you can; and to make your Secretary enlarge his hand, though *d'ailleurs* it is a very good one.

Had I been to wish an advantageous situation for you, and a good *début* in it, I could not have wished you either, better than both have hitherto proved. The rest will depend entirely upon yourself; and I own, I begin to have much better hopes than I had; for I know, by my own experience, that the more one works, the more willing one is to work. We are all, more or less, *des animaux d'habitude*. I remember very well, that when I was in business, I wrote four or five hours together every day, more willingly than I should now half an hour; and this is most

certain, that when a man has applied himself to business half the day, the other half goes off the more cheerfully and agreeably. This I found so sensibly, when I was at the Hague, that I never tasted company so well, nor was so good company myself, as at the suppers of my post days. I take Hamburg now, to be *le centre du refuge Allemand*. If you have any Hanover *refugiés* among them, pray take care to be particularly attentive to them. How do you like your house? Is it a convenient one? Have the *Casserolles* been employed in it yet? You will find *les petits soupers fins* less expensive, and turn to better account, than large dinners for great companies.

I hope you have written to the Duke of Newcastle; I take it for granted, that you have to all your brother Ministers of the northern department. For God's sake be diligent, alert, active, and indefatigable in your business. You want nothing but labour and industry, to be, one day, whatever you please, in your own way.

We think and talk of nothing here but Brest, which is universally supposed to be the object of our great expedition. A great and important object it is. I suppose the affair must be *brusqué*, or it will not do. If we succeed, it will make France put some water to its wine. As for my own private opinion, I own I rather wish than hope success. However, should our expedition fail, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*, and that will be better than our late languid manner of making war.

To mention a person to you whom I am very indifferent about, I mean myself, I vegetate still just as I did when we parted; but I think I begin to be sensible of the autumn of the year, as well as of the autumn of my own life. I feel an internal awkwardness, which in about three weeks I shall carry with me to the Bath, where I hope to get rid of it, as I did last year. The best cordial I could take would

be to hear, from time to time, of your industry and diligence; for in that case I should consequently hear of your success. Remember your own motto, *Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia*. Nothing is truer. Yours.

. LETTER CCLXXXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Sept. the 23d, 1757.

I RECEIVED but the day before yesterday your letter of the 3d, from the head-quarters at Selsingen; and, by the way, it is but the second that I have received from you since your arrival at Hamburgh. Whatever was the cause of your going to the army, I approve of the effect; for I would have you, as much as possible, see every thing that is to be seen. That is the true useful knowledge, which informs and improves us when we are young, and amuses us and others, when we are old, *Olim hæc meminisse juvabit*. I could wish that you would (but I know you will not) enter in a book, a short note only, of whatever you see or hear, that is very remarkable; I do not mean a German *album*, stuffed with people's names, and Latin sentences; but I mean such a book as, if you do not keep now, thirty years hence you would give a great deal of money to have kept. *A propos de bottles*, for I am told he always wears his; was his Royal Highness very gracious to you, or not? I have my doubts about it. The neutrality, which he has concluded with Maréchal de Richelieu will prevent that bloody battle which you expected; but what the King of Prussia will say to it is another point. He was our only ally; at present, probably we have not one in the world. If the King of Prussia can get at Monsieur de Soubize's and the Imperial army, before other troops have joined them, I think he will

beat them; but what then? He has three hundred thousand men to encounter afterwards. He must submit; but he may say with truth, *Si Pergama dextrâ defendi possent*. The late action between the Prussians and Russians has only thinned the human species, without giving either party a victory; which is plain by each party's claiming it. Upon my word, our species will pay very dear for the quarrels and ambition of a few, and those by no means the most valuable part of it. If the many were wiser than they are, the few must be quieter, and would perhaps be juster and better than they are.

Hamburgh, I find, swarms with *Grafs, Gräffins, Fürsts, and Fürstins, Hocheits, and Durchlaughticheits*. I am glad of it, for you must necessarily be in the midst of them; and I am still more glad, that, being in the midst of them, you must necessarily be under some constraint of ceremony; a thing which you do not love, but which is, however, very useful.

I desired you in my last, and I repeat it again in this, to give me an account of your private and domestic life. How do you pass your evenings? Have they, at Hamburgh, what are called at Paris *des Maisons*, where one goes without ceremony, sups or not, as one pleases? Are you adopted in any society? Have you any rational brother Ministers, and which? What sort of things are your operas? In the tender, I doubt they do not excel; for *mein lieber schatz*, and the other tendernesses of the Teutonic language, would, in my mind, sound but indifferently, set to soft music; for the *bravura* parts, I have a very great opinion of them; and *das, der dönnner dich erschlage*, must, no doubt, make a tremendously fine piece of *recitativo*, when uttered by an angry hero, to the rumble of a whole orchestra, including drums, trumpets, and French horns. Tell me your whole allotment of the day, in which I hope four hours, at least, are

sacred to writing; the others cannot be better employed than in *liberal* pleasures. In short give me a full account of yourself, in your unministerial character, your *incognito*, without your *fiocchi*. I love to see those, in whom I interest myself, in their undress, rather than in *gala*; I know them better so. I recommend to you, *etiam atque etiam*, method and order in every thing you undertake. Do you observe it in your accounts? If you do not, you will be a beggar, though you were to receive the appointments of a Spanish Ambassador extraordinary, which are a thousand pistoles a month; and in your ministerial business, if you have not regular and stated hours for such and such parts of it, you will be in the hurry and confusion of the Duke of N——, doing every thing by halves, and nothing well nor soon. I suppose you have been feasted through the *Corps diplomatique* at Hamburgh, excepting Monsieur Champeaux; with whom, however, I hope you live *poliment et galemment*, at all third places.

Lord Loudon is much blamed here for his *retraite des dix milles*, for it is said that he had above that number, and might, consequently, have acted offensively, instead of retreating; especially, as his retreat was contrary to the unanimous opinion (as it is now said) of the council of war. In our Ministry, I suppose, things go pretty quietly, for the D. N. has not plagued me these two months. When his Royal Highness comes over, which, I take it for granted, he will do very soon, the great push will, I presume, be made at his Grace and Mr. Pitt; but without effect if they agree, as it is visibly their interest to do; and in that case, their Parliamentary strength will support them against all attacks. You may remember, I said at first, that the popularity would soon be on the side of those who opposed the popular Militia Bill; and now it appears so with a vengeance,

in almost every county in England, by the tumults and insurrections of the people, who swear that they will not be enlisted. That silly scheme must, therefore, be dropped, as quietly as may be. Now I have told you all that I know, and almost all that I think, I wish you a good supper, and a good night.

LETTER CCLXXXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, B'ackheath, Sept. the 30th, 1757.

I HAVE so little to do, that I am surprised how I can find time to write to you so often. Do not stare at the seeming paradox ; for it is an undoubted truth, That the less one has to do, the less time one finds to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates ; one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at all : whereas those who have a great deal of business, must (to use a vulgar expression) buckle to it ; and then they always find time enough to do it in. I hope your own experience has, by this time, convinced you of this truth.

I received your last, of the 8th. It is now quite over with a very great man, who will still be a very great man, though a very unfortunate one. He has qualities of the mind that put him above the reach of these misfortunes ; and if reduced, as perhaps he may, to the *marche* of Brandenburgh, he will always find in himself the comfort, and with all the world the credit, of a philosopher, a legislator, a patron, and a professor of arts and sciences. He will only lose the fame of a conqueror : a cruel fame, that arises from the destruction of the human species. Could it be any satisfaction to him to know, I could tell him, that he is at this time the most popular man in

this kingdom: the whole nation being enraged at that neutrality which hastens and completes his ruin. Between you and me, the King was not less enraged at it himself, when he saw the terms of it; and it affected his health more than all that had happened before. Indeed it seems to me a voluntary concession of the very worst that could have happened, in the worst event. We now begin to think that our great and secret expedition is intended for Martinico and St. Domingo; if that be true, and we succeed in the attempt, we shall recover, and the French lose, one of the most valuable branches of commerce, I mean sugar. The French now supply all the foreign markets in Europe with that commodity, we only supply ourselves with it. This would make us some amends for our ill luck, or ill conduct, in North America; where Lord Loudon, with twelve thousand men, thought himself no match for the French with but seven; and Admiral Holbourne, with seventeen ships of the line, declined attacking the French, because they had eighteen, and a greater weight of *metal*, according to the new sea-phraise, which was unknown to Blake. I hear that letters have been sent to both, with very severe reprimands. I am told, and I believe it is true, that we are negotiating with the Corsican, I will not say rebels, but assertors of their natural rights; to receive them, and whatever form of government they think fit to establish, under our protection, upon condition of their delivering up to us Port Ajaccio; which may be made so strong and so good a one, as to be a full equivalent for the loss of Port Mahon. This is, in my mind, a very good scheme; for though the Corsicans are a parcel of cruel and perfidious rascals, they will in this case be tied down to us by their own interest and their own danger; a solid security with knaves, though none with fools. His Royal Highness the Duke is hourly

expected here : his arrival will make some bustle ; for I believe it is certain, that he is resolved to make a push at the Duke of N. Pitt, and Co. ; but it will be ineffectual, if they continue to agree, as, to my *certain knowledge*, they do at present. This Parliament is theirs, *cætera quis nescit*.

Now I have told you all I know, or have heard, of public matters, let us talk of private ones, that more nearly and immediately concern us. Admit me to your fireside, in your little room ; and as you would converse with me there, write to me for the future from thence. Are you completely *nippé* yet ? Have you formed what the world calls connexions ; that is, a certain number of acquaintances, whom, from accident or choice, you frequent more than others ? Have you either fine or well bred women there ? *Y a-t-il quelque bon ton ?* All fat and fair, I presume ; too proud and too cold to make advances, but at the same time, too well bred, and too warm to reject them, when made by *un honnête homme avec des manières*.

Mr. * * is to be married, in about a month, to Miss * *. I am very glad of it ; for, as he will never be a man of the world, but will always lead a domestic and retired life, she seems to have been made on purpose for him. Her natural turn is as grave and domestic as his ; and she seems to have been kept by her aunts *à la glace*, instead of being raised in a hot bed, as most young ladies are of late. If, three weeks hence, you write him a short compliment of congratulation upon the occasion, he, his mother, and *tutti quanti*, would be extremely pleased with it. Those attentions are always kindly taken, and cost one nothing but pen, ink, and paper. I consider them as draughts upon good breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favour of the drawer. *A propos* of exchange ; I hope you have,

with the help of your Secretary, made yourself correctly master of all that sort of knowledge—Course of Exchange, *Agio*, *Banco*, *Reichs-Thalers*, down to *Marien Groschen*. It is very little trouble to learn it: it is often of great use to know it. Good night, and God bless you.

LETTER CCLXXXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, October the 10th, 1757.

IT is not without some difficulty that I snatch this moment of leisure from my extreme idleness, to inform you of the present lamentable and astonishing state of affairs here, which you would know but imperfectly from the public papers, and but partially from your private correspondence. *Or sus* then—Our invincible Armada, which cost at least half a million, sailed, as you know, some weeks ago; the object kept an inviolable secret; conjectures various, and expectations great. Brest was perhaps to be taken; but Martinico and St. Domingo, at least. When lo! the important island of Aix was taken without the least resistance, seven hundred men made prisoners, and some pieces of cannon carried off. From thence we sailed towards Rochfort, which it seems was our main object; and consequently one should have supposed that we had pilots on board who knew all the soundings and landing-places there and thereabouts; but no; for General M——t asked the Admiral, if he could land him and the troops near Rochfort? The Admiral said, With great ease. To which the General replied; But can you take us on board again? To which the Admiral answered, *That*, like all naval opera-

tions, will depend upon the wind. If so, said the General, I'll e'en go home again. A Council of War was immediately called, where it was unanimously resolved, that it was *advisable* to return; accordingly they are returned. As the expectations of the whole nation had been raised to the highest pitch, the universal disappointment and indignation have arisen in proportion; and I question whether the ferment of men's minds was ever greater. Suspicions, you may be sure, are various and endless; but the most prevailing one is, that the tail of the Hanover neutrality, like that of a comet, extended itself to Rochfort. What encourages this suspicion is, that a French man of war went unmolested through our whole fleet, as it lay near Rochfort. Huddock's whole story is revived; Michel's representations are combined with other circumstances; and the whole together makes up a mass of discontent, resentment, and even fury, greater than perhaps was ever known in this country before. These are the facts, draw your own conclusions from them: for my part, I am lost in astonishment and conjectures, and do not know where to fix. My experience has shown me, that many things which seem extremely probable, are not true; and many, which seem highly improbable, are true; so that I will conclude this article, as Josephus does almost every article of his history, with saying, *but of this every man will believe as he thinks proper*. What a disgraceful year will this be in the annals of this country! May its good genius, if ever it appears again, tear out those sheets, thus stained and blotted by our ignominy!

Our domestic affairs are, as far as I know any thing of them, in the same situation as when I wrote to you last; but they will begin to be in motion upon the approach of the session, and upon the return of the Duke; whose arrival is most impa-

tiently expected by the mob of London ; though not to strow flowers in the way.

I leave this place next Saturday, and London the Saturday following, to be the next day at Bath.

Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, October the 17th, 1757.

YOUR last, of the 30th past, was a very good letter : and I will believe half of what you assure me, that you returned to the Landgrave's civilities. I cannot possibly go farther than half, knowing that you are not lavish of your words, especially in that species of eloquence called the adulatory. Do not use too much discretion, in profiting of the Landgrave's naturalization of you ; but go pretty often and feed with him. Choose the company of your superiors, whenever you can have it : that is the right and true pride. The mistaken and silly pride is, to *primer* among inferiors.

Hear, O Israel ! and wonder. On Sunday morning last, the Duke gave up his commission of Captain General, and his regiment of guards. You will ask me why ? I cannot tell you ; but I will tell you the causes assigned ; which, perhaps, are none of them the true ones. It is said that the King reproached him with having exceeded his powers, in making the Hanover Convention ; which his R. H. absolutely denied, and threw up thereupon. This is certain, that he appeared at the drawing-room, at Kensington, last Sunday, after having quitted, and went straight to Windsor ; where, his people say, that he intends to reside quietly, and amuse himself as a private man. But I conjecture that matters will soon be made up again, and that

he will resume his employments. You will easily imagine what speculations this event has occasioned in the public; I shall neither trouble you, nor myself, with relating them; nor would this sheet of paper, or even a quire more, contain them. Some refine enough, to suspect that it is a concerted quarrel, to justify *somebody to somebody*, with regard to the Convention; but I do not believe it.

His R. II.'s people load the Hanover Ministers, and more particularly our friend Münchhausen here, with the whole blame; but with what degree of truth I know not. This only is certain, that the whole negotiation of that affair was broached, and carried on, by the Hanover Ministers, and Monsieur Stenberg at Vienna, absolutely unknown to the English Ministers, till it was executed. This affair, combined (for people will combine it) with the astonishing return of our great armament, not only *re infectâ*, but even *intentâtâ*, makes such a jumble of reflections, conjectures, and refinements, that one is weary of hearing them. Our Tacituses and Machiavels go deep, suspect the worst, and perhaps, as they often do, overshoot the mark. For my own part, I fairly confess that I am bewildered, and have not certain *postulata* enough, not only to found any opinion, but even to form conjectures upon; and this is the language which I think you should hold to all who speak to you, as to be sure all will, upon that subject. Plead, as you truly may, your own ignorance; and say, that it is impossible to judge of those nice points, at such a distance, and without knowing all circumstances, which you cannot be supposed to do. And as to the Duke's resignation; you should, in my opinion, say, that perhaps there might be a little too much vivacity in the case; but that, upon the whole, you make no doubt of the thing's being soon set right again; as, in truth, I dare say it will. Upon these delicate occasions you

must practise the ministerial shrugs and *persiflage*; for silent gesticulations, which you would be most inclined to, would not be sufficient: something must be said; but that something, when analysed, must amount to nothing. As for instance, *Il est vrai qu'on s'y perd, mais que voulez-vous que je vous dise,—il y a bien du pour et du contre, un petit Résident ne voit guères le fond du sac.—Il faut attendre*—Those sort of. expletives are of infinite use; and nine people in ten think they mean something. But, to the Landgrave of Hesse, I think you would do well to say, in seeming confidence, that you have good reasons to believe, that the principal objection of his Majesty to the Convention was, that his Highness's interests, and the affair of his troops, were not sufficiently considered in it. To the Prussian Minister, assert boldly, that you know *de science certaine*, that the principal object of his Majesty's, and his British Ministry's attention, is not only to perform all their present engagements with his Master, but to take new and stronger ones for his support; for this is true—at least at present.

You did very well in inviting Comte Bothmar to dine with you. You see how minutely I am informed of your proceedings, though not from yourself. Adieu.

I go to Bath next Saturday; but direct your letters, as usual, to London.

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Bath, October the 26th, 1757.

I ARRIVED here safe, but far from sound, last Sunday. I have consequently drunk these waters but three days, and yet I find myself something better for them. The night before I left London, I was

for some hours at Newcastle House; where the letters, which came in that morning, lay upon the table; and his Grace singled out yours, with great approbation, and at the same time assured me of his Majesty's approbation too. To these two approbations, I truly add my own, which, *sans vanité*, may perhaps be near as good as the other two. In that letter you venture *vos petits raisonnemens* very properly, and then as properly make an excuse for doing so. Go on so with diligence, and you will be, what I began to despair of your ever being, *somebody*. I am persuaded, if you would own the truth, that you feel yourself now much better satisfied with yourself, than you were while you did nothing.

Application to business, attended with approbation and success, flatters and animates the mind; which, in idleness and inaction, stagnates and putrefies. I would wish, that every rational man would, every night when he goes to bed, ask himself this question, *What have I done to-day?* Have I done any thing that can be of use to myself or others? Have I employed my time, or have I squandered it? Have I lived out the day, or have I dozed it away in sloth and laziness? A thinking being must be pleased or confounded, according as he can answer himself these questions. I observe that you are in the secret of what is intended, and what Münchhausen is gone to Stade to prepare. A bold and dangerous experiment, in my mind; and which may probably end in a second volume to the History of the Palatinate, in the last century. His Serene Highness of Brunswick has, in my mind, played a prudent and a saving game; and I am apt to believe, that the other Serene Highness, at Hamburgh, is more likely to follow his example, than to embark in the great scheme.

I see no signs of the Duke's resuming his em-

ployments; but, on the contrary, I am assured, that his Majesty is coolly determined to do as well as he can without him. The Duke of Devonshire, and Fox, have worked hard to make up matters in the closet, but to no purpose. People's self-love is very apt to make them think themselves more necessary than they are; and I shrewdly suspect that his Royal Highness has been the dupe of that sentiment, and was taken at his word when he least expected it: like my predecessor, Lord Harrington; who, when he went into the closet to resign the seals, had them not about him; so sure he thought himself of being pressed to keep them.

The whole talk of London, of this place, and of every place in the whole kingdom, is of our great, expensive, and yet fruitless expedition: I have seen an Officer who was there, a very sensible and observing man; who told me, that, had we attempted Rochfort, the day after we took the island of Aix, our success had been infallible; but that after we had sauntered (God knows why) eight or ten days in the island, he thinks the attempt would have been impracticable; because the French had in that time got together all the troops in that neighbourhood, to a very considerable number. In short, there must have been some secret in that whole affair, which has not yet transpired; and I cannot help suspecting that it came from Stade. *We* had not been successful there; perhaps *we* were not desirous that an expedition in which *we* had neither been concerned nor consulted should prove so: M——t was *our* creature; and a word to the wise will sometimes go a great way. M——t is to have a public trial, from which the public expects great discoveries—Not I.

Do you visit Soltikow, the Russian Minister, whose house, I am told, is the great scene of pleasures at Hamburgh? His mistress, I take for granted,

is by this time dead, and he wears some other body's shackles. Her death comes, with regard to the King of Prussia, *comme la moutarde après dîner*. I am curious to see what tyrant will succeed her, not by Divine, but by Military right; for, barbarous as they are now, and still more barbarous as they have been formerly, they have had very little regard to the more barbarous notion of divine, indefeasible, hereditary right.

The Prætorian bands, that is the guards, I presume, have been engaged in the interests of the Imperial Prince; but still, I think, that little John of Archangel will be heard, of upon this occasion, unless prevented by a quieting draught of Hemlock or Nightshade; for I suppose they are not arrived to the politer and genteeler poisons of *Acqua Tufana**, sugar plumbs, &c.

Lord Halifax has accepted his old employment, with the honorary addition of the Cabinet Council. And so we heartily wish you a good night.

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 4th, 1757.

THE sons of Britain, like those of Noah, must cover their parent's shame as well as they can; for to retrieve its honour is now too late. One would really think that our Ministers and Generals were all as drunk as the Patriarch was. However, in your situation, you must not be Cham; but spread your cloak over our disgrace, as far as it will go. M——t calls aloud for a public trial; and in that,

* *Acqua Tufana*, a Neapolitan slow poison, resembling clear water, and invented by a woman at Naples, of the name of Tufana.

and that only, the public agrees with him. There will certainly be one; but of what kind, is not yet fixed. Some are for a Parliamentary inquiry, others for a Martial one: neither will, in my opinion, discover the true secret; for a secret there most unquestionably is. Why we staid six whole days in the island of Aix, mortal cannot imagine; which time the French employed, as it was obvious they would, in assembling all their troops in the neighbourhood of Rochfort, and making our attempt then really impracticable. The day after we had taken the island of Aix, your friend, Colonel Wolfe, publicly offered to do the business with five hundred men and three ships only. In all these complicated political machines, there are so many wheels within wheels, that it is always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to guess which of them gives direction to the whole. Mr. Pitt is convinced that the principal wheel, or, if you will, the *spoke in his wheel*, came from Stade. This is certain, at least, that M——t was the man of confidence with that person. Whatever be the truth of the case, there is, to be sure, hitherto, an *Hiatus valde deflendus*.

The meeting of the Parliament will certainly be very numerous, were it only from curiosity; but the majority on the side of the Court will, I dare say, be a great one. The people of the late Captain General, however inclined to oppose, will be obliged to concur. Their commissions, which they have no desire to lose, will make them tractable; for those Gentlemen, though all men of honour, are of Sosia's mind; *que le vrai Amphitrion est celui où l'on dîne*. The Tories, and the City, have engaged to support Pitt; the Whigs, the Duke of Newcastle; the independent, and the impartial, as you well know, are not worth mentioning. It is said, that the Duke intends to bring the affair of his Convention into Parliament, for his own justification: I can hardly

believe it; as I cannot conceive that transactions so merely Electoral can be proper objects of inquiry or deliberation for a British Parliament; and therefore, should such a motion be made, I presume it will be immediately quashed. By the commission lately given to Sir John Ligonier, of General and Commander in Chief of all his Majesty's forces in Great Britain, the door seems to be not only shut, but bolted, against his Royal Highness's return; and I have *good reason* to be convinced, that that breach is irreparable. The reports of changes in the Ministry, I am pretty sure, are idle and groundless. The Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt really agree very well; not, I presume, from any sentimental tenderness for each other, but from a sense that it is their mutual interest; and, as the late Captain General's party is now out of the question, I do not see what should produce the least change.

The visit, lately made to Berlin, was, I *darè-say*, neither a friendly nor an inoffensive one. The Austrians always leave behind them pretty lasting monuments of their visits, or rather visitations; not so much, I believe, from their thirst of glory, as from their hunger of prey.

This winter, I take for granted, must produce a peace, of some kind or another; a bad one for us, no doubt, and yet perhaps better than we should get the year after. I suppose the King of Prussia is negotiating with France, and endeavouring by those means to get out of the scrape, with the loss only of Silesia, and perhaps Halberstadt, by way of indemnification to Saxony; and, considering all circumstances, he would be well off upon those terms. But then how is Sweden to be satisfied? Will the Russians restore Memel? Will France have been at all this expense *gratis*? Must there be no acquisition for them in Flanders? I dare say they

have stipulated something of that sort for themselves by the additional and secret treaty, which I know they made, last May, with the Queen of Hungary. Must we give up whatever the French please to desire, in America, besides the cession of Minorca in perpetuity? I fear we must, or else raise twelve millions more next year, to as little purpose as we did this, and have consequently a worse peace afterwards. I turn my eyes away, as much as I can, from this miserable prospect; but, as a citizen and member of society, it recurs to my imagination, notwithstanding all my endeavours to banish it from my thoughts. I can do myself or my country no good; but I feel the wretched situation of both: the state of the latter makes me better bear that of the former; and, when I am called away from my station here, I shall think it rather (as Cicero says of Crassus) *Mors donata quam vita erepta*.

I have often desired, but in vain, the favour of being admitted into your private apartment at Hamburg, and of being informed of your private life there. Your mornings, I hope and believe, are employed in business; but give me an account of the remainder of the day, which I suppose is, and ought to be, appropriated to amusements and pleasures. In what houses are you domestic? Who are so in yours? In short, let me in, and do not be denied to me.

Here I am, as usual, seeing few people, and hearing fewer; drinking the waters regularly, to a minute, and am something the better for them. I read a great deal, and vary occasionally my dead company. I converse with grave folios in the morning, while my head is clearest, and my attention strongest; I take up less severe quartos after dinner; and at night I choose the mixed company and amusing chit-chat of octavos and duodecimos. *Je tire parti*

de tout ce que je puis ; that is my philosophy ; and I mitigate, as much as I can, my physical ills, by diverting my attention to other objects.

Here is a report that Admiral Holbourne's fleet is destroyed, in a manner, by a storm ; I hope it is not true, in the full extent of the report ; but I believe it has suffered. This would fill up the measure of our misfortunes. Adieu.

LETTER CCXC.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 20th, 1757.

I WRITE to you now, because I love to write to you ; and hope that my letters are welcome to you ; for otherwise I have very little to inform you of. The King of Prussia's late victory, you are better informed of than we are here. It has given infinite joy to the unthinking public, who are not aware that it comes too late in the year, and too late in the war, to be attended with any very great consequences. There are six or seven thousand of the human species less than there were a month ago, and that seems to me to be all. However, I am glad of it, upon account of the pleasure and the glory which it gives the King of Prussia, to whom I wish well as a man, more than as a King. And surely he is so great a man, that had he lived seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago, and his life been transmitted to us in a language that we could not very well understand, I mean either Greek or Latin, we should have talked of him as we do now of your Alexanders, your Cæsars, and others, with whom, I believe, we have but a very slight acquaintance. *Au reste*, I do not see that his affairs are much mended by this victory. The same combination of the great Powers

of Europe against him still subsists, and must at last prevail. I believe the French army will melt away, as is usual, in Germany; but his army is extremely diminished by battles, fatigues, and desertion; and he will find great difficulties in recruiting it, from his own already exhausted dominions. He must therefore, and to be sure will, negotiate privately with the French, and get better terms that way than he could any other.

The report of the three General Officers, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave, was laid before the King last Saturday, after their having sat four days upon M——t's affair: nobody yet knows what it is; but it is generally believed, that M——t will be brought to a Court-martial. That you may not mistake this matter, as *most* people here do, I must explain to you, that this examination, before the three abovementioned General Officers, was by no means a trial; but only a previous inquiry into his conduct, to see whether there was, or was not, cause to bring him to a regular trial before a Court-martial. The case is exactly parallel to that of a grand jury; who, upon a previous and general examination, find, or do not find, a bill, to bring the matter before the petty jury; where the fact is finally tried. For my own part, my opinion is fixed, upon that affair: I am convinced that the expedition was to be defeated; and nothing that can appear before a Court-martial can make me alter that opinion. I have been too long acquainted with human nature, to have great regard for human testimony: and a very great degree of probability, supported by various concurrent circumstances, conspiring in one point, will have much greater weight with me, than human testimony upon oath, or even upon honour; both which I have frequently seen considerably warped by private views.

The Parliament, which now stands prorogued to

the first of next month, it is thought, will be put off for some time longer, till we know in what light to lay before it the state of our alliance with Prussia, since the conclusion of the Hanover neutrality; which, if it did not quite break it, made at least a great flaw in it.

The birthday was neither fine nor crowded; and no wonder, since the King was that day seventy-five. The old Court and the young one are much better together, since the Duke's retirement; and the King has presented the Prince of Wales with a service of plate.

I am still *unwell*, though I drink these waters very regularly. I will stay here at least six weeks longer, where I am much quieter than I should be allowed to be in town. When things are in such a miserable situation as they are at present, I desire neither to be concerned nor consulted, still less quoted.

Adieu!

LETTER CCXCI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 26th, 1757.

I RECEIVED, by the last mail, your short account of the King of Prussia's victory; which victory, contrary to custom, turns out more complete than it was at first reported to be. This appears by an intercepted letter from Monsieur de St. Germain to Monsieur d'Affry, at the Hague; in which he tells him, *Cette armée est entièrement fondue*, and lays the blame, very strongly, upon Monsieur de Soubize. But, be it greater, or be it less, I am glad of it; because the King of Prussia (whom I honour and almost adore) I am sure is. Though *d'ailleurs*, between you and me, *où est-ce que cela mène?* To nothing, while that formidable union, of the three

great Powers of Europe, subsists against him. Could that be any way broken, something might be done; without which, nothing can. I take it for granted, that the King of Prussia will do all he can to detach France. Why should not we, on our part, try to detach Russia? At least, in our present distress, *omnia tentanda*, and sometimes a lucky and unexpected hit turns up. This thought came into my head this morning; and I give it to you, not as a very probable scheme, but as a possible one, and consequently worth trying—The year of the Russian subsidies (nominally paid by the court of Vienna, but really by France) is near expired. The former probably cannot, and perhaps the latter will not, renew them. The Court of Petersburg is beggarly, profuse, greedy, and by no means scrupulous. Why should not we step in there, and outbid them? If we could, we buy a great army at once; which would give an entire new turn to the affairs of that part of the world, at least. And, if we bid handsomely, I do not believe the *bonne foi* of that Court would stand in the way. Both our Court and our Parliament would, I am very sure, give a very great sum, and very cheerfully, for this purpose. In the next place, Why should not you wriggle yourself, if possible, into so great a scheme? You are, no doubt, much acquainted with the Russian resident Soltikow; Why should you not sound him, as entirely from yourself, upon this subject? You may ask him, What, does your Court intend to go on next year in the pay of France, to destroy the liberties of all Europe, and throw universal monarchy into the hands of that already great, and always ambitious Power? I know you think, or at least call yourselves, the allies of the Empress Queen; but is it not plain that she will be, in the first place, and you in the next, the dupes of France? At this very time you are doing the work of France and Sweden; and that for some miserable subsidies,

much inferior to those which I am sure you might have, in a better cause, and more consistent with the true interest of Russia. Though not empowered, I know the manner of thinking of my own Court so well, upon this subject, that I will venture to promise you much better terms than those you have now, without the least apprehensions of being disavowed. Should he listen to this, and what more may occur to you to say upon this subject, and ask you, *En écrirai-je à ma Cour?* answer him, *Ecrivez, écrivez, Monsieur, hardiment. Je prendrai tout cela sur moi.* Should this happen, as perhaps, and as I heartily wish it may, then write an exact relation of it to your own Court. Tell them, that you thought the measure of such great importance, that you could not help taking this little step towards bringing it about; but that you mentioned it only as from yourself, and that you have not in the least committed them by it. If Soltikow lends himself in any degree to this, insinuate, that, in the present situation of affairs, and particularly of the King's Electoral dominions, you are very sure that his Majesty would have *une reconnaissance sans bornes* for all those, by whose means so desirable a revival of an old and long friendship should be brought about. You will, perhaps, tell me, that, without doubt, Mr. Keith's instructions are to the same effect: but I will answer you, that you can, *if you please*, do it better than Mr. Keith; and, in the next place, that, be all that as it will, it must be very advantageous to you at home, to show that you have at least a contriving head, and an alertness in business.

I had a letter, by the last post, from the Duke of Newcastle, in which he congratulates me, in his own name, and in Lord Hardwicke's, upon the approbation which your dispatches give, not only to them two, but to *others*. This success, so early, should encourage your diligence, and rouse your ambition,

if you have any; you may go a great way, if you desire it, having so much time before you.

I send you here enclosed the copy of the Report of the three General Officers, appointed to examine previously into the conduct of General M——t; it is ill written, and ill spelled; but no matter; you will decipher it. You will observe, by the tenour of it, that it points strongly to a Court-martial; which, no doubt, will soon be held upon him. I presume there will be no shooting, in the final sentence; but I do suppose there will be breaking, &c.

I have had some severe returns of my old complaints last week, and am still unwell; I cannot help it.

A friend of yours arrived here three days ago; she seems to me to be a serviceable strong-bodied bay mare, with black mane and tail; you easily guess who I mean. She is come with mamma, and without *il caro sposo*.

Adieu! my head will not let me go on longer.

LETTER CCXCII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 31st, 1757.

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 18th, with the enclosed papers. I cannot help observing, that, till then, you never acknowledged the receipt of any one of my letters.

I can easily conceive that party spirit, among your brother Ministers at Hamburgh, runs as high as you represent it, because I can easily believe the errors of the human mind; but, at the same time, I must observe, that such a spirit is the spirit of little minds, and subaltern Ministers, who think to atone by zeal, for their want of merit and importance. The po-

litical differences of the several Courts should never influence the personal behaviour of their several Ministers towards one another. There is a certain *procédé noble et galant*, which should always be observed among the Ministers, of Powers even at war with each other, which will always turn out to the advantage of the ablest; who will in those conversations find, or make opportunities of throwing out, or of receiving useful hints. When I was last at the Hague, we were at war with both France and Spain; so that I could neither visit, nor be visited, by the Ministers of those two Crowns: but we met every day, or dined at third places, where we embraced as personal friends, and trifled, at the same time, upon our being political enemies; and by this sort of *badinage*, I discovered some things which I wanted to know. There is not a more prudent maxim, than to live with one's enemies as if they may one day become one's friends; as it commonly happens, sooner or later, in the vicissitudes of political affairs.

To your question, which is a rational and prudent one, Whether I was authorized to give you the hints, concerning Russia, by any people in power here? I will tell you that I was not: but, as I had pressed them to try what might be done with Russia, and got Mr. Keith to be dispatched thither some months sooner than otherwise, I dare say, he would, with the proper instructions for that purpose, I wished, that by the hints I gave you, you might have got the start of him, and the merit, at least, of having *entamé* that matter with Soltikow. What you have to do with him now, when you meet with him at any third place, or at his own house (where you are at liberty to go, while Russia has a Minister in London, and we a Minister at Petersburgh) is, in my opinion, to say to him, in an easy cheerful manner, *Hé bien, Monsieur, je me flatte que nous serons bientôt amis*

publics, aussi bien qu'amis personnels. To which he will probably ask, Why, or how? You will reply, Because you know that Mr. Keith is gone to his Court with instructions, which you think must necessarily be agreeable there. And throw out to him, that nothing but a change of their present system can save Livonia to Russia; for, that he cannot suppose that, when the Swedes shall have recovered Pomerania, they will long leave Russia in quiet possession of Livonia. If he is so much a Frenchman as you say, he will make you some weak answers to this; but, as you will have the better of the argument on your side, you may remind him of the old and almost uninterrupted connexion between France and Sweden, the inveterate enemy of Russia. Many other arguments will naturally occur to you in such a conversation, if you have it. In this case there is a piece of ministerial art, which is sometimes of use; and that is, to sow jealousies among one's enemies, by a seeming preference shown to some one of them. Monsieur Hecht's *rêveries* are *rêveries* indeed.—How should his master have made the *golden arrangements*, which he talks of, and which are to be forged into shackles for General Fermor? The Prussian finances are not in a condition now to make such expensive arrangements. But I think you may tell Monsieur Hecht, in confidence, that you hope the instructions with which you know that Mr. Keith is gone to Petersburg, may have some effect upon the measures of that Court.

I would advise you to live with that same Monsieur Hecht, in all the confidence, familiarity, and connexion, which prudence will allow. I mean it with regard to the King of Prussia himself, by whom I could wish you to be known and esteemed as much as possible. It may be of use to you some day or other. If man, courage, conduct, constancy, can get the better of all the difficulties which the King of

Prussia has to struggle with, he will rise superior to them. But still, while this alliance subsists against him, I dread *les gros Escadrons*. His last victory, of the 5th, was certainly the completest that has been heard of these many years. I heartily wish the Prince of Brunswick just such a one over Monsieur de Richelieu's army; and that he may take my old acquaintance the Maréchal, and send him over here to polish and perfume us.

I heartily wish you, in the plain homespun style, a great number of happy new years, well employed, in forming both your mind and your manners, to be useful and agreeable to yourself, your country, and your friends! That these wishes are sincere, your Secretary's brother will, by the time of your receiving this, have remitted you a proof, from Yours.

LETTER CCXCIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 8th, 1758.

I RECEIVED by the same post your two letters of the 13th and 17th past; and yesterday that of the 27th, with the Russian manifesto enclosed; in which her Imperial Majesty of all the Russias has been pleased to give every reason, except the true one, for the march of her troops against the King of Prussia. The true one, I take to be, that she has just received a very great sum of money from France, or the Empress Queen, or both, for that purpose. *Point d'argent point de Russe* is now become a maxim. Whatever may be the motive of their march, the effects must be bad; and, according to my speculations, those troops will replace the French, in Hano-ver and Lower Saxony; and the French will go and join the Austrian army. You ask me, If I still

despond? Not so much as I did after the battle of Colen: the battles of Rosbach and Lissa were drams to me, and gave me some momentary spirits; but though I do not absolutely despair, I own I greatly distrust. I readily allow the King of Prussia to be *nec pluribus impar*; but still, when the *plures* amount to a certain degree of plurality, courage and abilities must yield at last. Michel here assures me, that he does not mind the Russians; but as I have it from the gentleman's own mouth, I do not believe him. We shall very soon send a squadron to the Baltic, to entertain the Swedes; which, I believe, will put an end to their operations in Pomerania, so that I have no great apprehensions from that quarter; but Russia, I confess, sticks in my stomach.

Every thing goes smoothly in Parliament; the King of Prussia has united all our parties in his support; and the Tories have declared, that they will give Mr. Pitt unlimited credit for this session: there has not been one single division yet upon public points, and I believe will not. Our American expedition is preparing to go soon; the disposition of that affair seems to me a little extraordinary.—Abercrombie is to be the sedentary, and not the acting Commander; Amherst, Lord Howe, and Wolfe, are to be the acting, and I hope the active Officers. I wish they may agree. Amherst, who is the oldest Officer, is under the influence of the same great person who influenced Mordaunt, so much to the honour and advantage of this country. This is most certain, that we have force enough in America to eat up the French alive in Canada, Quebec, and Louisbourg, if we have but skill and spirit enough to exert it properly; but of that I am modest enough to doubt.

When you come to the egotism, which I have long desired you to come to with me, you need make no excuses for it. The egotism is as proper

and as satisfactory, to one's friends, as it is impertinent and misplaced with strangers. I desire to see you in your every-day clothes, by your fireside, in your pleasures; in short, in your private life; but I have not yet been able to obtain this. Whenever you condescend to do it, as you promise, stick to truth; for I am not so uninformed of Hamburg, as perhaps you may think.

As for myself, I am very *unwell*, and very weary of being so; and with little hopes, at my age, of ever being otherwise. I often wish for the end of the wretched remnant of my life; and that wish is a rational one; but then the innate principle of self-preservation, wisely implanted in our natures, for obvious purposes, oppose that wish, and makes us endeavour to spin out our thread as long as we can, however decayed and rotten it may be; and in defiance of common sense, we seek on for that chymic gold, which *beggars us when old*.

Whatever your amusements, or pleasures, may be at Hamburg, I dare say you taste them more sensibly than ever you did in your life, now that you have business enough to whet your appetite to them. Business, one half of the day, is the best preparation for the pleasures of the other half. I hope, and believe, that it will be with you as it was with an apothecary whom I knew at Twickenham. A considerable estate fell to him by an unexpected accident, upon which he thought it decent to leave off his business; accordingly, he generously gave up his shop and his stock to his head man, set up his coach, and resolved to live like a gentleman; but, in less than a month, the man, used to business, found that living like a gentleman was dying of *ennui*; upon which he bought his shop and stock, resumed his trade, and lived very happily after he had something to do. Adieu.

LETTER CCXCIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 24th, 1758.

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 2nd instant, with the enclosed; which I return you, that there may be no chasm in your papers. I had heard before of Burrish's death, and had taken some steps thereupon; but I very soon dropped that affair, for ninety-nine good reasons; the first of which was, that nobody is to go in his room, and that, had he lived, he was to have been recalled from Munich. But another reason, more flattering for you, was, that you could not be spared from Hamburgh. Upon the whole, I am not sorry for it, as the place where you are now is the great *entrepôt* of business; and when it ceases to be so, you will necessarily go to some of the Courts in the neighbourhood (Berlin, I hope and believe), which will be a much more desirable situation than to rust at Munich, where we can never have any business beyond a subsidy. Do but go on, and exert yourself where you are, and better things will soon follow.

Surely the inaction of our army at Hanover continues too long. We expected wonders from it some time ago, and yet nothing is attempted. The French will soon receive reinforcements, and then be too strong for us; whereas they are now most certainly greatly weakened by desertion, sickness, and deaths. Does the King of Prussia send a body of men to our army or not? or has the march of the Russians cut him out work for all his troops? I am afraid it has. If one body of Russians joins the Austrian army in Moravia, and another body the Swedes in Pomerania, he will have his hands very full, too full, I fear.

The French say, they will have an army of 180,000 men in Germany this year; the Empress Queen will have 150,000; if the Russians have but 40,000, what can resist such a force? The King of Prussia may say, indeed, with more justice than ever any one person could before him, *Moi. Medea superest.*

You promised me some egotism; but I have received none yet. Do you frequent the Landgrave? *Hantez-vous les grands de la terre?* What are the connexions of the evening? All this, and a great deal more of this kind, let me know in your next.

The House of Commons is still very unanimous: there was a little popular-squib let off this week, in a motion of Sir John Glyn's, seconded by Sir John Philips, for annual Parliaments. It was a very cold scent, and put an end to by a division of one hundred and ninety to seventy.

Good night. Work hard, that you may divert yourself well.

LETTER CCXCV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, March the 4th, 1758.

I SHOULD have been much more surprised at the contents of your letter of the 17th past, if I had not happened to have seen Sir C. W. about three or four hours before I received it. I thought he talked in an extraordinary manner; he engaged that the King of Prussia should be master of Vienna in the month of May; and he told me, that you were very much in love with his daughter. Your letter explained all this to me; and next day, Lord and Lady E— gave me innumerable instances of his frenzy, with which I shall not trouble you. What inflamed it the more (if it did not entirely occasion it) was a

great quantity of cantharides, which, it seems, he had taken at Hamburgh, to recommend himself, I suppose, to Mademoiselle John. He was let blood four times on board the ship, and has been let blood four times more since his arrival here; but still the inflammation continues very high. He is now under the care of his brothers, who do not let him go abroad. They have written to this same Mademoiselle John, to prevent, if they can, her coming to England, and told her the case; which, when she hears, she must be as mad as he is, if she takes the journey. By the way, she must be *une Dame aventurière*, to receive a note for ten thousand roubles, from a man whom she had known but three days; to take a contract of marriage, knowing he was married already; and to engage herself to follow him to England. I suppose this is not the first adventure of the sort which she has had.

After the news we received yesterday, that the French had evacuated Hanover, all but Hamel, we daily expect much better. We pursue them, we cut them off *en détail*, and at last we destroy their whole army. I wish it may happen, and, moreover, I think it not impossible.

My head is much out of order, and only allows me to wish you good night.

LETTER CCXCVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, March the 22d, 1758.

I HAVE now your letter of the 8th lying before me, with the favourable account of our progress in Lower Saxony, and reasonable prospect of more decisive success. I confess I did not expect this, when my friend Münchhausen took his leave of me, to go to

Stade, and break the neutrality; I thought it at least a dangerous, but rather a desperate undertaking; whereas, hitherto, it has proved a very fortunate one. I look upon the French army as *fondue*; and, what with desertion, deaths, and epidemical distempers, I dare say, not a third of it will ever return to France. The great object is now, what the Russians can or will do; and whether the King of Prussia can hinder their junction with the Austrians, by beating either, before they join: I will trust him for doing all that can be done.

Sir C. W. is still in confinement, and, I fear, will always be so, for he seems *cum ratione insanire*; the physicians have collected all he has said and done, that indicated an alienation of mind, and have laid it before him in writing; he has answered it in writing too, and justifies himself by the most plausible arguments that can possibly be urged. He tells his brother, and the few who are allowed to see him, that they are such narrow and contracted minds themselves, that they take those for mad who have a great and generous way of thinking; as for instance, when he determined to send his daughter over to you, in a fortnight, to be married, without any previous agreement or settlements, it was because he had long known you, and loved you, as a man of sense and honour; and therefore would not treat with you as with an attorney. That as for Mademoiselle John, he knew her merit and her circumstances; and asks, whether it is a sign of madness, to have a due regard for the one, and a just compassion for the other. I will not tire you with enumerating any more instances of the poor man's frenzy; but conclude this subject with pitying him, and poor human nature, which holds its reason by so precarious a tenure. The lady, who you tell me is set out, *en sera pour la peine et les fraix du voyage*, for her note is worth no more than her contract.

By the way, she must be a kind of *aventurière*, to engage so easily in such an adventure, with a man whom she had not known above a week, and whose *début* of ten thousand roubles showed him not to be in his right senses.

You will probably have seen General Yorke, by this time, in his way to Berlin or Breslau, or wherever the King of Prussia may be. As he keeps his commission to the States General, I presume he is not to stay long with his Prussian Majesty: but, however, while he is there, take care to write to him very constantly, and to give all the informations you can. His father, Lord Hardwicke, is your great puff; he commends your office letters exceedingly. I would have the Berlin Commission your object, in good time: never lose view of it. Do all you can to recommend yourself to the King of Prussia, on your side of the water, and to smooth your way for that commission on this; by the turn which things have taken of late, it must always be the most important of all foreign commissions from hence.

I have no news to send you, as things here are extremely quiet; so good night.

LETTER CCXCVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, April the 25th, 1758.

I AM now two letters in your debt, which I think is the first time that ever I was so, in the long course of our correspondence. But, besides that my head has been very much out of order of late, writing is by no means that easy thing that it was to me formerly. I find by experience, that the mind and the body are more than married, for they are most intimately united; and when the one suffers, the other sympa-

thizes. *Non sum qualis eram*: Neither my memory nor my invention are now, what they formerly were. It is in a great measure my own fault: I cannot accuse nature, for I abused her; and it is reasonable I should suffer for it.

I do not like the return of the oppression upon your lungs; but the rigour of the cold may probably have brought it upon you, and your lungs not in fault. Take care to live very cool, and let your diet be rather low.

We have had a second winter here, more severe than the first, at least it seemed so, from a premature summer that we had, for a fortnight, in March; which brought every thing forwards, only to be destroyed. I have experienced it at Blackheath; where the promise of fruit was a most flattering one, and all nipped in the bud by frost and snow, in April. I shall not have a single peach or apricot.

I have nothing to tell you from hence, concerning public affairs, but what you read as well in the newspapers. This only is extraordinary: that last week, in the House of Commons, above ten millions were granted, and the whole Hanover army taken into British pay, with but one single negative, which was Mr. Viner's.

Mr. Pitt gains ground in the closet, and yet does not lose it in the public. That is new.

Monsieur Kniphausen has dined with me; he is one of the prettiest fellows I have seen; he has, with a great deal of life and fire, *les manières d'un honnête homme, et le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie*. You like him yourself; try to be like him: it is in your power.

I hear that Mr. Mitchel is to be recalled, notwithstanding the King of Prussia's instances to keep him. But why, is a secret that I cannot penetrate.

You will not fail to offer the Landgrave, and the

Princess of Hesse (who I find are going home) to be their agent and commissioner at Hamburgh.

I cannot comprehend the present state of Russia, nor the motions of their armies. They change their Generals once a week; sometimes they march with rapidity, and now they lie quiet behind the Vistula. We have a thousand stories here of the interior of that government, none of which I believe. Some say, that the Great Duke will be set aside. Woronzoff is said to be entirely a Frenchman, and that Monsieur de l'Hôpital governs both him and the Court. Sir C. W. is said, by his indiscretions, to have caused the disgrace of Bestuchef, which seems not impossible. In short, every thing of every kind is said, because, I believe, very little is truly known. *A propos* of Sir C. W.; he is out of confinement, and gone to his house in the country for the whole summer. They say he is now very cool and well. I have seen his Circe, at her window in Pall-mall; she is painted, powdered, curled, and patched, and looks *l'aventure*. She has been offered, by Sir C. W.—'s friends, 500*l.* in full of all demands, but will not accept of it. *La comtesse veut plaider*, and I fancy *faire autre chose si elle peut*. Jubeo te bene valere.

LETTER CCXCVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, May the 18th, 1758.

I HAVE your letter of the 9th now before me, and condole with you upon the present solitude and inaction of Hamburgh. You are now shrunk from the dignity and importance of a consummate Minister, to be but, as it were, a common man. But this has, at one time or another, been the case of most great

men; who have not always had equal opportunities of exerting their talents. The greatest must submit to the capriciousness of fortune; though they can, better than others, improve the favourable moments. For instance, who could have thought, two years ago, that you would have been the Atlas of the Northern Pole? but the good Genius of the North ordered it so; and now that you have set that part of the globe right, you return to *otium cum dignitate*. But, to be serious; now that you cannot have much office business to do, I could tell you what to do, that would employ you, I should think, both usefully and agreeably. I mean, that you should write short memoirs of that busy scene, in which you have been enough concerned, since your arrival at Hamburgh, to be able to put together authentic facts and anecdotes. I do not know whether you will give yourself the trouble to do it or not; but I do know, that, if you will *olim hæc meminisse juvabit*. I would have them short, but correct as to facts and dates.

I have told Alt, in the strongest manner, your lamentations for the loss of the House of Cassel, *et il en fera rapport à son Sérénissime Maître*. When you are quite idle (as probably you may be, some time this summer) why should you not ask leave to make a tour to Cassel for a week? which would certainly be granted you from hence, and which would be looked upon as a *bon procédé*, at Cassel.

The King of Prussia is probably, by this time, at the gates of Vienna, making the Queen of Hungary really do, what Monsieur de Bellisle only threatened, sign a peace upon the ramparts of her capital. If she is obstinate, and will not, she must fly either to Presburgh or to Inspruck, and Vienna must fall. But I think he will offer her reasonable conditions enough for herself; and I suppose that, in that case, Caunitz will be reasonable enough to

advise her to accept of them. What turn would the war take then? Would the French and Russians carry it on without her? the King of Prussia, and the Prince of Brunswick, would soon sweep them out of Germany. By this time too, I believe, the French are entertained in America, with the loss of Cape Breton; and, in consequence of that, Quebec; for we have a force there equal to both those undertakings, and officers there, now, that will execute what Lord L—— never would so much as attempt. His appointments were too considerable to let him do any thing, that might possibly put an end to the war. Lord Howe, upon seeing plainly that he was resolved to do nothing, had asked leave to return, as well as Lord Charles Hay.

We have a great expedition preparing, and which will soon be ready to sail from the Isle of Wight; fifteen thousand good troops, eighty battering canons, besides mortars, and every other thing in abundance, fit for either battle or siege. Lord Anson desired, and is appointed, to command the fleet employed upon this expedition; a proof that it is not a trifling one. Conjectures concerning its destination are infinite; and the most ignorant are, as usual, the boldest conjecturers. If I form any conjectures, I keep them to myself, not to be disproved by the event; but, in truth, I form none, I might have known, but would not.

Every thing seems to tend to a peace next winter: our success in America, which is hardly doubtful, and the King of Prussia's in Germany, which is a little so, will make France (already sick of the expense of the war) very tractable for a peace. I heartily wish it: for, though people's heads are half turned with the King of Prussia's success, and will be quite turned, if we have any in America, or at sea; a moderate peace will suit us better than this immoderate war of twelve millions a year.

Domestic affairs go just as they did; the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt jog on like man and wife; that is, seldom agreeing, often quarrelling; but by mutual interest, upon the whole, not parting. The latter, I am told, gains ground in the closet; though he still keeps his strength in the House, and his popularity in the public: or, perhaps, because of that.

Do you hold your resolution of visiting your dominions of Bremen and Lubeck this summer? If you do, pray take the trouble of informing yourself correctly of the several constitutions and customs of those places, and of the present state of the federal union of the Hanseatic towns: it will do you no harm, nor cost you much trouble; and it is so much clear gain on the side of useful knowledge.

I am now settled at Blackheath for the summer; where unseasonable frost and snow, and hot and parching east winds, have destroyed all my fruit, and almost my fruit trees. I vegetate myself little better than they do; I crawl about on foot, and on horseback; read a great deal, and write a little: and am very much yours.

LETTER CCXCIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, May the 30th, 1758.

I HAVE no letter from you to answer, so this goes to you unprovoked. But *à propos* of letters; you have had great honour done you, in a letter from a fair and Royal hand, no less than that of her Royal Highness the Princess of Cassel; she has written your panegyric to her sister, Princess Amelia, who sent me a compliment upon it. This has likewise done you no harm with the King, who said gracious things upon that occasion. I suppose you had, for

her Royal Highness, those attentions, which I wish to God you would have, in due proportions, for every body. You see, by this instance, the effects of them; they are always repaid with interest. I am more confirmed by this in thinking, that, if you can conveniently, you should ask leave to go for a week to Cassel, to return your thanks for all favours received.

I cannot expound to myself the conduct of the Russians. There must be a trick in their not marching with more expedition. They have either had a sop from the King of Prussia, or they want an animating dram from France and Austria. The King of Prussia's conduct always explains itself by the events; and, within a very few days, we must certainly hear of some very great stroke from that quarter. I think I never, in my life, remember a period of time so big with great events as the present. Within two months, the fate of the House of Austria will probably be decided: within the same space of time, we shall certainly hear of the taking of Cape Breton, and of our army's proceeding to Quebec: within a few days, we shall know the good or ill success of our great expedition; for it is sailed: and it cannot be long before we shall hear something of the Prince of Brunswick's operations, from whom I also expect good things. If all these things turn out, as there is good reason to believe they will, we may once, in our turn, dictate a reasonable peace to France, who now pays seventy *per cent.* insurance upon its trade, and seven *per cent.* for all the money raised for the service of the year.

Comte Bothmar has got the smallpox, and of a bad kind. Kniphausen diverts himself much here; he sees all places and all people, and is ubiquity itself. Mitchel, who was much threatened, stays at last at Berlin, at the earnest request of the King

of Prussia. Lady * * * is safely delivered of a son, to the great joy of that noble family. The expression, of a woman's having brought her husband a son, seems to be a proper and cautious one; for it is never said, from whence.

I was going to ask you how you passed your time now at Hamburgh, since it is no longer the seat of strangers and of business; but I will not, because I know it is to no purpose. You have sworn not to tell me.

Sir William Stanhope told me, that you promised to send him some old Hock from Hamburgh, and so you did—not. If you meet with any superlatively good, and not else, pray send over a *foudre* of it, and write to him. I shall have a share in it. But unless you find some, either at Hamburgh or at Bremen, uncommonly and almost miraculously good, do not send any. *Diri.* Yours.

LETTER CCC.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, June the 13th, 1758.

THE secret is out; St. Malo is the devoted place. Our troops began to land at the Bay of Cancale the 5th, without any opposition. We have no farther accounts yet, but expect some every moment. By the plan of it, which I have seen, it is by no means a weak place; and I fear there will be many hats to be disposed of, before it is taken. There are in the port above thirty privateers; about sixteen of their own, and about as many taken from us.

Now for Africa, where we have had great success. The French have been driven out of all their forts and settlements upon the gum coast, and upon the river Senegal. They had been many years in pos-

session of them, and by them annoyed our African trade exceedingly; which, by the way, *toute proportion gardée*, is the most lucrative trade we have. The present booty is likewise very considerable, in gold dust, and gum seneca; which is a very valuable, by being a very necessary commodity for all our stained and printed linens.

Now for America. The least sanguine people here expect, the latter end of this month or the beginning of the next, to have the account of the taking of Cape Breton, and of all the forts with hard names in North America.

Captain Clive has long since settled Asia to our satisfaction; so that three parts of the world look very favourable for us. Europe, I submit to the care of the King of Prussia, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick; and I think they will give a good account of it. France is out of luck, and out of courage; and will, I hope, be enough out of spirits to submit to a reasonable peace. By reasonable, I mean what all people call reasonable in their own case; an advantageous one for us.

I have set all right with Münchhausen; who would not own that he was at all offended, and said, as you do, that his daughter did not stay long enough, nor appear enough at Hamburgh, for you possibly to know that she was there. But people are always ashamed to own the little weaknesses of self-love, which, however, all people feel more or less. The excuse, I saw, pleased.

I will send you your quadrille tables by the first opportunity, consigned to the care of Mr. Mathias here. *Felices, faustæque sint.* May you win upon them, when you play with men; and when you play with women, either win, or know why you lose.

Miss — marries Mr. —, next week. *Who proffers Love proffers Death*, says Waller: in my opinion, the conclusion must instantly choke the

little Lady. Admiral * marries Lady * * * ; there the danger, if danger is, will be on the other side. The Lady has wanted a man so long, that she now compounds for half a one. Half a loaf——

I have been worse since my last letter ; but am now, I think, recovering ; *tant va la cruche à l'eau* ; ——and I have been there very often.

Good night. I am faithfully and truly yours.

LETTER CCCI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, June the 27th, 1758.

You either have received already, or will very soon receive, a little case from Amsterdam, directed to you at Hamburgh. It is for Princess Amelia, the King of Prussia's sister, and contains some books, which she desired Sir Charles Hotham to procure her from England, so long ago as when he was at Berlin ; he sent for them immediately ; but, by I do not know what puzzle, they were recommended to the care of Mr. Selwyn, at Paris, who took such care of them, that he kept them near three years in his warehouse, and has at last sent them to Amsterdam, from whence they are sent to you. If the books are good for any thing, they must be considerably improved, by having seen so much of the world ; but, as I believe they are English books, perhaps they may, like English travellers, have seen nobody, but the several bankers to whom they were consigned ; be that as it will, I think you had best deliver them to Monsieur Hecht, the Prussian Minister at Hamburgh, to forward to her Royal Highness, with a respectful compliment from you, which you will, no doubt, turn in the best manner ; and, *selon le bon ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie*.

You have already seen, in the papers, all the par-

ticulars of our St. Malo's expedition, so I say no more of that; only that Mr. Pitt's friends exult in the destruction of three French ships of war, and one hundred and thirty privateers and trading ships; and affirm, that it stopped the march of threescore thousand men, who were going to join the Comte de Clermont's army. On the other hand, Mr. Fox and Company call it breaking windows with guineas; and apply the fable of the Mountain and the Mouse. The next object of our fleet was to be the bombarding of Granville, which is the great *entrepôt* of their Newfoundland fishery, and will be a considerable loss to them in that branch of their trade. These, you will perhaps say, are no great matters, and I say so too; but, at least, they are signs of life, which we had not given for many years before; and will show the French, by our invading them, that we do not fear their invading us. Were those invasions, in fishing-boats from Dunkirk, so terrible as they were artfully represented to be, the French would have had an opportunity of executing them, while our fleet, and such a considerable part of our army, were employed upon their coast. *But my Lord Ligonier does not want an army at home.*

The Parliament is prorogued by a most gracious speech neither by nor from his Majesty, who was *too ill* to go to the house; the Lords and Gentlemen are, consequently, most of them, gone to their several counties, to do (to be sure) all the good that is recommended to them in the speech. London, I am told, is now very empty, for I cannot say so from knowledge. I vegetate wholly here. I walk and read a great deal, ride and scribble a little, according as my head allows, or my spirits prompt; to write any thing tolerable, the mind must be in a natural, proper disposition; provocatives, in that case, as well as in another, will only produce miserable, abortive performances.

Now you have (as I suppose) full leisure enough,

I wish you would give yourself the trouble, or rather the pleasure, to do what I hinted to you some time ago ; that is, to write short memoirs of those affairs which have either gone through your hands, or that have come to your certain knowledge, from the inglorious battle of Hastenbeck, to the still more scandalous Treaty of Neutrality. Connect, at least, if it be by ever so short notes, the pieces and letters which you must necessarily have in your hands, and throw in the authentic anecdotes that you have probably heard. You will be glad when you have done it ; and the reviving past ideas in some order and method, will be an infinite comfort to you hereafter. I have a thousand times regretted not having done so ; it is at present too late for me to begin : this is the right time for you, and your life is likely to be a busy one. Would young men avail themselves of the advice and experience of their old friends, they would find the utility in their youth, and the comfort of it in their more advanced age ; but they seldom consider that, and you, less than any body I ever knew. May you soon grow wiser ! Adieu.

LETTER CCCII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, June the 30th, 1758.

THIS letter follows my last very close ; but I received yours of the 15th in the short interval. You did very well not to buy any Rhenish, at the exorbitant price you mention, without farther directions ; for both my brother and I think the money better than the wine, be the wine ever so good. We will content ourselves with our stock in hand of humble Rhenish, of about three shillings a bottle. However, *pour la rareté du fait*, I will lay out twelve ducats, for twelve bottles

of the wine of 1665, by way of an eventual cordial, if you can obtain a *senatus consultum* for it. I am in no hurry for it, so send it me only when you can conveniently; well packed up *s'entend*.

You will, I dare say, have leave to go to Cassel; and if you do go, you will perhaps think it reasonable, that I, who was the adviser of the journey, should pay the expense of it. I think so too, and therefore, if you go, I will remit the hundred pound which you have calculated it at. You will find the House of Cassel the house of gladness; for Hanau is already, or must be soon, delivered of its French guests.

The Prince of Brunswick's victory is, by all the skilful, thought a *chef-d'œuvre*, worthy of Turenne, Condé, or the most illustrious human butchers. The French behaved better than at Rosbâch, especially the *Carabiniers Royaux*, who could not be *entamés*. I wish the siege of Olmutz well over, and a victory after it; and that with good news from America, which, I think, there is no reason to doubt of, must procure us a good peace at the end of the year. The Prince of Prussia's death is no public misfortune; there was a jealousy and alienation between the King and him, which could never have been made up between the possessor of the crown and the next heir to it. He will make something of his nephew, *s'il est du bois dont on en fait*. He is young enough to forgive, and to be forgiven, the possession and the expectative, at least for some years.

Adieu! I am *unwell*, but affectionately yours.

LETTER CCCIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, July the 18th, 1758.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 4th; and my last will have informed you that I had received your former, concerning the Rhenish, about which I gave you instructions. If *vinum Mosellanum est omni tempore sanum*, as the Chapter of Treves asserts, what must this *vinum Rhenanum* be, from its superior strength and age? It must be the universal panacea.

•
Captain Howe is to sail forthwith somewhere or another, with about eight thousand land forces on board him; and what is much more, Edward the White Prince. It is yet a secret where they are going; but I think it is no secret, that what sixteen thousand men and a great fleet could not do, will not be done by eight thousand men and a much smaller fleet. About eight thousand five hundred horse, foot, and dragoons, are embarking, as fast as they can, for Embden, to reinforce Prince Ferdinand's army; late and few, to be sure, but still better than never, and none. The operations in Moravia go on slowly, and Olmutz seems to be a tough piece of work: I own I begin to be in pain for the King of Prussia; for the Russians now march in earnest, and Marechal Daun's army is certainly superior in number to his. God send him a good delivery.

You have a Danish army now in your neighbourhood, and they say a very fine one; I presume you will go to see it, and, if you do, I would advise you to go when the Danish Monarch comes to review it himself; *pour prendre Langue de ce Seigneur*. The Rulers of the earth are all worth knowing; they sug-

gest moral reflections : and the respect that one naturally has for God's Viceregents here on earth, is greatly increased by acquaintance with them.

Your card-tables are gone, and they enclose some suits of clothes, and some of these clothes enclose a letter.

Your friend Lady * * is gone into the country with her Lord, to negotiate, coolly and at leisure, their intended separation. My Lady insists upon my Lord's dismissing the * *, as ruinous to his fortune ; my Lord insists, in his turn, upon my Lady's dismissing Lord * * ; my Lady replies that that is unreasonable, since Lord * * creates no expense to the family, but rather the contrary. My Lord confesses, that there is some weight in this argument ; but then pleads sentiment : my Lady says, A fiddlestick for sentiment after having been married so long. How this matter will end is in the womb of time, *nam fuit ante Helenam*.

You did very well to write a congratulatory letter to Prince Ferdinand ; such attentions are always right, and always repaid in some way or other.

I am glad you have connected your negotiations and anecdotes ; and I hope, not with your usual laconism. Adieu ! Yours.

LETTER CCCIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, August the 1st, 1758.

I THINK the Court of Cassel is more likely to make you a second visit at Hamburgh, than you are to return theirs at Cassel ; and therefore, till that matter is clearer, I shall not mention it to Lord Holder-nesse.

By the King of Prussia's disappointment in Mo-

ravia, by the approach of the Russians, and the intended march of Monsieur de Soubize to Hanover, the waters seem to me to be as much troubled as ever. *Je vois très-noir actuellement* ; I see swarms of Austrians, French, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, in all near four hundred thousand men, surrounding the King of Prussia and Prince Ferdinand, who have about a third of that number. Hitherto they have only buzzed, but now I fear they will sting.

The immediate danger of this country is being drowned ; for it has not ceased raining these three months, and withal is extremely cold. This neither agrees with me in itself, nor in its consequences ; for it hinders me from taking my necessary exercise, and makes me very *unwell*. As my head is always the part offending, and is so at present, I will not do, like many writers, write without a head ; so adieu.

LETTER CCCV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, August the 29th, 1758.

YOUR Secretary's last letter brought me the good news, that the fever had left you, and I will believe that it has ; but a postscript to it, of only two lines, under your own hand, would have convinced me more effectually of your recovery. An intermitting fever, in the intervals of the paroxysms, would surely have allowed you to have written a very few lines with your own hand, to tell me how you were ; and till I receive a letter (as short as you please) from you yourself, I shall doubt of the exact truth of any other accounts.

I send you no news, because I have none ; Cape

Breton, Cherbourg, &c. are now old stories; we expect a new one soon from Commodore Howe, but from whence we know not. From Germany we hope for good news; I confess I do not, I only wish it. The King of Prussia is marched to fight the Russians, and I believe will beat them, if they stand; but what then? What shall he do next, with the three hundred and fourscore thousand men, now actually at work upon him? He will do all that man can do, but at last *il faut succomber*.

Remember to think yourself less well than you are, in order to be quite so: be very regular, rather longer than you need; and then there will be no danger of a relapse. God bless you.

LETTER CCCVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Sept. the 5th, 1758.

I RECEIVED, with great pleasure, your letter of the 22d August; for, by not having a line from you in your Secretary's two letters, I suspected that you were worse than he cared to tell me; and so far I was in the right, that your fever was more malignant than intermitting ones generally are; which seldom confine people to their bed, or at most only the days of the paroxysms. Now, thank God, you are well again, though weak; do not be in too much haste to be better and stronger: leave that to nature, which, at your age, will restore both your health and strength as soon as she should. Live cool for a time, and rather low, instead of taking what they call heartening things.

Your manner of making presents is noble, *et sent la grandeur d'âme d'un preux Chevalier*. You depreciate their value, to prevent any returns; for it is

impossible that a wine which has counted so many Sindicks, that can only be delivered by a *senatus consultum*, and is the *panacea* of the North should be sold for a ducat a bottle. The *sylphium* of the Romans, which was stored up in the public magazines, and only distributed by order of the Magistrate, I dare say, cost more ; so that, I am convinced, your present is much more valuable than you would make it.

Here I am interrupted, by receiving your letter of the 25th past. I am glad that you are able to undertake your journey to Bremen ; the motion, the air, the new scene, the every thing, will do you good, provided you manage yourself discreetly.

Your bill for fifty pounds shall certainly be accepted and paid ; but, as in conscience I think fifty pounds is too little, for seeing a live Landgrave, and especially at Bremen, which this whole nation knows to be a very dear place, I shall, with your leave, add fifty more to it. By the way, when you see the Princess Royal of Cassel, be sure to tell her how sensible you are of the favourable and too partial testimony, which you know she wrote of you to Princess Amelia.

The King of Prussia has had the victory, which you, in some measure, foretold ; and as he has taken *la Caisse Militaire*, I presume *Messieurs les Russes sont hors de combat pour cette campagne* ; for *point d'argent, point de Suisse*, is not truer of the laudable Helvetic body, than *point d'argent, point de Russe*, is of the savages of the Two Russias, not even excepting the Autocratrice of them both. Serbelloni, I believe, stands next in his Prussian Majesty's list to be beaten ; that is, if he will stand ; as the Prince de Soubize does in Prince Ferdinand's, upon the same condition. If both these things happen, which is by no means improbable, we may hope for a tolerable peace this winter ; for, *au bout du compte*, the King

of Prussia cannot hold out another year; and therefore he should make the best of these favourable events, by way of negotiation.

I think I have written a great deal with an actual giddiness of head upon me. So adieu.

I am glad you have received my letter of the Ides of July.

LETTER CCCVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Sept. the 8th, 1758.

THIS letter shall be short, being only an explanatory note upon my last; for I am not learned enough, nor yet dull enough, to make my comment much longer than my text. I told you then, in my former letter, that, with your leave (which I will suppose granted), I would add fifty pounds to your draught for that sum; now, lest you should misunderstand this, and wait for the remittance of that additional fifty from hence, know my meaning was, that you should likewise draw upon me for it when you please; which, I presume, will be more convenient to you.

Let the pedants, whose business it is to believe lies, or the poets, whose trade it is to invent them, match the King of Prussia with a hero, in ancient or modern story, if they can. He disgraces history, and makes one give some credit to romances. Calprenede's Juba does not now seem so absurd as formerly.

I have been extremely ill this whole summer; but am now something better: however, I perceive, *que l'esprit et le corps baissent*; the former is the last thing that any body will tell me, or own when I tell it them; but I know it is true. Adieu.

LETTER CCCVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Sept. the 22d, 1758.

I HAVE received no letter from you, since you left Hamburg; I presume that you are perfectly recovered, but it might not have been improper to have told me so. I am very far from being recovered; on the contrary, I am worse and worse, weaker and weaker every day; for which reason I shall leave this place next Monday, and set out for Bath a few days afterwards. I should not take all this trouble merely to prolong the fag end of a life, from which I can expect no pleasure, and others no utility; but the cure, or at least the mitigation, of those physical ills which make that life a load, while it does last, is worth any trouble and attention.

We are come off but scurvily from our second attempt upon St. Malo: it is our last for this season; and, in my mind, should be our last for ever, unless we were to send so great a sea and land force, as to give us a moral certainty of taking some place of great importance, such as Brest, Rochefort, or Toulon.

Monsieur Münchausen embarked yesterday, as he said, for Prince Ferdinand's army; but as it is not generally thought that his military skill can be of any great use to that Prince, people conjecture, that his business must be of a very different nature, and suspect separate negotiations, neutralities, and what not? Kniphausen does not relish it in the least, and is by no means satisfied with the reasons that have been given him for it. Before he can arrive there, I reckon that something decisive will have passed in Saxony: if to the disadvantage of the King of Prussia, he is crushed; but if, on the contrary, he should get a complete victory (and he does not get

half victories) over the Austrians, the winter may probably produce him and us a reasonable peace. I look upon Russia as *hors de combat* for some time ; France is certainly sick of the war ; under an unambitious King, and an incapable Ministry, if there is one at all : and, unassisted by those two Powers, the Empress Queen had better be quiet. Were any other man in the situation of the King of Prussia, I should not hesitate to pronounce him ruined ; but he is such a prodigy of a man, that I will only say, I fear he will be ruined. It is by this time decided.

Your Cassel Court at Bremen is, I doubt not very splendid : money must be wanting : but, however, I dare say, their table is always good, for the Landgrave is a *Gourmand* ; and as you are domestic there, you may be so too, and recruit your loss of flesh from your fever ; but do not recruit too fast. Adieu.

LETTER CCCIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, September the 26th, 1758.

I AM sorry to find that you had a return of your fever ; but, to say the truth, you in some measure deserved it, for not carrying Dr. Middleton's bark and prescription with you. I foresaw that you would think yourself cured too soon, and gave you warning of it ; but *by-gones* are *by-gones*, as Chartres, when he was dying, said of his sins : let us look forwards. You did very prudently to return to Hamburgh, to good bark, and, I hope, a good physician. Make all sure there before you stir from thence, notwithstanding the requests or commands of all the Princesses in Europe ; I mean a month at least, taking the bark even to supererogation, that is, some time longer than Dr. Middleton requires ; for, I presume, you are got

over your childishness about tastes, and are sensible that your health deserves more attention than your palate. When you shall be thus reestablished, I approve of your returning to Bremen; and indeed you cannot well avoid it, both with regard to your promise, and to the distinction with which you have been received by the Cassel family.

Now to the other part of your letter. Lord Holderness has been extremely civil to you, in sending you, all under his own hand, such obliging offers of his service. The hint is plain, that he will (in case you desire it) procure your leave to come home for some time; so that the single question is, Whether you should desire it or not, *now*. It will be two months before you can possibly undertake the journey, whether by sea or by land, and either way it would be a troublesome and dangerous one for a *convalescent*, in the rigour of the month of November; you could drink no mineral waters here in that season, nor are any mineral waters proper in your case, being all of them heating, except Seltzer's; then, what would do you more harm than all medicines could do you good, would be the pestilential vapours of the House of Commons, in long and crowded days, of which there will probably be many this session; where your attendance, if here, will necessarily be required. I compare St. Stephen's Chapel, upon those days, to *la Grotta del Cane*.

Whatever may be the fate of the war now, negotiations will certainly be stirring all the winter, and of those, the northern ones, you are sensible, are not the least important: in these, if at Hamburg, you will probably have your share, and perhaps a meritorious one. Upon the whole, therefore, I would advise you to write a very civil letter to Lord Holderness; and to tell him, that though you cannot hope to be of any use to his Majesty's affairs any where, yet in the present unsettled state of the North, it is possible that unforeseen accidents may throw

it in your way to be of some little service, and that you would not willingly be out of the way of those accidents; but that you shall be most extremely obliged to his Lordship, if he will procure you his Majesty's gracious permission, to return for a few months in the spring, when probably affairs will be more settled one way or another. When things tend nearer to a settlement, and Germany, from the want of money or men, or both, breathes peace more than war, I shall solicit Burrish's commission for you, which is one of the most agreeable ones in his Majesty's gift; and I shall by no means despair of success. Now I have given you my opinion upon this affair, which does not make a difference of above three months, or four at most, I would not be understood to mean to force your own, if it should happen to be different from mine; but mine, I think, is more both for your health and your interest. However, do as you please; may you in this, and every thing else, do for the best! so God bless you.

LETTER CCCX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, October the 18th, 1758.

I RECEIVED by the same post your two letters of the 29th past, and of the 3d instant. The last tells me, that you are perfectly recovered; and your resolution of going to Bremen in three or four days proves it; for surely you would not undertake that journey a second time, and at this season of the year, without feeling your health solidly restored; however, in all events, I hope you have taken a provision of good bark with you. I think your attention to her Royal Highness may be of use to you here; and indeed all attentions, to all sorts of people, are always repaid in some way or other; though real obligations are

not. For instance; Lord Titchfield, who has been with you at Hamburgh, has written an account to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, who are here, of the civilities you showed him; which he is much pleased, and they delighted with. At this rate, if you do not take care, you will get the unmanly reputation of a well bred man; and your countryman, John Trott, will disown you.

I have received, and tasted of your present; which is a *très-grand vin*, but more cordial to the stomach than pleasant to the palate. I keep it as physic, only to take occasionally, in little disorders of my stomach; and in those cases, I believe, it is wholesomer than stronger cordials.

I have been now here a fortnight; and though I am rather better than when I came, I am still far from well. My head is giddier than becomes a head of my age; and my stomach has not recovered its retentive faculty. Leaning forwards, particularly to write, does not at present agree with, Yours.

LETTER CCCXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, October the 28th, 1758.

YOUR letter has quieted my alarms; for I find by it, that you are as well recovered as you could be in so short a time. It is your business now, to keep yourself well, by scrupulously following Dr. Middleton's directions. He seems to be a rational and knowing man. Soap and steel are, unquestionably, the proper medicines for your case; but, as they are alteratives, you must take them for a very long time, six months at least; and then drink chalybeate waters. I am fully persuaded, that this was your original complaint in Carniola; which those ignorant

physicians called, in their jargon, *Arthritis vaga*, and treated as such. But, now the true cause of your illness is discovered, I flatter myself, that with time and patience on your part, you will be radically cured; but, I repeat it again, it must be by a long and uninterrupted course of those alterative medicines abovementioned. They have no taste; but if they had a bad one, I will not now suppose you such a child, as to let the frowardness of your palate interfere, in the least, with the recovery or enjoyment of health. The latter deserves the utmost attention of the most rational man; the former, is only the proper object of the care of a fainty, frivolous woman.

The run of luck, which some time ago we were in, seems now to be turned against us. Oberg is completely routed; his Prussian Majesty was surprised, (which I am surprised at) and had rather the worst of it. I am in some pain for Prince Ferdinand; as I take it for granted, that the detachment from Marechal de Contade's army which enabled Prince Soubize to beat Oberg will immediately return to the grand army, and then it will be infinitely superior. Nor do I see where Prince Ferdinand can take his winter quarters, unless he retires to Hanover; and that I do not take to be at present the land of Canaan. Our second expedition to St. Malo, I cannot call so much an unlucky, as an ill conducted one; as was also Abercrombie's affair in America. *Mais il n'y a pas de petite perte qui revient souvent*; and all these accidents, put together, make a considerable sum total.

I have found so little good by these waters, that I do not intend to stay here above a week longer; and then remove my crazy body to London, which is the most convenient place either to live or die in.

I cannot expect active health any where; you may, with common care and prudence, expect it every where; and God grant that you may have it! Adieu.

LETTER CCCXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, November the 21st, 1758.

You did well to think of Prince Ferdinand's riband, which, I confess, I did not; and I am glad to find you thinking so far beforehand. It would be a pretty commission, and I will *accingere me* to procure it you. The only competition I fear is that of General Yorke, in case Prince Ferdinand should pass any time with his brother at the Hague, which is not unlikely, since he cannot go to Brunswick to his eldest brother, upon account of their simulated quarrel.

I fear the piece is at an end with the King of Prussia, and he may say *ilicet*; I am sure he may personally say *plaudite*. Warm work is expected this session of Parliament, about continent and no continent: some think Mr. Pitt too continent, others too little so; but a little time, as the newspapers most prudently and truly observe, will clear up these matters.

The King has been ill; but his illness has terminated in a good fit of the gout, with which he is still confined. It was generally thought that he would have died, and for a very good reason; for the oldest Lion in the Tower, much about the King's age, died a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I can assure you, was believed by many above *peuple*. So wild and capricious is the human mind!

Take care of your health, as much as you can; for, *to be, or not to be*, is a question of much less importance, in my mind, than to be or not to be well. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, December the 15th, 1758.

IT is a great while since I heard from you, but I hope that good, not ill health, has been the occasion of this silence; I will suppose you have been, or are still at Bremen, and engrossed by your Hessian friends.

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick is most certainly to have the Garter, and I think I have secured you the honour of putting it on. When I say *secured*, I mean it in the sense in which that word should always be understood at Courts, and that is *insecurely*; I have a promise, but that is not *caution bourgeoise*. In all events, do not mention it to any mortal, because there is always a degree of ridicule that attends a disappointment, though often very unjustly, if the expectation was reasonably grounded; however, it is certainly most prudent not to communicate, prematurely, one's hopes or one's fears. I cannot tell you when Prince Ferdinand will have it; though there are so many candidates for the other two vacant Garters, that I believe he will have his soon, and by himself, the others must wait till a third, or rather a fourth vacancy. Lord Rockingham and Lord Holderness are secure; Lord Temple pushes strongly, but, I believe, is not secure. This commission for dubbing a Knight, and so distinguished a one, will be a very agreeable and creditable one for you, *et il faut vous en acquitter galamment*. In the days of ancient chivalry, people were very nice whom they would be knighted by; and, if I do not mistake, Francis the First would only be knighted by the Chevalier Bayard, *qui étoit preux Chevalier et sans reproche*; and no doubt but it will be recorded, *dans les archives de la Maison de Brunswick*, that

Prince Ferdinand received the honour of knighthood from your hands.

The estimates for the expense of the year 1759 are made up; I have seen them; and what do you think they amount to? No less than twelve millions three hundred thousand pounds. A most incredible sum, and yet already all subscribed, and even more offered! The unanimity in the House of Commons, in voting such a sum, and such forces, both by sea and land, is not less astonishing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, *and it is marvellous in our eyes.*

The King of Prussia has nothing more to do this year; and, the next, he must begin where he has left off. I wish he would employ this winter in concluding a separate peace with the Elector of Saxony; which would give him more elbow-room, to act against France and the Queen of Hungary, and put an end at once to the proceedings of the Diet, and the army of the Empire; for then no Estate of the Empire would be invaded by a co-Estate, and France, the faithful and disinterested *guarantee* of the Treaty of Westphalia, would have no pretence to continue its armies there. I should think that his Polish Majesty, and his Governor Comte Brühl, must be pretty weary of being fugitives in Poland, where they are hated, and of being ravaged in Saxony. This *rêverie* of mine, I hope, will be tried, and I wish it may succeed. Good night, and God bless you.

LETTER CCCXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, New Year's Day, 1759.

Molti e felici, and I have done upon that subject, one truth being fair, upon the most lying day in the whole year.

I have now before me your last letter, of the 21st

December, which I am glad to find is a bill of health: but, however, do not presume too much upon it, but obey and honour your physician, "that thy days may be long in the land."

Since my last, I have heard nothing more concerning the riband; but I take it for granted it will be disposed of soon. By the way, upon reflection, I am not sure that any body but a Knight can, according to form, be employed to make a Knight. I remember, that Sir Clement Cotterel was sent to Holland, to dubb the late Prince of Orange, only because he was a Knight himself; and I know that the proxies of Knights, who cannot attend their own installations, must always be Knights. This did not occur to me before, and perhaps will not to the person who was to recommend you; I am sure I will not stir it; and I only mention it now, that you may be in all events prepared for the disappointment, if it should happen.

G * * is exceedingly flattered with your account, that three thousand of his countrymen, all as little as himself, should be thought a sufficient guard upon three-and-twenty thousand of all the nations in Europe; not that he thinks himself, by any means, a little man, for when he would describe a tall, handsome man, he raises himself up at least half an inch to represent him.

The private news from Hamburgh is, that his Majesty's Resident there is woundily in love with Madame * * * *; if this be true, God send him, rather than her, a good *delivery*. She must be *étrennée* at this season, and therefore I think you should be so too; so draw upon me, as soon as you please, for one hundred pounds.

Here is nothing new, except the unanimity with which the Parliament gives away a dozen of millions sterling; and the unanimity of the public is as great in approving of it; which has stifled the usual political and polemical argumentations.

Cardinal Bernis's disgrace is as sudden, and hitherto as little understood, as his elevation was. I have seen his Poems, printed at Paris, not by a friend, I dare say ; and, to judge by them, I humbly conceive his Eminency is a p—y. I will say nothing of that excellent headpiece that made him, and unmade him, in the same month, except *O King, live for ever !*

Good night to you, whomever you pass it with.

LETTER^r CCCXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 2d, 1759.

I AM now (what I have very seldom been) two letters in your debt: the reason was, that my head, like many other heads, has frequently taken a wrong turn ; in which case, writing is painful to me, and therefore cannot be very pleasant to my readers.

I wish you would (while you have so good an opportunity as you have at Hamburgh) make yourself perfectly master of that dull, but very useful knowledge, the Course of Exchange, and the causes of its almost perpetual variations ; the value and relation of different Coins, the Specie, the Banco, Usances, Agio, and a thousand other particulars. You may with ease learn, and you will be very glad when you have learned them ; for, in your business, that sort of knowledge will often prove necessary.

I hear nothing more of Prince Ferdinand's Garter: that he will have one is very certain ; but when, I believe, is very uncertain ; all the other postulants wanting to be dubbed at the same time, which cannot be, as there is not riband enough for them.

If the Russians move in time, and in earnest, there will be an end of our hopes and of our armies in Germany; three such millstones as Russia, France, and Austria, must, sooner or later, in the course of the year, grind his Prussian Majesty down to a mere *Margrave* of Brandenburg. But I have always some hopes of a change under a *Gunarchy**; where whim and humour commonly prevail, reason very seldom, and then only by a lucky mistake.

I except the incomparable fair one of Hamburg, that prodigy of beauty, and paragon of good sense, who has enslaved your mind, and inflamed your heart. If she is as well *étrennée* as you say she shall, you will be soon out of her chains; for I have, by long experience, found women to be like Telephus's spear, if one end kills, the other cures.

There never was so quiet, or so silent a session of Parliament as the present: Mr. Pitt declares only what he would have them do, and they do it *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Viner only excepted.

Dutchess Hamilton is to be married, to-morrow, to Colonel Campbell, the son of General Campbell, who will some day or other be Duke of Argyle, and have the estate. She refused the Duke of B——r for him.

Here is a report, but I believe a very groundless one, that your old acquaintance, the fair Madame C——e, is run away from her husband, with a Jeweller, that *étrennes* her, and is come over here; but I dare say it is some mistake, or perhaps a lie. Adieu! God bless you.

* Derived from the Greek word Γυνή, a woman, and means Female Government.

LETTER CCCXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 27th, 1759.

IN your last letter, of the 7th, you accuse me, most unjustly, of being in arrears in my correspondence; whereas, if our epistolary accounts were fairly liquidated, I believe you would be brought in considerably debtor. I do not see how any of my letters to you can miscarry, unless your office packet miscarries too, for I always send them to the office. Moreover, I might have a justifiable excuse for writing to you seldomer than usual, for to be sure there never was a period of time, in the middle of a winter, and the Parliament sitting, that supplied so little matter for a letter. Near twelve millions have been granted this year, not only *nemine contradicente*, but *nemine quicquid dicente*. The proper officers bring in the estimates; it is taken for granted that they are necessary, and frugal; the Members go to dinner, and leave Mr. West and Mr. Martin to do the rest.

I presume you have seen the little poem of the Country Lass, by Soame Jenyns, for it was in the Chronicle; as was also an answer to it, from the Monitor. They are neither of them bad performances; the first is the neatest, and the plan of the second has the most invention. I send you none of those *pièces volantes* in my letters, because they are all printed in one or other of the newspapers, particularly the Chronicles; and I suppose that you and others have all those papers amongst you at Hamburgh; in which case it would be only putting you to the unnecessary expense of double postage.

I find you are sanguine about the King of Prussia this year; I allow his army will be what you say;

but will that be *vis-à-vis* French, Austrians, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, who must amount to more than double that number? Were the inequality less, I would allow for the King of Prussia's being so much *ipse agmen* as pretty nearly to balance the account. In war, numbers are generally my omens; and I confess, that in Germany they seem not happy ones this year. In America, I think, we are sure of success, and great success; but how we shall be able to strike a balance, as they call it, between good success there, and ill success upon the continent, so as to come at a peace, is more than I can discover.

Lady Chesterfield makes you her compliments, and thanks you for your offer; but declines troubling you, being discouraged by the ill success of Madame Münchhausen's and Miss Chetwynd's commissions, the former for beef, and the latter for gloves; neither of which have yet been executed, to the dissatisfaction of both. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 16th, 1759.

I HAVE now your letter of the 20th past lying before me, by which you despond, in my opinion too soon, of dubbing your Prince; for he most certainly will have the Garter; and he will as probably have it before the campaign opens, as after. His campaign must, I doubt, at best, be a defensive one; and he will show great skill in making it such; for, according to my calculation, his enemies will be at least double his number. Their troops, indeed, may perhaps be worse than his; but then their number will make up that defect, as it will enable them to under-

take different operations at the same time. I cannot think that the King of Denmark will take a part in the present war ; which he cannot do without great possible danger : and he is well paid by France for his neutrality ; is safe, let what will turn out ; and, in the mean time, carries on his commerce with great advantage and security : so that that consideration will not retard your visit to your own country, whenever you have leave to return, and your own *arrangemens* will allow you. A short absence animates a tender passion, *et l'on ne recule que pour mieux sauter*, especially in the summer months ; so that I would advise you to begin your journey in May, and continue your absence from the dear object of your vows till after the dog-days, when love is said to be unwholesome. We have been disappointed at Martinico ; I wish we may not be so at Guadaloupe, though we are landed there ; for many difficulties must be got over, before we can be in possession of the whole island. *A propos de bottes* ; you make use of two Spanish words, very properly, in your letter ; were I you, I would learn the Spanish language, if there were a Spaniard at Hamburgh who could teach me ; and then you would be master of all the European languages that are useful ; and, in my mind, it is very convenient, if not necessary, for a public man to understand them all ; and not to be obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, for those papers that chance or business may throw in his way. I learned Spanish when I was older than you ; convinced, by experience, that, in every thing possible, it was better to trust to one's self than to any other body whatsoever. Interpreters, as well as relators, are often unfaithful, and still oftener incorrect, puzzling, and blundering. In short, let it be your maxim through life, to know all you can know, yourself ; and never to trust implicitly to the informations of others. This rule

has been of infinite service to me, in the course of my life.

I am rather better than I was ; which I owe not to my physicians, but to an ass and a cow, who nourish me, between them, very plentifully and wholesomely ; in the morning the ass is my nurse, at night the cow ; and I have just now bought a milch-goat, which is to graze, and nurse me at Blackheath. I do not know what may come of this latter, and I am not without apprehensions that it may make a satyr of me ; but, should I find that obscene disposition growing upon me, I will check it in time, for fear of endangering my life and character by rapes. And so we heartily bid you farewell.

LETTER CCCXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 30th, 1759.

I do not like these frequent, however short, returns of your illness ; for I doubt they imply either want of skill in your physician, or want of care in his patient. Rhubarb, soap, and chalybeate medicines and waters are almost always specifics for obstructions of the liver ; but then a very exact regimen is necessary, and that for a long continuance. Acids are good for you, but you do not love them ; and sweet things are bad for you, and you do love them. There is another thing very bad for you, and I fear you love it too much. When I was in Holland, I had a slow fever, that hung upon me a great while ; I consulted Boerhaave, who prescribed me what I suppose was proper, for it cured me ; but he added, by way of postscript to his prescription, *Venus rariùs colatur* ; which I observed, and perhaps that made the medicines more effectual.

I doubt we shall be mutually disappointed in our hopes of seeing one another this spring, as I believe you will find, by a letter which you will receive, at the same time with this, from Lord Holdernessee; but as Lord Holdernessee will not tell you all, I will, between you and me, supply that defect. I must do him the justice to say, that he has acted in the most kind and friendly manner possible to us both. When the King read your letter, in which you desired leave to return, for the sake of drinking the Tunbridge waters, he said, If he wants steel waters, those of Pymont are better than Tunbridge, and he can have them very fresh at Hamburgh. I would rather he had asked to come last autumn, and had passed the winter here; for, if he returns now, I shall have nobody in those quarters to inform me of what passes; and yet it will be a very busy and important scene. Lord Holdernessee, who found that it would not be liked, resolved to push it no farther; and replied, he was very sure, that when you knew his Majesty had the least objection to your return at this time, you would think of it no longer; and he owned that he (Lord Holdernessee) had given you encouragement for this application, last year, then thinking and hoping that there would be little occasion for your presence at Hamburgh this year. Lord Holdernessee will only tell you, in his letter, that, as he had some reason to believe, his moving this matter would be disagreeable to the King, he resolved, for your sake, not to mention it. You must answer his letter upon that foot singly, and thank him for this mark of his friendship: for he has really acted as your friend. I make no doubt of your having willing leave to return in autumn, for the whole winter. In the mean time, make the best of your *séjour* where you are; drink the Pymont waters, and no wine but Rhenish, which, in your case, is the only proper one for you.

Next week, Mr. Harte will send you his *Gustavus Adolphus*, in two quartos; it will contain many new particulars of the life of that real hero, as he has had abundant and authentic materials which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable history; though, between you and me, I could have wished that he had been more correct and elegant in his style. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance, who was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon him, and yet has left enough of all conscience to satisfy a reasonable man. Hurte has been very much out of order, these last three or four months, but is not the less intent upon sowing his Lucerne, of which he had six crops last year, to his infinite joy, and, as he says, profit. As a gardener, I shall probably have as much joy, though not quite so much profit, by thirty or forty shillings; for there is the greatest promise of fruit this year, at Blackheath, that ever I saw in my life, Vertumnus and Pomona have been very propitious to me; as for Priapus, that tremendous garden God, as I no longer invoke him, I cannot expect his protection from the birds and the thieves.

Adieu! I will conclude like a pedant, *Levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

LETTER CCCXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, April the 16th, 1759.

WITH humble submission to you, I still say, that if Prince Ferdinand can make a defensive campaign this year, he will have done a great deal, considering the great inequality of numbers. The little advantages of taking a regiment or two prisoners, or cutting

another to pieces, are but trifling articles in the great account; they are only the pence, the pounds are yet to come; and I take it for granted, that neither the French, nor the Court of Vienna, will have *le démenti* of their main object, which is unquestionably Hanover; for that is the *summa summarum*; and they will certainly take care to draw a force together for this purpose, too great for any that Prince Ferdinand has, or can have, to oppose them. In short, mark the end on't, *j'en augure mal*. If France, Austria, the Empire, Russia, and Sweden, are not, at long run, too hard for the two Electors of Hanover and Brandenburg, there must be some invisible power, some tutelar Deities, that miraculously interpose in favour of the latter.

You encourage me to accept all the powers that goats, asses, and bulls, can give me, by engaging for my not making an ill use of them; but I own, I cannot help distrusting myself a little, or rather human nature; for it is an old and very true observation, that there are misers of money, but none of power; and the non-use of the one, and the abuse of the other, increase in proportion to their quantity.

I am very sorry to tell you, that Harte's Gustavus Adolphus does not take at all, and consequently sells very little: it is certainly informing, and full of good matter; but it is as certain too, that the style is execrable: where the devil he picked it up, I cannot conceive, for it is a bad style, of a new and singular kind; it is full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms; in some places pompous, in others vulgar and low. Surely, before the end of the world, people, and you in particular, will discover, that the *manner*, in every thing, is at least as important as the *matter*; and that the latter never can please, without a good degree of elegance in the former. This holds true in every thing in life: in writing, conversing, business, the

help of the Graces is absolutely necessary; and whoever vainly thinks himself above them, will find he is mistaken, when it will be too late to court them, for they will not come to strangers of an advanced age. There is a History lately come out, of the Reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and her son (no matter by whom) King James, written by one Robertson, a Scotchman, which for clearness, purity, and dignity of style, I will not scruple to compare with the best historians extant, not excepting Davila, Guicciardini, and perhaps Livy. Its success has consequently been great, and a second edition is already published, and bought up. I take it for granted, that it is to be had, or at least borrowed, at Hamburgh, or I would send it you.

I hope you drink the Pymont waters every morning. The health of the mind depends so much upon the health of the body, that the latter deserves the utmost attention, independently of the senses. God send you a very great share of both! Adieu.

LETTER CCCXX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, April the 27th, 1759.

I HAVE received your two letters of the 10th and 13th, by the last mail; and I will begin my answer to them, by observing to you, that a wise man, without being a Stoic, considers, in all misfortunes that befall him, their best as well as their worst side; and every thing has a better and a worse side. I have strictly observed that rule for many years, and have found by experience, that some comfort is to be extracted, under most moral ills, by considering them in every light, instead of dwelling, as people are too apt to do, upon the gloomy side of the object. Thank

God, the disappointment that you so pathetically groan under, is not a calamity which admits of no consolation. Let us simplify it, and see what it amounts to. You were pleased with the expectation of coming here next month, to see those who would have been pleased with seeing you. That, from very natural causes, cannot be; and you must pass this summer at Hamburgh, and next winter in England, instead of passing this summer in England, and next winter at Hamburgh. Now, estimating things fairly, is not the change rather to your advantage? Is not the summer more eligible, both for health and pleasure, than the winter, in that northern, frozen Zone? and will not the winter, in England, supply you with more pleasures than the summer, in an empty capital, could have done? So far then it appears, that you are rather a gainer by your misfortune.

The *tour* too, which you propose making to Lubeck, Altena, &c. will both amuse and inform you; for, at your age, one cannot see too many different places and people; since at the age you are now of, I take it for granted, that you will not see them superficially, as you did when you first went abroad.

This whole matter then, summed up, amounts to no more than this—that you will be here next winter, instead of this summer. Do not think that all I have said is the consolation only of an old philosophical fellow, almost insensible of pleasure or pain, offered to a young fellow, who has quick sensations of both. No, it is the rational philosophy taught me by experience and knowledge of the world, and which I have practised above thirty years. I always made the best of the best, and never made bad worse, by fretting; this enabled me to go through the various scenes of life, in which I have been an actor, with more pleasure and less pain than most people. You will say, perhaps, One cannot change

one's nature; and that, if a person is born of a very sensible gloomy temper, and apt to see things in the worst light, they cannot help it, nor new make themselves. I will admit it, to a certain degree, and but to a certain degree; for though we cannot totally change our nature, we may in a great measure correct it, by reflection and philosophy; and some philosophy is a very necessary companion in this world, where, even to the most fortunate, the chances are greatly against happiness.

I am not old enough, nor tenacious enough, to pretend not to understand the main purport of your last letter; and, to show you that I do, you may draw upon me for two hundred pounds, which, I hope, will more than clear you.

Good night, *equam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*; be neither transported nor depressed by the accidents of life.

LETTER CCCXXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, May the 16th, 1759.

YOUR Secretary's last letter, of the 4th, which I received yesterday, has quieted my fears a good deal, but has not entirely dissipated them. *Your fever still continues*, he says, *though in a less degree*. Is it a continued fever, or an intermitting one? If the former, no wonder that you are weak, and that your head aches. If the latter, why has not the bark, in substance and large doses, been administered? for, if it had, it must have stopped it by this time. Next post, I hope, will set me quite at ease. Surely you have not been so regular as you ought, either in your medicines, or in your general regimen; otherwise this fever would not have returned; for the Doctor calls it *your fever*

returned, as if you had an exclusive patent for it. You have now had illnesses enough, to know the value of health, and to make you implicitly follow the prescriptions of your physician, in medicines, and the rules of your own common sense in diet; in which, I can assure you, from my own experience, that quantity is often worse than quality; and I would rather eat half a pound of bacon at a meal, than two pounds of any the most wholesome food.

I have been settled here near a week, to my great satisfaction, *c'est ma place*, and I know it, which is not given to every body. Cut off from social life by my deafness, as well as other physical ills, and being at best but the ghost of my former self, I walk here in silence and solitude, as becomes a ghost; with this only difference, that I walk by day, whereas, you know, to be sure, that other ghosts only appear by night. My health, however, is better than it was last year, thanks to my almost total milk diet. This enables me to vary my solitary amusements, and alternately to scribble as well as read, which I could not do last year. Thus I saunter away the remainder, be it more or less, of an agitated and active life, now reduced (and I am not sure that I am a loser by the change) to so quiet and serene a one, that it may properly be called, still life.

The French whisper in confidence, in order that it may be the more known and the more credited, that they intend to invade us this year, in no less than three places; that is, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some of our great men, like the Devils, believe and tremble; others, and one little one, whom I know, laugh at it; and, in general, it seems to be but a poor instead of a formidable scarecrow. While *somebody* was at the head of a moderate army, and wanted (I know why) to be at the head of a great one, intended invasions were made an article

of political faith; and the belief of them was required, as in the Church the belief of some absurdities, and even impossibilities, is required upon pain of heresy, excommunication, and consequently damnation, if they tend to the power and interest of the Heads of the Church. But now, there is a general toleration, and the best Subjects, as well as the best Christians, may believe what their reason and their consciences suggest, it is generally and rationally supposed, the French will threaten and not strike, since we are so well prepared, both by armies and fleets, to receive, and, I may add, to destroy them. Adieu! God bless you. .

LETTER CCCXXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, June the 15th, 1759.

YOUR letter of the 5th, which I received yesterday, gave me great satisfaction, being all in your own hand; though it contains great, and I fear just complaints of your ill state of health. You do very well to change the air; and I hope that change will do well by you. I would therefore have you write, after the 20th of August, to Lord Holderness, to beg of him to obtain his Majesty's leave for you to return to England for *two or three months*, upon account of your health. Two or three months is an indefinite time, which may afterwards be insensibly stretched to what length one pleases; leave that to me. In the mean time you may be taking your measures with the best economy.

The day before yesterday an express arrived from Guadaloupe; which brought an account of our being in possession of the whole island. And I make no

manner of doubt, but that, in about two months, we shall have as good news from Crown-point, Quebec, &c. Our affairs in Germany, I fear, will not be equally prosperous; for I have very little hopes for the King of Prussia or Prince Ferdinand. God bless you.

LETTER CCCXXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, June the 25th, 1759.

THE two last mails have brought me no letter from you or your Secretary; I will take this silence as a sign that you are better; but however, if you thought that I cared to know, you should have cared to have written. Here the weather has been very fine for a fortnight together; a longer term than in this climate we are used to hold fine weather by. I hope it is so too at Hamburgh, or at least at the *villa* to which you are gone; but pray do not let it be your *villa viciosa*, as those retirements are often called, and too often prove; though (by the way) the original name was *villa vizzoza*; and by wags miscalled *viciosa*.

I have a most gloomy prospect of affairs in Germany; the French are already in possession of Cassel, and of the learned part of Hanover, that is Göttingen; where I presume they will not stop *pour l'amour des Belles Lettres*, but rather go on to the Capital, and study them upon the coin. My old acquaintance, Monsieur de Richelieu, made a great progress there in metallic learning and inscriptions. If Prince Ferdinand ventures a battle to prevent it, I dread the consequences; the odds are too great against him. The King of Prussia is still in a worse situation; for he has the Hydra to encounter: and though he may cut off a head or two, there will

still be enough left to devour him at last. I have, as you know, long foretold the now approaching catastrophe; but I was Cassandra. Our affairs in the new world have a much more pleasing aspect; Guadaloupe is a great acquisition, and Quebec, which I make no doubt of, will still be a greater. But, must all these advantages, purchased at the price of so much English blood and treasure, be at last sacrificed as a peace-offering? God knows what consequences such a measure may produce; the germe of discontent is already great, upon the bare supposition of the case; but, should it be realized, it will grow to a harvest of disaffection.

You are now, to be sure, taking the previous necessary measures for your return here in the autumn; and I think you may dishand your whole family, excepting your secretary, your butler, who takes care of your plate, wine, &c. one, or at most two, maid servants, and your valet de chambre, and one footman, whom you will bring over with you. But give no mortal, either there or here, reason to think that you are not to return to Hamburgh again. If you are asked about it, say, like Lockhart, that you are *le serviteur des événemens*; for your present appointments will do you no hurt here, till you have some better destination. At that season of the year, I believe, it will be better for you to come by sea than by land; but that you will be best able to judge of from the then circumstances of your part of the world.

Your old friend Stevens is dead of the consumption that has long been undermining him. God bless you, and send you health!

LETTER CCCXXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, February the 26th, 1761.

I AM very glad to hear that your election is finally settled, and, to say the truth, not sorry that Mr. * * has been compelled to do, *de mauvaise grâce*, that which he might have done at first in a friendly and handsome manner. However, take no notice of what is past, and live with him as you used to do before; for in the intercourse of the world, it is often necessary to seem ignorant of what one knows, and to have forgotten what one remembers.

I have just now finished Coleman's play, and like it very well; it is well conducted, and the characters are well preserved. I own, I expected from the author more dialogue wit; but, as I know that he is a most scrupulous classic, I believe he did not dare to put in half so much wit as he could have done, because Terence has not a single grain; and it would have been *crimen læsæ antiquitatis*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 21st, 1761.

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 19th. If I find any alterations by drinking these waters, now six days, it is rather for the better; but, in six days more, I think I shall find, with more certainty, what humour they are in with me; if kind, I will profit of, but not abuse their kindness; all things have their bounds, *quos ultra citrave nequit consistere rectum*; and I will endeavour to nick that point.

The Queen's jointure is larger than, from *some reasons*, I expected it would be, though not greater than the very last precedent authorized. The case of the late Lord Wilmington was, I fancy, remembered.

I have now good reason to believe, that Spain will declare war to us; that is, that it will very soon, if it has not already, avowedly assist France, in case the war continues. This will be a great triumph to Mr. Pitt, and fully justify his plan of beginning with Spain first, and having the first blow, which is often half the battle.

Here is a great deal of company, and what is commonly called good company, that is, great quality. I trouble them very little, except at the pump, where my business calls me; for, what is company to a deaf man, or a deaf man to company?

Lady Brown, whom I have seen, and who, by the way, has got the gout in her eye, inquired very tenderly after you. And so I elegantly rest,

Yours till death.

LETTER CCCXXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 6th, 1761.

I HAVE been in your debt some time, which, you know, I am not very apt to be; but it was really for want of specie to pay. The present state of my invention does not enable me to coin; and you would have had as little pleasure in reading, as I should have had in writing *le coglionerie* of this place; besides, that I am very little mingled in them. I do not know whether I shall be able to follow your advice, and cut a winner: for, at present, I have neither won nor lost a single shilling. I will play on this week only; and if I have a good run, I will carry it

off with me ; if a bad one, the loss can hardly amount to any thing considerable in seven days, for I hope to see you in town to-morrow sevensnight.

I had a dismal letter from Harte, last week ; he tells me that he is at nurse with a sister in Berkshire, that he has got a confirmed jaundice, besides twenty other distempers. The true cause of these complaints I take to be, the same that so greatly disordered, and had nearly destroyed the most august House of Austria, about one hundred and thirty years ago ; I mean Gustavus Adolphus ; who neither answered his expectations in point of profit, nor reputation, and that merely by his own fault, in not writing it in the vulgar tongue ; for as to facts, I will maintain, that it is one of the best histories extant.

Au revoir, as Sir Fopling says, and God bless you.

LETTER CCCXXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 2d, 1762.

I ARRIVED here, as I proposed, last Sunday ; but as ill as I feared I should be, when I saw you. Head, stomach, and limbs, all out of order.

I have yet seen nobody but Villettes, who is settled here for good, as it is called. What consequences has the Duke of Devonshire's resignation had? He has considerable connections, and relations ; but whether any of them are resigned enough to resign with him, is another matter. There will be, to be sure, as many, and as absurd reports, as there are in the law books ; I do not desire to know either ; but inform me of what facts come to your knowledge, and of such reports only as you believe are grounded. And so God bless you !

LETTER CCCXXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 13th, 1762.

I HAVE received your letter, and believe that your Preliminaries are very near the mark; and, upon that supposition, I think we have made a tolerable good bargain with Spain; at least, full as good as I expected, and almost as good as I wished, though I do not believe that we have got *all* Florida; but if we have St. Augustin, as I suppose, that, by the figure of *pars pro toto*, will be called all Florida. We have by no means made so good a bargain with France; for, in truth, what do we get by it, except Canada, with a very proper boundary of the river Mississippi, and that is all? As for the restrictions upon the French fishery in Newfoundland, they are very well *per la predica*, and for the Commissary whom we shall employ; for he will have a good salary from hence, to see that those restrictions are complied with; and the French will double that salary, that he may allow them all to be broken through. It is plain to me, that the French fishery will be exactly what it was before the war.

The three Leeward islands, which the French yield to us, are not, all together, worth half so much as that of St. Lucia, which we give up to them. Senegal is not worth one quarter of Goree. The restrictions of the French, in the East Indies, are as absurd and impracticable as those of Newfoundland; and you will live to see the French trade to the East Indies, just as they did before the war. But, after all I have said, the Articles are as good as I expected with France, when I considered that no one single person, who carried on this negotiation on our parts, was ever concerned or consulted in any negotiation before. Upon the whole, then, the acquisition of Canada has cost us fourscore mil-

lions sterling. I am convinced we might have kept Guadaloupe, if our negotiators had known how to have gone about it.

His most Faithful Majesty of Portugal is the best off of any body in this transaction, for he saves his kingdom by it, and has not laid out one Moidore in defence of it. Spain, thank God, in some measure, *paie les pots cassés*; for, besides St. Augustin, Logwood, &c. it has lost at least four millions sterling, in money, ships, &c.

Harte is here, who tells me he has been at this place these three years, excepting some few excursions to his sister; he looks ill, and laments that he has frequent fits of the yellow jaundice. He complains of his not having heard from you these four years; you should write to him. These waters have done me a great deal of good, though I drink but two thirds of a pint in the whole day, which is less than the soberest of my countrymen drink of claret at every meal.

I should naturally think, as you do, that this session will be a stormy one, that is, if Mr. Pitt takes an active part; but if he is pleased, as the Ministers say, there is no other Æolus to blow a storm. The Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Devonshire, have no better troops to attack with, than the militia; but Pitt alone is *ipse agmen*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 27th, 1762.

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, and return you the ball *à la volée*. The King's speech is a very prudent one, and, as I suppose that the Addresses, in answer to it, were, as usual, in almost the same

words; my Lord Mayor might very well call them innocent. As his Majesty expatiates so much upon the great *achievements* of the war, I cannot help hoping that, when the Preliminaries shall be laid before Parliament *in due time*, which, I suppose, means after the respective ratifications of all the contracting parties, that some untalked-of and unexpected advantage will break out in our treaty with France; St. Lucia, at least. I see, in the newspapers, an article which I by no means like, in our treaty with Spain; which is, that we shall be at liberty to cut logwood in the Bay of Campeachy, *but paying for it*. Who does not see that this condition may, and probably will, amount to a prohibition, by the price which the Spaniards may set it at? It was our undoubted right, and confirmed to us by former treaties, before the war, to cut logwood *gratis*; but this new stipulation (if true) gives us a privilege, something like a reprieve to a criminal, with a *non obstante* to be hanged.

I now drink so little water, that it can neither do me good nor hurt; but as I bathe but twice a week, that operation, which does my rheumatic carcass good, will keep me here some time longer than you had allowed.

Harte is going to publish a new edition of his *Gustavus*, in octavo; which, he tells me, he has altered, and which, I could tell him, he should translate into English, or it will not sell better than the former; for, while the world endures, style and manner will be regarded, at least as much as matter. And so, *Dieu vous ait dans sa sainte garde*.

LETTER CCCXXX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 4th, 1762.

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, with the enclosed Preliminaries, which we have had here these three days; and I return them, since you intend to keep them, which is more than I believe the French will. I am very glad to find that the French are to restore all the conquests they made upon us in the East Indies during this war; and I cannot doubt but they will likewise restore to us all the Cod that they shall take, within less than three leagues of our coasts in North America (a distance easily measured, especially at sea), according to the spirit, though not the letter of the Treaty. I am informed, that the strong opposition to the Peace will be in the House of Lords, though I cannot well conceive it; nor can I make out above six or seven, who will be against it upon a division, unless (which I cannot suppose) some of the Bishops should vote on the side of their maker. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 13th, 1762.

YESTERDAY I received your letter, which gave me a very clear account of the debate in your House. It is impossible for a human creature to speak well for three hours and a half; I question even if Belial, who, according to Milton, was the orator of the fallen Angels, ever spoke so long at a time.

There must have been a trick in Charles Towns-

hend's speaking for the Preliminaries; for he is infinitely above having an opinion. Lord Egremont must be ill, or have thoughts of going into some other place: perhaps into Lord Granville's, who they say is dying: when he dies, the ablest head in England dies too, take it for all in all.

I shall be in town, barring accidents, this day sevensnight, by dinner-time; when I have ordered a *Haricot*, to which you will be very welcome, about four o'clock. *En attendant Dieu vous ait dans sa sainte garde.*

LETTER CCCXXXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, June the 14th, 1763.

I RECEIVED, by the last mail, your letter of the 4th, from the Hague; so far so good. You arrived *sonica* at the Hague, for our Ambassador's entertainment: I find he has been very civil to you. You are in the right to stop for two or three days, at Hanau, and make your court to the Lady of that place*. Your Excellency makes a figure already in the newspapers; and let them, and others, Excellency you as much as they please, but pray suffer not your own servants to do it.

Nothing new of any kind has happened here since you went; so I will wish you a good night, and hope that God will bless you.

* Her Royal Highness Princess Mary of England, Landgravine of Hesse.

LETTER CCCXXXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, July the 14th, 1763.

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Ratisbon; where I am glad that you are arrived safe. You are, I find, over head and ears engaged in ceremony and *étiquette*. You must not yield in any thing essential, where your public character may suffer; but I advise you, at the same time to distinguish carefully what may and what may not affect it, and to despise some German *minuties*; such as one step lower or higher upon the stairs, a bow more or less, and such sort of trifles.

By what I see in Cressener's letter to you, the cheapness of wine compensates the quantity, as the cheapness of servants compensates the number that you must make use of.

Write to your mother often, if it be but three words, to prove your existence; for when she does not hear from you, she knows, to a demonstration, that you are dead, if not buried.

The enclosed is a letter of the utmost consequence, which I was desired to forward, with care and speed, to the most serene *Louis*.

My head is not well to-day. So God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, August the 1st, 1763.

I HOPE that by this time you are pretty well settled at Ratisbon, at least as to the important points of the ceremonial; so that you may know to precision, to whom you must give, and from whom you must

require, the *seine Excellentz*. Those formalities are, no doubt, ridiculous enough in themselves; but yet they are necessary for manners, and sometimes for business; and both would suffer by laying them quite aside.

I have lately had an attack of a new complaint, which I have long suspected that I had in my body, in *actu primo*, as the pedants call it, but which I never felt in *actu secundo*, till last week, and that is a fit of the stone or gravel. It was, thank God, but a slight one; but it was *dans toutes les formes*; for it was preceded by a pain in my loins, which I at first took for some remains of my rheumatism; but was soon convinced of my mistake, by making water much blacker than coffee, with a prodigious sediment of gravel. I am now perfectly easy again, and have no more indications of this dreadful complaint.

God keep you from that and deafness; other complaints are the common, and almost the inevitable lot of human nature, but admit of some mitigation. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, August the 22d, 1763.

You will, by this post, hear from others, that Lord Egremont died two days ago of an apoplexy; which, from his figure, and the constant plethora he lived in, was reasonably to be expected. You will ask me, who is to be Secretary in his room? to which I answer, that I do not know. I should guess Lord Sandwich, to be succeeded in the Admiralty by Charles Townshend; unless the Duke of Bedford, who seems to have taken to himself the department of Europe, should have a mind to it. This event

may perhaps produce others; but, till this happened, every thing was in a state of inaction, and absolutely nothing was done. Before the next session, this chaos must necessarily take some form, either by a new jumble of its own atoms, or by mixing them with the more efficient ones of the Opposition.

I see by the newspapers, as well as by your letter, that the difficulties still subsist about your ceremonial at Ratisbon; should they, from pride and folly, prove insuperable, and obstruct your real business, there is one expedient, which may perhaps remove difficulties, and which I have often known practised; but which I believe our people here know nothing of: it is, to have the character of *Minister*, only, in your ostensible title, and that of Envoy Extraordinary in your pocket, to produce occasionally, especially if you should be sent to any of the Electors in your neighbourhood: or else, in any transactions that you may have, in which your title of Envoy Extraordinary may create great difficulties, to have a reversal given you, declaring, that the temporary suspension of that character, *ne donnera pas la moindre atteinte ni à vos droits ni à vos prétentions*. As for the rest, divert yourself as well as you can, and eat and drink as little as you can: and so God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Sept. the 1st, 1763.

GREAT news! The King sent for Mr. Pitt, last Saturday, and the conference lasted a full hour; on the Monday following, another conference, which lasted much longer; and yesterday a third, longer than either. You take for granted, that the treaty

was concluded and ratified: no such matter, for this last conference broke it entirely off; and Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple went yesterday evening to their respective country houses. Would you know what it broke off upon, you must ask the newsmongers, and the coffeehouses; who, I dare say, know it all very minutely; but I, who am not apt to know any thing that I do not know; honestly and humbly confess, that I cannot tell you; probably one party asked too much, and the other would grant too little.—However, the King's dignity was not, in my mind, much consulted, by their making him sole Plenipotentiary of a treaty, which they were not, in all events, determind to conclude. It ought surely to have been begun by some inferior agent, and his Majesty should only have appeared in rejecting or ratifying it. Louis the XIVth never sate down before a town in person, that was not sure to be taken.

However, *ce qui est différé n'est pas perdu*; for this matter must be taken up again, and concluded before the meeting of the Parliament, and probably upon more disadvantageous terms to the present Ministers, who have tacitly admitted, by this late negotiation, what their enemies have loudly proclaimed, that they are not able to carry on affairs. So much *de re politica*.

I have at last done the best office that can be done, to most married people; that is, I have fixed the separation between my brother and his wife; and the definitive treaty of peace will be proclaimed in about a fortnight; for the only solid and lasting peace, between a man and his wife, is, doubtless, a separation. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Sept. the 30th, 1763.

You will have known, long before this, from the office, that the departments are not cast as you wished; for Lord Halifax, as senior, had of course his choice, and chose the Southern, upon account of the colonies. The Ministry, such as it is, is now settled *en attendant mieux*; but, in my opinion, cannot, as they are, meet the Parliament.

The only, and all the efficient people they have, are in the House of Lords; for, since Mr. Pitt has firmly engaged Charles Townshend to him, there is not a man of the Court side, in the House of Commons, who has either abilities or words enough to call a coach. Lord B*** is certainly playing *un dessous de cartes*, and I suspect that it is with Mr. Pitt; but what that *dessous* is, I do not know, though all the coffeehouses do most exactly.

The present inaction, I believe, gives you leisure enough for *ennui*, but it gives you time enough too for better things; I mean, reading useful books; and, what is still more useful, conversing with yourself some part of every day. Lord Shaftesbury recommends self-conversation to all authors; and I would recommend it to all men; they would be the better for it. Some people have not time, and fewer have inclination, to enter into that conversation; nay, very many dread it, and fly to the most trifling dissipations, in order to avoid it; but if a man would allot half an hour every night, for this self-conversation, and recapitulate with himself whatever he has done, right or wrong, in the course of the day, he would be both the better and the wiser for it. My deafness gives me more than sufficient time for self-

conversation ; and I have found great advantages from it. My brother, and Lady Stanhope, are at last finally parted. I was the negotiator between them ; and had so much trouble in it, that I would much rather negotiate the most difficult point of the *jus publicum Sacri Romani Imperii*, with the whole Diet of Ratisbon, than negotiate any point with any woman. If my brother had had some of those self-conversations, which I recommend, he would not, I believe, at past sixty, with a crazy, battered constitution, and deaf into the bargain, have married a young girl, just turned of twenty, full of health, and consequently of desires. But who takes warning by the fate of others? This, perhaps, proceeds from a negligence of self-conversation. God bless you !

LETTER CCCXXXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Oct. the 17th, 1763.

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 2d instant, as the former had brought me that of the 25th past. I did suppose that you would be sent for over, for the first day of the session ; as I never knew a stricter muster, and no furloughs allowed. I am very sorry for it, for the reasons you hint at ; but, however, you did very prudently, in doing *de bonne grâce*, what you could not help doing : and let that be your rule in every thing, for the rest of your life. Avoid disagreeable things, as much as, by dexterity, you can ; but when they are unavoidable, do them with seeming willingness and alacrity. Though this journey is ill timed for you in many respects, yet, in point of *finances*, you will be a gainer by it upon the whole ; for depend upon it, they will keep you

here till the very last day of the session ; and I suppose you have sold your horses, and dismissed some of your servants. Though they seem to apprehend the first day of the session so much, in my opinion, their danger will be much greater in the course of it.

When you are at Paris, you will of course wait upon Lord Hertford, and desire him to present you to the King ; at the same time make my compliments to him, and thank him for the very obliging message he left at my house in town ; and tell him, that, had I received it in time from thence, I would have come to town on purpose to have returned it in person. If there are any new little books at Paris, pray bring them me. I have already Voltaire's *Zelis dans le Bain*, his *Droit du Seigneur*, and *Olympie*. Do not forget to call once at Madame Monconseil's, and as often as you please at Madame du Pin's. *Au revoir*.

LETTER CCCXXXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 24th, 1763.

I ARRIVED here, as you suppose in your letter, last Sunday ; but after the worst day's journey I ever had in my life : it snowed and froze that whole morning, and in the evening it rained and thawed, which made the roads so slippery, that I was six hours coming post from the Devizes, which is but eighteen miles from hence ; so that, but for the name of coming post, I might as well have walked on foot. I have not yet quite got over my last violent attack, and am weak and flimsy.

I have now drunk the waters but three days ; so that, without a miracle, I cannot yet expect much alteration, and I do not in the least expect a miracle. If they proved *les eaux de Jouvence* to me, that would be a miracle indeed ; but, as the late Pope Lambertini said, *Fra noi, gli miracoli sono passati già un pezzo.*

I have seen Harte, who inquired much after you : he is dejected and dispirited, and thinks himself much worse than he is, though he has really a tendency to the jaundice. I have yet seen nobody else, nor do I know who here is to be seen ; for I have not yet exhibited myself to public view, except at the pump, which, at the time I go to it, is the most private place in Bath.

After all the fears and hopes, occasioned severally by the meeting of the Parliament, in my opinion, it will prove a very easy session. Mr. Wilkes is universally given up ; and if the Ministers themselves do not wantonly raise difficulties, I think they will meet with none. A majority of two hundred is a great anodyne. Adieu ! God bless you.

LETTER CCCXL.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 3d, 1763.

LAST post brought me your letter of the 29th past. I suppose C—— T—— let off his speech upon the Princess's portion, chiefly to show that he was of the Opposition : for otherwise, the point was not debatable, unless as to the *quantum*, against which something might be said ; for the late Princess of Orange (who was the eldest daughter of a King) had

no more, and her two sisters but half, if I am not mistaken.

It is a great mercy that Mr. Wilkes, the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties, is out of danger, and may live to fight and write again in support of them; and it is no less a mercy, that God hath raised up the Earl of S—— to vindicate and promote true religion and morality. These two blessings will justly make an epocha in the annals of this country.

I have delivered your message to Harte, who waits with impatience for your letter. He is very happy now in having free access to all Lord Craven's papers, which, he says, give him great lights into the *bellum tricennale*; the old Lord Craven having been the professed and valorous knight-errant, and perhaps something more, to the Queen of Bohemia; at least, like Sir Peter Pride, he had the honour of spending great part of his estate in her Royal cause.

I am by no means right yet; I am very weak and flimsy still; but the Doctor assures me, that strength and spirits will return: if they do, *lucro apponam*, I will make the best of them; if they do not, I will not make their want still worse, by grieving and regretting them. I have lived long enough, and observed enough, to estimate most things at their intrinsic, and not their imaginary value; and at seventy, I find nothing much worth either desiring or fearing. But these reflections, which suit with seventy, would be greatly premature at two-and-thirty. So make the best of your time, enjoy the present hour; but *memor ultimæ*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXLI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 18th, 1763.

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, in which you reproach me with not having written to you this week. The reason was that I did not know what to write. There is that sameness in my life here, that *every day is still but as the first*. I see very few people; and, in the literal sense of the word, I hear nothing.

Mr. L—— and Mr. C—— I hold to be two very ingenious men; and your image of the two men ruined, one by losing his lawsuit, and the other by carrying it, is a very just one. To be sure they felt in themselves uncommon talents for business and speaking, which were to reimburse them.

Harte has a great poetical work to publish, before it be long; he has shown me some parts of it. He had intitled it Emblems; but I persuaded him to alter that name, for two reasons: the first was, because they were not emblems, but fables: the second was, that, if they had been emblems, Quarles had degraded and vilified that name, to such a degree, that it is impossible to make use of it after him: so they are to be called fables, though moral tales would, in my mind, be the properest name. If you ask me what I think of those I have seen, I must say that *sunt plura bona, quædam mediocria, et quædam*——

Your report of future changes, I cannot think is wholly groundless: for it still runs strongly in my head, that the mine we talked of will be sprung, at, or before the end of the session.

I have got a little more strength, but not quite the

strength of Hercules ; so that I will not undertake, like him, fifty deflorations in one night ; for I really believe that I could not compass them. So good night, and God bless you !

LETTER CCCXLII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 24th, 1763.

I CONFESS I was a good deal surprised at your pressing me so strongly to influence parson Rosenhagen, when you well know the resolution I had made several years ago, and which I have scrupulously observed ever since, not to concern myself, directly or indirectly, in any party political contest whatsoever. Let Parties go to loggerheads, as much and as long as they please ; I will neither endeavour to part them, nor take the part of either ; for I know them all too well. But you say, that Lord Sandwich has been remarkably civil and kind to you. I am very glad of it ; and he can by no means impute to you my obstinacy, folly, or philosophy ; call it what you please : you may with great truth assure him, that you did all you could to obey his commands.

I am sorry to find that you are out of order, but I hope it is only a cold ; should it be any thing more, pray consult Dr. Maty, who did you so much good in your last illness, when the great medicinal Mattadores did you rather harm. I have found a Monsieur *Diafoirus* here, Dr. Moisy, who has really done me a great deal of good ; and I am sure I wanted it a great deal, when I came here first. I have recovered some strength, and a little more will give me as much as I can make use of.

Lady Brown, whom I saw yesterday, makes you many compliments : and I wish you a merry Christmas, and a good night. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 31st, 1763.

GREVENKOP wrote me word, by the last post, that you were laid up with the gout; but I much question it; that is, whether it is the gout or not. Your last illness, before you went abroad, was pronounced the gout, by the skilful; and proved at last a mere rheumatism. Take care that the same mistake is not made this year; and that, by giving you strong and hot medicines to throw out the gout, they do not inflame the rheumatism, if it be one.

Mr. Wilkes has imitated some of the great men of antiquity, by going into voluntary exile: it was his only way of defeating both his creditors and his prosecutors. Whatever his friends, if he has any, give out of his returning soon, I will answer for it, that it will be a long time before that *soon* comes.

I have been much out of order these four days, of a violent cold; which I do not know how I got, and which obliged me to suspend drinking the waters: but is now so much better, that I propose resuming them for this week, and paying my court to you in town on Monday or Tuesday sevensnight; but this is *sub spe rati* only. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXLIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, July the 20th, 1764.

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 3d, from Prague, but I never received that which you mention from Ratisbon; this made me think you in such rapid motion, that I did not know where to

take aim. I now suppose that you are arrived, though not yet settled, at Dresden; your audiences and formalities are, to be sure, over, and that is great ease of mind to you.

I have no political events to acquaint you with; the summer is not the season for them, they ripen only in winter; great ones are expected immediately before the meeting of Parliament, but that, you know, is always the language of fears and hopes. However, I rather believe that there will be something patched up between the *ins* and *outs*.

The whole subject of conversation, at present, is the Death and Will of Lord Bath: he has left above twelve hundred thousand pounds in land and money, four hundred thousand pounds in cash, stocks, and mortgages; his own estate, in land, was improved to fifteen thousand pounds a year, and the Bradford estate, which he **, is as much; both which, at only five-and-twenty years purchase, amount to eight hundred thousand pounds; and all this he has left to his brother General Pulteney, and in his own disposal, though he never loved him. The legacies he has left are trifling, for, in truth, he cared for nobody; the words *give* and *bequeath* were too shocking to him to repeat, and so he left all, in one word, to his brother. The public, which was long the dupe of his simulation and dissimulation, begins to explain upon him; and draws such a picture of him as I gave you long ago.

Your late Secretary has been with me three or four times; he wants something or another, and it seems all one to him what, whether civil or military; in plain English, he wants bread. He has knocked at the doors of some of the Ministers, but to no purpose. I wish with all my heart that I could help him: I told him fairly that I could not, but advised him to find some channel to Lord B***, which, though a Scotchman, he told me he could not. He

brought a packet of letters from the office to you, which I made him seal up; and I keep it for you, as I suppose it makes up the series of your Ratisbon letters.

As for me, I am just what I was when you left me, that is, nobody. Old age steals upon me insensibly. I grow weak and decrepit; but do not suffer, and so I am content.

Forbes brought me four books of yours, two of which were Bielefeldt's letters; in which, to my knowledge, there are many notorious lies.

Make my compliments to Comte Einsiedel, whom I love and honour much, and so good night to *seine Excellentz*.

Now our correspondence may be more regular, and I expect a letter from you every fortnight.

I will be regular on my part: but write oftener to your mother, if it be but three lines.

LETTER CCCXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, July the 27th, 1764.

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 11th, from Dresden, where I am very glad that you are safely arrived at last. The prices of the necessaries of life are monstrous there; and I do not conceive how the poor natives subsist at all, after having been so long and so often plundered by their own as well as by other Sovereigns.

As for procuring you either the title or the appointments of Plenipotentiary, I could as soon procure them from the Turkish as from the English Ministry; and, in truth, I believe they have it not to give.

Now to come to your Civil List, if one may com-

pare small things with great. I think I have found out a better refreshment for it than you propose; for to-morrow I shall send to your cashier, Mr. Larpent, five hundred pounds at once, for your use, which, I presume, is better than by quarterly payments; and I am very apt to think, that, next Midsummer-day, he will have the same sum, and for the same use, consigned to him.

It is reported here, and I believe not without some foundation, that the Queen of Hungary has acceded to the Family Compact between France and Spain; if so, I am sure it behoves us to form in time a counter alliance, of at least equal strength; which I could easily point out, but which, I fear, is not thought of here.

The rage of marrying is very prevalent; so that there will be probably a great crop of cuckolds next winter, who are at present only *cocus en herbe*. It will contribute to population, and so far must be allowed to be a public benefit. Lord G—, Mr. B—, and Mr. D—, are, in this respect, very meritorious; for they have all married handsome women, without one shilling fortune. Lord — must indeed take some pains to arrive at that dignity; but I dare say he will bring it about, by the help of some young Scotch or Irish officer. Good night, and God bless you!

LETTER CCCXLVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Sept. the 3d, 1764.

I HAVE received your letter of the 13th past. I see that your complete arrangement approaches, and you need not be in a hurry to give entertainments, since so few others do.

Comte Flemming is the man in the world the best

calculated to retrieve the Saxon finances, which have been all this century squandered and lavished with the most absurd profusion: he has certainly abilities, and, I believe, integrity; I dare answer for him, that the gentleness and flexibility of his temper will not prevail with him to yield to the importunities of craving and petulant applications. I see in him another Sully; and therefore I wish he were at the head of our finances.

France and Spain both insult us, and we take it too tamely: for this is, in my opinion, the time for us to talk high to them. France, I am persuaded, will not quarrel with us, till it has got a Navy at least equal to ours, which cannot be these three or four years, at soonest; and then, indeed, I believe, we shall hear of something or other; therefore, this is the moment for us to speak loud, and we shall be feared, if we do not show that we fear.

Here is no domestic news of changes and chances in the political world; which, like oysters, are only in season in the R months, when Parliament sits. I think there will be some then, but of what kind, God knows.

I have received a book for you, and one for myself from Harte. It is upon agriculture, and will surprise you, as, I confess, it did me. This work is not only in English, but good and elegant English; he has even scattered graces upon his subject; and, in prose, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verse. I have written to him, to congratulate his happy transformation. As soon as I can find an opportunity, I will send you your copy. You (though no Agricola) will read it with pleasure.

I know Mackenzie, whom you mention. (*C'est un délié, sed cave.*)

Make mine and Lady Chesterfield's compliments to Comte et Comtesse Flemming: and so, *Dieu vous ait en sa sainte garde.*

LETTER CCCXLVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Sept. the 14th, 1764.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 30th past, by which I find that you had not then got mine, which I sent you the day after I had received your former; you have had no great loss of it; for, as I told you in my last, this inactive season of the year supplies no materials for a letter; the winter may, and probably will, produce an abundant crop, but of what grain, I neither know, guess, nor care. I take it for granted, that Lord B*** *surnagera encore*, but by the assistance of what bladders or cork-waistcoats, God only knows. The death of poor Mr. Legge, the epileptic fits of the Duke of Devonshire, for which he is gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the advanced age of the Duke of Newcastle, seem to facilitate an accommodation, if Mr. Pitt and Lord Bute are inclined to it.

You ask me what I think of the death of poor Iwan, and of the person who ordered it. You may remember that I often said, she would murder or marry him, or probably both; she has chosen the safest alternative; and has now completed her character of *femme forte*, above scruples and hesitation. If Machiavel were alive, she would probably be his Heroine, as Cæsar Borgia was his Hero. Women are all so far Machiavelians, that they are never either good or bad by halves; their passions are too strong, and their reason too weak, to do any thing with moderation. She will, perhaps, meet, before it is long, with some Scythian as free from prejudices as herself. If there is one Oliver Cromwell in the three regiments of guards, he will probably, for the sake of his dear country, depose and murder her: for that is one and the same thing in Russia.

You seem now to be settled, and *bien nippé* at Dresden. Four sedentary footmen, and one running one, *font Equipage leste*. The German ones will give you, *seine Excellenz*; and the French ones, if you have any, *Monseigneur*.

My own health varies, as usual, but never deviates into good. God bless you, and send you better!

LETTER CCCXLVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Oct. the 4th, 1764.

I HAVE now your last letter of the 16th past, lying before me; and I gave your enclosed to Grevenkop, which has put him into a violent bustle to execute your commissions, as well and as cheap as possible. I refer him to his own letter. He tells you true, as to Comtesse Cosel's diamonds, which certainly nobody will buy here, unsight unseen, as they call it: so many *minuties* concurring, to increase or lessen the value of a diamond. Your Cheshire cheese, your Burton ale and beer, I charge myself with, and they shall be sent you as soon as possible. Upon this occasion I will give you a piece of advice, which, by experience, I know to be useful. In all commissions, whether from men or women, *point de galanterie*, bring them in your account, and be paid to the uttermost farthing; but if you would show them *une galanterie*, let your present be of something that is not in your commission, otherwise you will be the *Commissionnaire banal* of all the women of Saxony. *A propos*; Who is your Comtesse de Cosel? Is she daughter, or granddaughter, of the famous Madame de Cosel, in King Augustus's time? Is she young or old, ugly or handsome?

I do not wonder that people are wonderfully surprised at our tameness and forbearance, with regard

to France and Spain. Spain, indeed, has lately agreed to our cutting logwood, according to the treaty, and sent strict orders to their Governor to allow it; but you will observe too, that there is not one word of reparation for the losses we lately sustained there. But France is not even so tractable; it will pay but half the money due, upon a liquidated account, for the maintenance of their prisoners. Our request, to have Comte d'Estaing recalled and censured, they have absolutely rejected, though, by the laws of war, he might be hanged for having twice broke his parole. This does not do France honour; however, I think we shall be quiet, and that at the only time, perhaps this century, when we might, with safety, be otherwise; but this is nothing new, nor the first time, by many, when national honour and interest have been sacrificed to private. It has always been so: and one may say, upon this occasion, what Horace says upon another, *Nam fuit ante Helenam*.

I have seen *les Contes de Guillaume Vadé*, and like most of them so little, that I can hardly think them Voltaire's, but rather the scraps that have fallen from his table, and been worked up by inferior workmen, under his name. I have not seen the other book you mention, the *Dictionnaire Portatif*. It is not yet come over.

I shall next week go to take my winter-quarters in London, the weather here being very cold and damp, and not proper for an old, shattered, and cold carcass, like mine. In November I will go to the Bath, to careen myself for the winter, and to shift the scene. Good night.

LETTER CCCXLIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, October the 19th, 1764.

YESTERDAY morning Mr. * * came to me, from Lord Halifax, to ask me whether I thought you would approve of vacating your seat in Parliament, during the remainder of it, upon a valuable consideration, meaning *money*. My answer was, that I really did not know your disposition upon that subject; but that I knew you would be very willing, in general, to accommodate them, as far as lay in your power. That your Election, to my knowledge, had cost you two thousand pounds; that this Parliament had not sat above half its time; and that, for my part, I approved of the measure well enough, provided you had an equitable equivalent. I take it for granted, that you will have a letter from —, by this post, to that effect, so that you must consider what you will do. What I advise, is this; give them a good deal of *Galbanum* in the first part of your letter. *Le Galbanum ne coute rien*; and then say, that you are willing to do as they please; but that you hope an equitable consideration will be had to the two thousand pounds, which your seat cost you in the present Parliament, of which not above half the term is expired. Moreover, that you take the liberty to remind them, that your being sent for from Ratisbon, last session, when you were just settled there, put you to the expense of three or four hundred pounds, for which you were allowed nothing; and that, therefore, you hope they will not think one thousand pounds too much, considering all these circumstances; but that, in all events, you will do whatever they desire. Upon the whole, I think this proposal advantageous to you, as you probably will not make use of your

seat this Parliament; and further, as it will secure you from another unpaid journey from Dresden, in case they meet, or fear to meet with difficulties in any ensuing session of the present Parliament. Whatever one must do, one should do *de bonne grâce*. *Dixi*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCL.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 10th, 1764.

I AM much concerned at the account you gave me of yourself, in your last letter. There is to be sure, at such a town as Dresden, at least some one very skilful physician; whom I hope you have consulted; and I would have you acquaint him with all your several attacks of this nature, from your great one at Laubach, to your late one at Dresden: tell him too, that, in your last illness in England, the physicians mistook your case, and treated it as the gout, till Maty came, who treated it as a rheumatism, and cured you. In my own opinion, you have never had the gout, but always the rheumatism; which, to my knowledge, is as painful as the gout can possibly be, and should be treated in a quite different way; that is, by cooling medicines and regimen, instead of those inflammatory cordials which they always administer, where they suppose the gout, to keep it, as they say, out of the stomach.

I have been here now just a week; but have hitherto drank so little of the water, that I can neither speak well nor ill of it. The number of people in this place is infinite; but very few whom I know. Harte seems settled here for life. He is not well, that is certain; but not so ill neither as he thinks himself, or at least would be thought.

I long for your answer to my last letter, contain-

ing a certain proposal, which by this time, I suppose, has been made you, and which, in the main, I approve of your accepting.

God bless you, my dear friend, and send you better health! Adieu.

LETTER CCCL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, Feb. the 26th, 1765.

YOUR last letter, of the 5th, gave me as much pleasure as your former had given me uneasiness; and Larpent's acknowledgment of his negligence frees you from those suspicions, which I own I did entertain, and which I believe every one would, in the same concurrence of circumstances, have entertained. So much for that.

You may depend upon what I promised you, before Midsummer next, at farthest, and *at least*.

All I can say of the affair between you of the *Corps Diplomatique*, and the Saxon Ministers, is *que violâ bien du bruit pour une omelette au lard*. It will most certainly be soon made up; and in that negotiation show yourself as moderate and healing as your instructions from hence will allow, especially to Comte Flemming. The King of Prussia, I believe, has a mind to insult him personally, as an old enemy, or else to quarrel with Saxony, that dares not quarrel with him; but some of the *Corps Diplomatique* here assure me, it is only a pretence to recall his Envoy, and to send, when matters shall be made up, a little Secretary there, *à moins de frais*, as he does now to Paris and London.

Comte Brühl is much in fashion here; I like him mightily; he has very much *le ton de la bonne compagnie*. Poor Schrader died last Saturday, without the least pain or sickness. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, April the 22d, 1765.

THE day before yesterday I received your letter of the 3d instant. I find that your important affair of the Ceremonial is adjusted at last, as I foresaw it would be. Such *minuties* are often laid hold on as a pretence, for Powers who have a mind to quarrel; but are never tenaciously insisted upon, where there is neither interest nor inclination to break. Comte Flemming, though a hot, is a wise man; and I was sure, would not break both with England and Hanover, upon so trifling a point, especially during a minority. *A propos* of a minority; the King is to come to the House to-morrow, to recommend a bill to settle a Regency, in case of his demise while his successor is a minor. Upon the King's late illness, which was no trifling one, the whole nation cried out aloud for such a bill, for reasons which will readily occur to you, who know situations, persons, and characters here. I do not know the particulars of this intended bill; but I wish it may be copied exactly from that which was passed in the late King's time, when the present King was a minor. I am sure there cannot be a better.

You inquire about Monsieur de Guerchy's affair; and I will give you as succinct an account as I can, of so extraordinary and perplexed a transaction; but without giving you my own opinion of it, by the common post. You know what passed at first between Mr. de Guerchy and Monsieur D'Eon, in which, both our Ministers and Monsieur de Guerchy, from utter inexperience in business, puzzled themselves into disagreeable difficulties. About three or four months ago, Monsieur du Vergy published, in a *brochure*, a parcel of letters, from himself to the

Duc de Choiseul; in which he positively asserts, that Monsieur de Guerchy prevailed with him (Vergy) to come over into England to assassinate D'Eon; the words are, as well as I remember, *que ce n'étoit pas pour se servir de sa plume, mais de son Epée, qu'on le demandoit en Angleterre*. This accusation of assassination, you may imagine, shocked Monsieur de Guerchy, who complained bitterly to our Ministers; and they both puzzled on for some time, without doing any thing, because they did not know what to do. At last du Vergy, about two months ago, applied himself to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, and made oath, that Mr. de Guerchy had hired him (du Vergy) to assassinate D'Eon. Upon this deposition, the Grand Jury found a bill of intended murder against Monsieur de Guerchy; which bill, however, never came to the Petty Jury. The King granted a *noli prosequi* in favour of Monsieur de Guerchy; and the Attorney General is actually prosecuting du Vergy. Whether the King can grant a *noli prosequi* in a criminal case, and whether *le Droit des gens* extends to criminal cases, are two points which employ our domestic politicians, and the whole *Corps Diplomatique*. *Enfin*, to use a very coarse and vulgar saying, *il y a de la merde au bout du bâton, quelque part*.

I see and hear these storms from shore, *suave mari magno, &c.* I enjoy my own security and tranquillity, together with better health than I had reason to expect, at my age, and with my constitution: however, I feel a gradual decay, though a gentle one; and I think I shall not tumble, but slide gently to the bottom of the hill of life. When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am very weary. God bless you!

Mallet died, two days ago, of a diarrhœa, which he had carried with him to France, and brought back again hither.

LETTER CCCLIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, July the 2d, 1765.

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 22d past; and I delayed answering your former, in daily, or rather hourly expectation of informing you of the birth of a new Ministry; but in vain; for, after a thousand conferences, all things remain still in the state which I described to you in my last. Lord S. has, I believe, given you a pretty true account of the present state of things; but my Lord is much mistaken, I am persuaded, when he says, that *the King has thought proper to reestablish his old servants in the management of his affairs*; for he shows them all the public dislike possible; and, at his levee, hardly speaks to any of them; but speaks by the hour to any body else. Conferences, in the mean time, go on, of which it is easy to guess the main subject, but impossible, for me at least, to know the particulars; but this I will venture to prophesy, that the whole will soon centre in Mr. Pitt.

You seem not to know the character of the Queen: here it is—She is a good woman, a good wife, a tender mother; and an unmeddling Queen. The King loves her as a woman; but, I verily believe, has never yet spoken one word to her about business. I have now told you all that I know of these affairs; which, I believe, is as much as any body else knows, who is not in the secret. In the mean time, you easily guess, that surmises, conjectures, and reports are infinite; and if, as they say, truth is but one, one million at least of these reports must be false; for they differ exceedingly.

You have lost an honest servant, by the death of poor *Louis*; I would advise you to take a clever

young Saxon in his room, of whose character you may get authentic testimonies; instead of sending for one to France, whose character you can only know from far.

When I hear more, I will write more; till when, God bless you!

LETTER CCCLIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, July the 15th, 1765.

I TOLD you in my last, that you should hear from me again, as soon as I had any thing more to write; and now I have too much to write, therefore will refer you to the Gazette, and the office letters, for all that has been done; and advise you to suspend your opinion, as I do, about all that is to be done. Many more changes are talked of; but so idly, and variously, that I give credit to none of them. There has been pretty clean sweeping already; and I do not remember, in my time, to have seen so much at once, as an entire new Board of Treasury, and two new Secretaries of State, *cum multis aliis, &c.*

Here is a new political arch almost built, but of materials of so different a nature, and without a key-stone, that it does not, in my opinion, indicate either strength or duration. It will certainly require repairs, and a key-stone, next winter; and that key-stone will, and must necessarily be Mr. Pitt. It is true, he might have been that key-stone now; and would have accepted it, but not without Lord Temple's consent; and Lord Temple positively refused. There was evidently some trick in this, but what, is past my conjecturing. *Darus sum non Oedipus.*

There is a manifest interregnum in the Treasury; for I do suppose that Lord Rockingham and Mr. Dowdeswell will not think proper to be very active.

General Conway, who is your Secretary, has certainly parts at least equal to his business, to which I dare say he will apply. The same may be said, I believe, of the Duke of Grafton; and indeed there is no magic requisite for the executive part of those employments. The ministerial part is another thing; they must scramble with their fellow servants, for power and favour, as well as they can. Foreign affairs are not so much as mentioned, and, I verily believe, not thought of. But, surely, some counter-balance would be necessary to the Family Compact; and, if not soon contracted, will be too late. God bless you!

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LETTER CCCLV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Aug. the 17th, 1765.

You are now two letters in my debt; and I fear the gout has been the cause of your contracting that debt. When you are not able to write yourself, let your Secretary send me two or three lines to acquaint me how you are.

You have now seen, by the London Gazette, what changes have really been made at Court; but, at the same time, I believe you have seen that there must be more, before a Ministry can be settled; what those will be, God knows. Were I to conjecture, I should say, that the whole will centre, before it is long, in Mr. Pitt and Co., the present being an heterogeneous jumble of youth and caducity, which cannot be efficient.

Charles Townshend calls the present, a Lutestring Ministry; fit only for the summer. The next session will be not only a warm, but a violent one, as you will easily judge, if you look over the names of the *ins* and of the *outs*.

I feel this beginning of the autumn, which is already very cold: the leaves are withered, fall apace, and seem to intimate that I must follow them; which I shall do without reluctance, being extremely weary of this silly world. God bless you, both in it and after it!

LETTER CCCLVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Aug. the 25th, 1765.

I RECEIVED but four days ago your letter of the 2d instant. I find by it that you are well, for you are in good spirits. Your notion of the new birth, or regeneration of the Ministry, is a very just one; and that they have not yet the true seal of the covenant is, I dare say, very true; at least, it is not in the possession of either of the Secretaries of State, who have only the King's seal; nor do I believe (whatever his Grace may imagine) that it is even in the possession of the Lord Privy Seal. I own I am lost, in considering the present situation of affairs; different conjectures present themselves to my mind, but none that it can rest upon. The next session must necessarily clear up matters a good deal; for I believe it will be the warmest and most acrimonious one that has been known, since that of the Excise. The late Ministry, *the present Opposition*, are determined to attack Lord B—— publicly in Parliament, and reduce the late Opposition, *the present Ministry*, to protect him publicly, in consequence of their supposed treaty with him. *En attendant mieux*, the paper war is carried on with much fury and scurrility on all sides, to the great entertainment of such lazy and impartial people as myself. I do not know whether you have the *Daily Advertiser* and the *Public Advertiser*; in which all

the political letters are inserted, and some very well written ones on both sides; but I know that they amuse me, *tant bien que mal*, for an hour or two every morning. Lord T—— is the supposed author of the pamphlet you mention; but I think it is above him. Perhaps his brother C—— T——, who is by no means satisfied with the present arrangement, may have assisted him privately. As to this latter, there was a good ridiculous paragraph in the newspapers, two or three days ago: *We hear that the Right Honourable Mr. C—— T—— is indisposed at his house in Oxfordshire, of a pain in his side; but it is not said in which side.*•

I do not find that the Duke of York has yet visited you; if he should, it may be expensive, *mais on trouvera moyen*. As for the Lady, if you should be very sharp set for some English flesh, she has it amply in her power to supply you, if she pleases. Pray tell me, in your next, what you think of, and how you like, Prince Henry of Prussia. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR great character of Prince Henry, which I take to be a very just one, lowers the King of Prussia's a great deal; and probably that is the cause of their being so ill together. But the King of Prussia, with his good parts, should reflect upon that trite and true maxim, *Qui invidet minor*, or Mr. de la Rochefoucault's *Que l'envie est la plus basse de toutes les passions, puisqu'on avoue bien des crimes, mais que personne n'avoue l'envie*. I thank God, I never was sensible of that dark and vile passion, except, that formerly I have sometimes envied a successful rival

with a fine woman. But now that cause is ceased, and consequently the effects.

What shall I, or rather what can I tell you of the political world here? The late Ministers accuse the present with having done nothing; the present accuse the late ones with having done much worse than nothing. Their writers abuse one another most scurrilously, but sometimes with wit. I look upon this to be *peloter en attendant partie*, till battle begins in St. Stephen's Chapel. How that will end, I protest I cannot conjecture; any farther than this, that, if Mr. Pitt does not come in to the assistance of the present Ministers, they will have much to do to stand their ground. C—— T—— will play booty; and whom else have they? Nobody but C——; who has only good sense, but not the necessary talents nor experience, *A're ciere viros martemque ascendere cantu*. I never remember, in all my time, to have seen so problematical a state of affairs; and a man would be much puzzled which side to bet on.

Your guest, Miss C——, is another problem which I cannot solve. She no more wanted the waters of Carlsbadt, than you did. Is it to show the Duke of K——, that he cannot live without her? A dangerous experiment! which may possibly convince him that he can. There is a trick, no doubt, in it; but what, I neither know nor care; you did very well to show her civilities, *cela ne gâte jamais rien*. I will go to my waters, that is, the Bath waters, in three weeks or a month, more for the sake of bathing than of drinking. The hot bath always promotes my perspiration, which is sluggish, and supple my stiff rheumatic limbs. *D'ailleurs*, I am at present as well, and better, than I could reasonably expect to be, *anno septuagesimo primo*. May you be so as long, *y mas*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, October the 25th, 1765.

I RECEIVED your letter of the 10th *sonica* ; for I set out for Bath to-morrow morning. If the use of those waters does me no good, the shifting the scene for some time will at least amuse me a little ; and at my age, and with my infirmities, *il faut faire de tout bois flèche*. Some variety is as necessary for the mind, as some medicines are for the body.

Here is a total stagnation of politics, which, I suppose, will continue till the Parliament sits to do business, and that will not be till about the middle of January ; for the meeting on the 17th December is only for the sake of some new writs. The late Ministers threaten the present ones ; but the latter do not seem in the least afraid of the former, and for a very good reason, which is, that they have the distribution of the loaves and fishes. I believe it is very certain that Mr. Pitt will never come into this or any other Administration ; he is absolutely a cripple all the year, and in violent pain at least half of it. Such physical ills are great checks to two of the strongest passions, to which human nature is liable, love and ambition. Though I cannot persuade myself that the present Ministry can be long-lived, I can as little imagine, who or what can succeed them, *telle est la disette de sujets Papables*. The Duke of — swears, that he will have Lord — personally attacked in both Houses ; but I do not see how, without endangering himself at the same time.

Miss C—— is safely arrived here, and her Duke is fonder of her than ever. It was a dangerous ex-

periment that she tried, in leaving him so long ; but it seems she knew her man.

I pity you, for the inundation of your good countrymen, which overwhelms you ; *je sais ce qu'en vaut l'aune*. It is, besides, expensive ; but, as I look upon the expense to be the least evil of the two, I will see if a New year's gift will not make it up.

As I am now upon the wing, I will only add, God bless you !

LETTER CCCLIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 28th, 1765.

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 10th. I have now been here near a month, bathing and drinking the waters, for complaints much of the same kind as yours ; I mean pains in my legs, hips, and arms ; whether gouty or rheumatic, God knows ; but, I believe, both, that fight without a decision in favour of either, and have absolutely reduced me to the miserable situation of the Sphynx's riddle, to walk upon three legs ; that is, with the assistance of my stick, to walk, or rather hobble very indifferently. I wish it were a declared gout, which is the distemper of a gentleman ; whereas the rheumatism is the distemper of a hackney-coachman or chairman, who are obliged to be out in all weathers and at all hours.

I think you will do very right to ask leave, and I dare say you will easily get it, to go to the baths in Suabia ; that is, supposing you have consulted some skilful physician, if such a one there be, either at Dresden or at Læipsic, about the nature of your distemper, and the nature of those baths ; but, *suos quisque patimur manes*. We have but a bad bargain, God knows, of this life, and patience is the only way

not to make bad worse. Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here, with a very real gout, and not a political one as is often suspected.

Here has been a congress of most of the *ex Ministres*. If they have raised a battery, as I suppose they have, it is a masked one, for nothing has transpired; only they confess, that they intend a most vigorous attack. *D'ailleurs*, there seems to be a total suspension of all business, till the meeting of the Parliament, and then *Signa canant*. I am very glad that, at this time, you are out of it; and for reasons that I need not mention: you would certainly have been sent for over, and, as before, not paid for your journey.

Poor Harte is very ill, and condemned to the Hotwell at Bristol. He is a better poet than philosopher; for all this illness and melancholy proceeds originally from the ill success of his *Gustavus Adolphus*. He is grown extremely devout, which I am very glad of, because that is always a comfort to the afflicted.

I cannot present Mr. Iarpent with my New year's gift, till I come to town, which will be before Christmas, at farthest; till when, God bless you! Adieu.

LETTER CCCLX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, December the 27th, 1765.

I ARRIVED here from Bath last Monday, rather, but not much, better than when I went thither. My rheumatic pains, in my legs and hips, plague me still; and I must never expect to be quite free from them.

You have, to be sure, had from the office an account of what the Parliament did, or rather did not do, the day of their meeting: and the same point will

be the great object at their next meeting ; I mean the affair of our American Colonies, relatively to the late imposed Stamp duty ; which our Colonists absolutely refuse to pay. The Administration are for some indulgence and forbearance to those froward children of their mother country : the Opposition are for taking vigorous, as they call them, but I call them violent measures ; not less than *les dragonades* ; and to have the tax collected by the troops we have there. For my part, I never saw a froward child mended by whipping : and I would not have the mother country become a stepmother. Our trade to America brings in, *communibus annis*, two millions a year ; and the Stamp-duty is estimated at but one hundred thousand pounds a year ; which I would by no means bring into the stock of the Exchequer, at the loss, or even the risk of a million a year to the national stock.

I do not tell you of the Garter, given away yesterday, because the newspapers will ; but I must observe, that the Prince of Brunswick's riband is a mark of great distinction to that family ; which, I believe, is the first (except our own Royal family) that has ever had two blue ribands at a time ; but it must be owned they deserve them.

One hears of nothing now, in town, but the separation of men and their wives. Will Finch the ex-vice Chamberlain, Lord Warwick, and your friend Lord Bolingbroke. I wonder at none of them for parting ; but I wonder at many for still living together ; for in this country, it is certain, that marriage is not well understood.

I have this day sent Mr. Larpent two hundred pounds for your Christmas-box, which I suppose he will inform you of by this post. Make this Christmas as merry a one as you can ; for *pour le peu de bon tems qui nous reste, rien n'est si funeste qu'un noir chagrin*. For the new years ; God send you many, and happy ones ! Adieu.

LETTER CCCLXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 11th, 1766.

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 25th past; and your former, which you mention in it, but ten days ago; this may easily be accounted for from the badness of the weather, and consequently of the roads. I hardly remember so severe a winter; it has occasioned many illnesses here. I am sure it pinched my crazy carcass so much, that, about three weeks ago, I was obliged to be let blood twice in four days; which I found afterwards was very necessary, by the relief it gave to my head, and to the rheumatic pains in my limbs; and from the execrable kind of blood which I lost.

Perhaps you expect from me a particular account of the present state of affairs here; but, if you do, you will be disappointed; for no man living (and I still less than any one) knows what it is; it varies, not only daily, but hourly. Most people think, and I among the rest, that the date of the present Ministers is pretty near out; but how soon we are to have a new style, God knows. This, however, is certain, that the Ministers had a contested election in the House of Commons, and got it but by eleven votes; too small a majority to carry any thing: the next day they lost a question in the House of Lords, by three. The question in the House of Lords was, to enforce the execution of the Stamp act in the Colonies *vi et armis*. What conclusions you will draw from these premises, I do not know: I protest I draw none; but only stare at the present undecipherable state of affairs, which, in fifty years experience, I have never seen any thing like. The Stamp act has proved a most pernicious measure; for, whether it is repealed

or not, which is still very doubtful, it has given such terror to the Americans, that our trade with them will not be, for some years, what it used to be. Great numbers of our manufacturers at home will be turned a starving, for want of that employment, which our very profitable trade to America found them: and hunger is always the cause of tumults and sedition.

As you have escaped a fit of the gout in this severe cold weather, it is to be hoped you may be entirely free from it, till next winter at least.

P. S. Lord —, having parted with his wife, now keeps another w—e, at a great expense. I fear he is totally undone.

LETTER CCCLXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 17th, 1766.

You wrong me, in thinking me in your debt; for I never receive a letter of yours, but I answer it by the next post, or the next but one, at farthest: but I can easily conceive that my two last letters to you may have been drowned or frozen in their way; for portents, and prodigies of frost, snow, and inundations, have been so frequent this winter, that they have almost lost their names.

You tell me that you are going to the baths of *Baden*; but that puzzles me a little, so I recommend this letter to the care of Mr. Larpent, to forward to you; for *Baden* I take to be the general German word for baths, and the particular ones are distinguished by some epithet, as *Weissbaden*, *Carlsbaden*, &c. I hope they are not cold baths, which I have a very ill opinion of, in all arthritic or rheumatic cases; and your case I take to be a compound of both, but rather more of the latter.

You will probably wonder that I tell you nothing of public matters ; upon which I shall be as secret as Hotspur's gentle Kate, who would not tell what she did not know ; but, what is singular, nobody seems to know any more of them than I do. People gape, stare, conjecture, and refine. Changes of the Ministry, or in the Ministry, at least are daily reported and foretold ; but of what kind, God only knows. It is also very doubtful whether Mr. Pitt will come into the Administration or not ; the two present Secretaries are extremely desirous that he should ; but the others think of the horse that called the man to its assistance. I will say nothing to you about American affairs, because I have not pens, ink, or paper enough to give you an intelligible account of them. They have been the subjects of warm and acrimonious debates, both in the Lords and Commons, and in all companies.

The repeal of the Stamp act is at last carried through. I am glad of it, and gave my proxy for it ; because I saw many more inconveniences from the enforcing, than from the repealing it.

Colonel Browne was with me the other day, and assured me that he left you very well. He said that he saw me at Spa ; but I did not remember him ; though I remember his two brothers, the Colonel and the ravisher, very well. Your Saxon Colonel has the brogue exceedingly. Present my respects to Count Flemming ; I am very sorry for the Countess's illness ; she was a most well bred woman.

You would hardly think that I gave a dinner to the Prince of Brunswick, your old acquaintance. I am glad it is over ; but I could not avoid it. *Il m'a-voit accablé de politesses.* God bless you !

LETTER CCCLXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, June the 13th, 1766.

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 30th past. I waited with impatience for it, not having received one from you of six weeks; nor your mother neither, who began to be very sure that you were dead, if not buried. You should write to her once a week, or at least once a fortnight; for women make no allowance for either business or laziness; whereas I can, by experience, make allowances for both: however, I wish you would generally write to me once a fortnight.

Last week I paid my Midsummer offering, of five hundred pounds, to Mr. Larpent, for your use, as I suppose he has informed you. I am punctual, you must allow.

What account shall I give you of Ministerial affairs here? I protest I do not know: your own description of them is as exact a one as any I, who am upon the place, can give you. It is a total dislocation and *dérangement*; consequently, a total inefficiency. When the Duke of Grafton quitted the seals, he gave that very reason for it, in a speech in the House of Lords; he declared, *that he had no objection to the persons or to the measures of the present Ministers; but that he thought they wanted strength and efficiency to carry on proper measures with success; and that he knew but one man (meaning, as you will easily suppose, Mr. Pitt) who could give them that strength and solidity; that, under this person, he should be willing to serve in any capacity, not only as a General Officer, but as a pioneer; and would take up a spade and a mattock.* When he quitted the seals, they were offered first to Lord Egmont, then to Lord Hardwicke; who both

declined them, probably for the same reasons that made the Duke of Grafton resign them: but, after their going a begging for some time, the Duke of—— begged them, and has them *faute de mieux*. Lord Mountstuart was never thought of for Vienna, where Lord Stormont returns in three months: the former is going to be married to one of the Miss Windsors, a great fortune. To tell you the speculations, the reasonings, and the conjectures, either of the uninformed, or even of the best informed public, upon the present wonderful situation of affairs, would take up much more time and paper than either you or I can afford, though we have neither of us a great deal of business at present.

I am in as good health as I could reasonably expect, at my age, and with my shattered carcass; that is, from the waist upwards: but downwards it is not the same; for my limbs retain that stiffness and debility of my long rheumatism, I cannot walk half an hour at a time. As the autumn, and still more as the winter approaches, take care to keep yourself very warm, especially your legs and feet.

Lady Chesterfield sends you her compliments, and triumphs in the success of her plaster. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, July the 11th, 1766.

You are a happy mortal, to have your time thus employed between the Great and the Fair; I hope you do the honours of your country to the latter. The Emperor by your account, seems to be very well for an Emperor; who, by being above the other Monarchs in Europe, may justly be supposed to have had a proportionably worse education. I find, by

your account of him, that he has been trained up to homicide, the only science in which Princes are ever instructed ; and with good reason, as their greatness and glory singly depend upon the numbers of their fellow-creatures, which their ambition exterminates. If a Sovereign should, by great accident, deviate into moderation, justice, and clemency, what a contemptible figure would he make in the catalogue of Princes ! I have always owned a great regard for King Log. From the interview at Torgaw, between the two Monarchs, they will be either a great deal better, or worse together ; but I think rather the latter ; for our namesake, Philip de Comines, observes, that he never knew any good come from *l'abouchement des Rois*. The King of Prussia will exert all his perspicacity, to analyse his Imperial Majesty ; and I would bet upon the one head of his Black Eagle, against the two heads of the Austrian Eagle ; though two heads are said, proverbially, to be better than one. I wish I had the direction of both the Monarchs, and they should, together with some of their Allies, take Lorraine and Alsace from France. You will call me *l'Abbé de St. Pierre* ; but I only say what I wish ; whereas he thought every thing that he wished, practicable.

Now to come home. Here are great bustles at Court, and a great change of persons is certainly very near. You will ask me, perhaps, who is to be out, and who is to be in ? To which I answer, I do not know. My conjecture is, that, be the new settlement what it will, Mr. Pitt will be at the head of it. If he is, I presume *qu'il aura mis de l'Eau dans son Vin par rapport à Mylord B*—— ; when that shall come to be known, as known it certainly will soon be, he may bid adieu to his popularity. A Minister, as Minister, is very apt to be the object of public dislike ; and a Favourite, as Favourite, still more so. If any event of this kind happens, which (if it happens at all) I conjecture will be some time next week, you shall hear farther from me.

I will follow your advice, and be as well as I can next winter, though I know I shall never be free from my flying rheumatic pains, as long as I live; but whether that will be many years or few is extremely indifferent to me: in either case, God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, August the 1st, 1766.

THE curtain was at last ~~dawn~~ up, the day before yesterday, and discovered the new actors, together with some of the old ones. I do not name them to you, because to-morrow's Gazette will do it full as well as I could. Mr. Pitt, who had *carte blanche* given him, named every one of them: but what would you think he named himself for? Lord Privy Seal; and (what will astonish you, as it does every mortal here) Earl of Chatham. The joke here is, that he has had *a fall up stairs*, and has done himself so much hurt, that he will never be able to stand upon his legs again. Every body is puzzled how to account for this step; though it would not be the first time that great abilities have been duped by low cunning. But, be it what it will, he is now, certainly, only Earl of Chatham; and no longer Mr. Pitt, in any respect whatever. Such an event, I believe, was never read nor heard of. To withdraw, in the fulness of his power, and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, from the House of Commons (which procured him his power, and which could alone insure it to him), and to go into that Hospital of Incurables, the House of Lords, is a measure so unaccountable, that nothing but proof positive could have made me believe it: but true it is. Hans Stanley is to go Ambassador to Russia; and my Nephew, Ellis, to Spain,

decorated with the red riband. Lord Shelburne is your Secretary of State, which I suppose he has notified to you this post, by a circular letter. Charles Townshend has now the sole management of the House of Commons; but how long he will be content to be only Lord Chatham's vicegerent there, is a question which I will not pretend to decide. There is one very bad sign for Lord Chatham, in his new dignity; which is, that all his enemies, without exception, rejoice at it; and all his friends are stupified and dumbfounded. If I mistake not much, he will, in the course of a year, enjoy perfect *otium cum dignitate*. Enough of politics.

Is the fair, or at least the fat, Miss C—— with you still? It must be confessed that she knows the arts of Courts; to be so received at Dresden, and so connived at in Leicester-fields.

There never was so wet a summer as this has been, in the memory of man; we have not had one single day, since March, without some rain; but most days a great deal. I hope that does not affect your health, as great cold does; for, with all these inundations, it has not been cold. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Aug. the 14th, 1766.
I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 30th past; and I find by it, that it crossed mine upon the road, where they had no time to take notice of one another.

The newspapers have informed you, before now, of the changes actually made; more will probably follow, but what, I am sure, I cannot tell you; and I believe nobody can, not even those who are to

make them: they will, I suppose, be occasional, as people behave themselves. The causes and consequences of Mr. Pitt's quarrel now appear in print, in a pamphlet published by Lord T——; and in a refutation of it, not by Mr. Pitt himself, I believe, but by some friend of his, and under his sanction. The former is very scurrilous and scandalous and betrays private conversation. My Lord says, that in his last conference, he thought he had as good a right to nominate the new Ministry as Mr. Pitt, and consequently named Lord G——, Lord L——, &c. for Cabinet Council employments; which Mr. Pitt not consenting to, Lord T—— broke up the conference, and in his wrath went to Stowe; where, I presume, he may remain undisturbed a great while, since Mr. Pitt will neither be willing nor able to send for him again. The pamphlet, on the part of Mr. Pitt, gives an account of his whole political life; and, in that respect, is tedious to those who were acquainted with it before; but, at the latter end, there is an article that expresses such supreme contempt of Lord T——, and in so pretty a manner, that I suspect it to be Mr. Pitt's own: you shall judge yourself, for I here transcribe the article.—“But this I will be bold to say, that had he (Lord T——) not fastened himself into Mr. Pitt's train, and acquired thereby such an interest in that great man, he might have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in; and gone off with no other degree of credit, than that of adding a single unit to the bills of mortality.”—I wish I could send you all the pamphlets and half sheets that swarm here upon this occasion; but that is impossible; for every week would make a ship's cargo. It is certain that Mr. Pitt has, by his dignity of Earl, lost the greatest part of his popularity, especially in the City; and I believe the Opposition will be very strong, and perhaps prevail, next session, in the House of Commons; there being

now nobody there, who can have the authority and ascendant over them that Pitt had.

People tell me here, as young Harvey told you at Dresden, that I look very well; but these are words of course, which every one says to every body. So far is true, that I am better than at my age, and with my broken constitution, I could have expected to be. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Sept. the 12th, 1766.

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 27th past. I was in hopes that your course of waters this year, at Baden, would have given you a longer reprieve from your painful complaint. If I do not mistake, you carried over with you some of Dr. Monsey's powders; Have you taken any of them, and have they done you any good? I know they did me a great deal. I, who pretend to some skill in physic, advise a cool regimen, and cooling medicines.

I do not wonder, that you do wonder at Lord C——'s conduct. If he was not outwitted into his Peerage by Lord B——, his accepting it is utterly inexplicable. The instruments he has chosen for the great Offices, I believe, will never fit the same case. It was cruel to put such a boy as Lord G—— over the head of old Ligonier; and if I had been the former, I would have refused that commission, during the life of that honest and brave old General. All this to quiet the Duke of R—— to a resignation, and to make Lord B—— Lieutenant of Ireland, where, I will venture to prophesy, that he will not do. Ligonier was much pressed to give up his

regiment of guards, but would by no means do it ; and declared, that the King might break him, if he pleased, but that he would certainly not break himself.

I have no political events to inform you of ; they will not be ripe till the meeting of the Parliament. Immediately upon the receipt of this letter, write me one, to acquaint me how you are.

God bless you ; and, particularly, may he send you health, for that is the greatest blessing !

LETTER CCCLXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, Sept. the 30th, 1766.

I RECEIVED, yesterday, with great pleasure, your letter of the 18th, by which I consider this last ugly bout as over ; and, to prevent its return, I greatly approve of your plan for the South of France, where I recommend for your principal residence, Pezenas, Toulouse, or Bordeaux ; but do not be persuaded to go to Aix en Provence, which by experience I know to be at once the hottest and the coldest place in the world, from the ardour of the Provençal Sun, and the sharpness of the Alpine winds. I also earnestly recommend to you, for your complaint upon your breast, to take, twice a day, asses' or (what is better) mares' milk, and that for these six months at least. Mingle turnips, as much as you can, with your diet.

I have written, as you desired, to Mr. Secretary Conway ; but I will answer for it, there will be no difficulty to obtain the leave you ask.

There is no new event in the political world, since my last ; so God bless you !

LETTER CCCLXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, October the 29th, 1766.

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 17th. I am glad to hear that your breast is so much better. You will find both asses' and mares' milk enough in the South of France, where it was much drunk when I was there. Guy Patin recommends to a patient to have no Doctor but a Horse, and no Apothecary but an Ass. As for your pains and weakness in your limbs, *je vous en offre autant*; I have never been free from them since my last rheumatism. I use my legs as much as I can, and you should do so too, for disuse makes them worse. I cannot now use them long at a time, because of the weakness of old age; but I contrive to get, by different snatches, at least two hours walking every day, either in my garden or within doors, as the weather permits. I set out to-morrow for Bath, in hopes of half repairs, for Medea's kettle could not give me whole ones; the timbers of my wretched vessel are too much decayed to be fitted out again for use. I shall see poor Harte there, who, I am told, is in a miserable way, between some real and some imaginary distempers.

I send you no political news, for one reason, among, others, which is, that I know none. Great expectations are raised of this session, which meets the 11th of next month: but of what kind nobody knows, and consequently every body conjectures variously. Lord Chatham comes to town to-morrow, from Bath, where he has been to refit himself for the winter campaign: he has hitherto but an indifferent set of *Aides de Camp*; and where he will find better, I do not know. Charles Townshend and he are already upon ill terms. *Enfin je n'y vois goutte*; and so God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, November the 15th, 1766.

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 5th instant, from Basle. I am very glad to find that your breast is relieved, though, perhaps at the expense of your legs: for, if the humour be either gouty or rheumatic, it had better be in your legs than any where else. I have consulted Moisy, the great physician of this place, upon it; who says, that at this distance he dares not prescribe any thing, as there may be such different causes for your complaint, which must be well weighed by a physician upon the spot: that is, in short, that he knows nothing of the matter. I will therefore tell you my own case, in 1732, which may be something parallel to yours. I had that year been dangerously ill of a fever, in Holland; and when I was recovered of it, the febrile humour fell into my legs, and swelled them to that degree, and chiefly in the evening, that it was as painful to me, as it was shocking to others. I came to England with them in this condition; and consulted Mead, Broxholme, and Arbuthnot, who none of them did me the least good; but on the contrary, increased the swelling, by applying poultices and emollients. In this condition I remained near six months, till, finding that the doctors could do me no good, I resolved to consult Palmer, the most eminent surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital. He immediately told me, that the physicians had pursued a very wrong method, as the swelling of my legs proceeded only from a relaxation and weakness of the cutaneous vessels; and he must apply strengtheners instead of emollients. Accordingly he ordered me to put my legs, up to the knees, every morning, in brine from the salters, as hot as I could bear it:

the brine must have had meat salted in it. I did so; and after having thus pickled my legs for about three weeks, the complaint absolutely ceased, and I have never had the least swelling in them since. After what I have said, I must caution you not to use the same remedy rashly, and without the most skilful advice you can find, where you are; for if your swelling proceeds from a gouty, or rheumatic humour, there may be great danger in applying so powerful an astringent, and perhaps *repellent*, as brine. So go *piano*, and not without the best advice, upon a view of the parts.

I shall direct all my letters to you *Chez Monsieur Sarrazin*, who by his trade is, I suppose, *sédentaire* at Basle, which it is not sure that you will be at any one place, in the South of France. Do you know that he is a descendant of the French Poet Sarrazin?

Poor Harte, whom I frequently go to see here, out of compassion, is in a most miserable way; he has had a stroke of the palsy, which has deprived him of the use of his right leg, affected his speech a good deal, and perhaps his head a little. Such are the intermediate tributes that we are forced to pay, in some shape or other, to our wretched nature, till we pay the last great one of all. May you pay this very late, and as few intermediate tributes as possible; and so *jubeo te bene valere*. God bless you.

LETTER CCCLXXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 9th, 1766.

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 26th past. I am very glad that you begin to feel the good effects of the climate where you are; I know it saved my life, in 1741, when both the skilful and the unskilful gave me over. In that ramble I stayed

three or four days at Nîmes, where there are more remains of antiquity, I believe, than in any town in Europe, Italy excepted. What is falsely called *la maison quarrée*, is, in my mind, the finest piece of architecture that I ever saw; and the Amphitheatre the clumsiest and the ugliest; if it were in England, every body would swear it had been built by Sir John Vanbrugh.

This place is, now, just what you have seen it formerly; here is a great crowd of trifling and unknown people, whom I seldom frequent, in the public rooms; so that I pass my time *très-uniment*, in taking the air in my post-chaise every morning, and reading in the evenings. And *à propos* of the latter, I shall point out a book, which, I believe, will give you some pleasure; at least it gave me a great deal: I never read it before. It is *Réflexions sur la Poésie et la Peinture, par l'Abbé de Bos*, in two octavo volumes; and is, I suppose, to be had at every great town in France. The criticisms and the reflections are just and lively.

It may be you expect some political news from me; but I can tell you that you will have none; for no mortal can comprehend the present state of affairs. Eight or nine people, of some consequence, have resigned their employments; upon which Lord C—— made overtures to the Duke of B—— and his people; but they could by no means agree, and his Grace went, the next day, full of wrath, to Woburn; so that negotiation is entirely at an end. People wait to see who Lord C—— will take in, for some he must have; even *he* cannot be alone, *contra Mundum*. Such a state of affairs, to be sure, was never seen before, in this or in any other country. When this Ministry shall be settled, it will be the sixth Ministry in six years time.

Poor Harte is here, and in a most miserable condition; those who wish him the best, as I do, must wish him dead. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 13th, 1767.

IT is so long since I have had a letter from you, that I am alarmed about your health: and fear, that the southern parts of France have not done so well by you, as they did by me in the year 1741, when they snatched me from the jaws of death. Let me know, upon the receipt of this letter, how you are, and where you are.

I have no news to send you from hence; for every thing seems suspended both in the Court and in the Parliament, till Lord Chatham's return from the Bath, where he has been laid up this month, by a severe fit of the gout; and, at present, he has the sole apparent power. In what little business has hitherto been done in the House of Commons, Charles Townshend has given himself more Ministerial airs than Lord Chatham will, I believe, approve of. However, since Lord Chatham has thought fit to withdraw himself from that House, he cannot well do without Charles's abilities to manage it as his Deputy.

I do not send you an account of weddings, births, and burials, as I take it for granted that you know them all from the English printed papers; some of which, I presume, are sent after you. Your old acquaintance, Lord Essex, is to be married this week to Harriet Bladen, who has £20,000 down, besides the reasonable expectation of as much at the death of her father. My kinsman, Lord Strathmore, is to be married, in a fortnight, to Miss Bowes, the greatest heiress, perhaps, in Europe. In short, the matrimonial frenzy seems to rage at present, and is epidemical. The men marry for money, and I believe you guess what the women marry for. God bless you, and send you health!

LETTER CCCLXXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, March the 3d, 1767.

YESTERDAY I received two letters at once from you, both dated Montpellier; one of the 29th of last December, and the other, the 12th of February: but I cannot conceive what became of my letters to you; for I assure you that I answered all yours the next post after I received them; and, about ten days ago, I wrote you a volunteer, because you had been so long silent; and I was afraid that you were not well; but your letter of the 12th February has removed all my fears upon that score. The same climate that has restored your health so far, will probably, in a little more time, restore your strength too; though you must not expect it to be quite what it was before your late painful complaints. At least I find, that, since my late great rheumatism, I cannot walk above half an hour at a time, which I do not place singly to the account of my years, but chiefly to the great shock given then to my limbs. *D'ailleurs* I am pretty well for my age and shattered constitution.

As I told you in my last, I must tell you again in this, that I have no news to send. Lord Chatham, at last, came to town yesterday, full of gout, and is not able to stir hand or foot. During his absence, Charles Townshend has talked of him and at him, in such a manner, that henceforwards they must be either much worse or much better together than ever they were in their lives. On Friday last, Mr. Dowdeswell and Mr. Grenville moved to have one shilling in the pound of the land tax taken off; which was opposed by the Court; but the Court lost it by eighteen. The Opposition triumph much

upon this victory ; though, I think, without reason ; for it is plain that all the landed gentlemen bribed themselves with this shilling in the pound.

The Duke of Buccleugh is very soon to be married to Lady Betty Montague. Lord Essex was married, yesterday, to Harriet Bladen ; and Lord Strathmore, last week, to Miss Bowes ; both couples went directly from the church to consummation in the country, from an unnecessary fear that they should not be tired of each other, if they stayed in town. And now *dirixi* ; God bless you !

You are in the right to go to see the Assembly of the States of Languedoc, though they are but the shadow of the original *Etats*, while there was some liberty subsisting in France.

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, April the 6th, 1767.

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Nîmes, by which I find that several of our letters have reciprocally miscarried. This may probably have the same fate ; however, if it reaches Monsieur Sarrazin, I presume he will know where to take his aim at you : for I find you are in motion, and with a Polarity to Dresden. I am very glad to find by it, that your Meridional journey has perfectly recovered you, as to your general state of health ; for as to your legs and thighs, you must never expect that they will be restored to their original strength and activity, after so many rheumatic attacks as you have had. I know that my limbs, besides the natural debility of old age, have never recovered the severe attack of rheumatism that plagued me five or six years ago. I cannot now walk above half an hour at a time, and even that in a hobbling kind of way.

I can give you no account of our political world, which is in a situation that I never saw in my whole life. Lord Chatham has been so ill, these last two months, that he has not been able (some say not willing) to do or hear of any business: and for his *sous Ministres*, they either cannot, or dare not, do any, without his directions; so that every thing is now at a stand. This situation, I think, cannot last much longer; and if Lord Chatham should either quit his post, or the world, neither of which is very improbable, I conjecture, that what is called the Rockingham Connexion, stands the fairest for the Ministry. But this is merely my conjecture; for I have neither *data* nor *postulata* enough to reason upon.

When you get to Dresden, which I hope you will not do till next month, our correspondence will be more regular. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, May the 5th, 1767.

By your letter of the 25th past, from Basle, I presume this will find you at Dresden, and accordingly I direct to you there. When you write me word that you are at Dresden, I will return you an answer, with something better than the answer itself. If you complain of the weather, north of Besançon, what would you say to the weather that we have had here, for these last two months, uninterruptedly? Snow often, north-east wind constantly, and extreme cold. I write this by the side of a good fire; and at this moment it snows very hard. All my promised

fruit at Blackheath is quite destroyed ; and, what is worse, many of my trees.

I cannot help thinking, that the King of Poland, the Empress of Russia, and the King of Prussia, *s'entendent comme Larrons en foire*, though the former must not appear in it, upon account of the stupidity, ignorance, and bigotry of his Poles. I have a great opinion of the cogency of the controversial arguments of the Russian troops, in favour of the Dissidents : I am sure, I wish them success ; for I would have all intoleration intolented in its turn. We shall soon see more clearly into this matter ; for I do not think that the Autocratrice of all the Russias will be trifled with by the Sarmatians.

What do you think of the late extraordinary event in Spain ? Could you ever have imagined that those ignorant Goths would have dared to banish the Jesuits ? there must have been some very grave and important reasons for so extraordinary a measure : but what they were, I do not pretend to guess ; and perhaps I shall never know, though all the coffee-houses here do.

Things are here in exactly the same situation, in which they were when I wrote to you last. Lord Chatham is still ill, and only goes abroad for an hour in a day, to take the air, in his coach. The King has, to my certain knowledge, sent him repeated messages, desiring him not to be concerned at his confinement, for that he is resolved to support him *pour et contre tous*. God bless you !

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, June the 1st, 1767.

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 20th past, from Dresden, where I am glad to find that you are arrived safe and sound. This has been every where an *annus mirabilis* for bad weather; it continues here still. Every body has fires, and their winter clothes, as at Christmas. The town is extremely sickly; and sudden deaths have been very frequent.

I do not know what to say to you upon public matters; things remain *in statu quo*, and nothing is done. Great changes are talked of, and I believe will happen soon, perhaps next week; but who is to be changed, for whom, I do not know, though every body else does. I am apt to think that it will be a Mosaic Ministry, made up of *de pièces rapportées* from different connexions.

Last Friday I sent your subsidy to Mr. Larpent, who, I suppose, has given you notice of it. I believe it will come very seasonably, as all places, both foreign and domestic, are so far in arrears. They talk of paying you all up to Christmas. The King's inferior servants are almost starving.

I suppose you have already heard, at Dresden, that Count Brühl is either actually married, or very soon to be so, to Lady Egremont. She has, together with her salary as Lady of the Bedchamber, 2500*l.* a year; besides ten thousand pounds in money left her, at her own disposal, by Lord Egremont. All this will sound great *en écus d'Allemagne*. I am glad of it; for he is a very pretty man. God bless you!

I easily conceive why Orloff influences the Empress of all the Russias; but I cannot see why the King of Prussia should be influenced by that motive.

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, July the 2d, 1767.

THOUGH I have had no letter from you since my last, and though I have no political news to inform you of, I write this to acquaint you with a piece of Greenwich news, which I believe you will be very glad of; I am sure I am. Know then, that your friend Miss * * was happily married, three days ago, to Mr. * * *, an Irish gentleman, and a Member of that Parliament, with an estate of above two thousand pounds a year. He settles upon her 600*l.* jointure, and, in case they have no children, 1500*l.* He happened to be by chance in her company one day here, and was at once shot dead by her charms; but, as dead men sometimes walk, he walked to her the next morning, and tendered her his person and his fortune; both which, taking the one with the other, she very prudently accepted; for his person is sixty years old.

Ministerial affairs are still in the same ridiculous and doubtful situation as when I wrote to you last. Lord Chatham will neither hear of nor do any business, but lives at Hampstead, and rides about the heath; his gout is said to be fallen upon his nerves. Your Provincial Secretary, Conway, quits this week, and returns to the army, for which he languished. Two Lords are talked of to succeed him; Lord Egmont, and Lord Hillsborough: I rather hope, the latter. Lord Northington certainly quits this week; but nobody guesses who is to succeed him, as President. A thousand other changes are talked of, which I neither believe nor reject.

Poor Harte is in a most miserable condition: he

has lost one side of himself, and in a great measure his speech; notwithstanding which, he is going to publish his *divine poems*, as he calls them. I am sorry for it, as he had not time to correct them before this stroke, nor abilities to do it since. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Blackheath, July the 9th, 1767.

I HAVE received yours of the 21st past, with the enclosed proposal from the French *refugiés*, for a subscription towards building them *un Temple*. I have shown it to the very few people I see, but without the least success. They told me (and with too much truth) that while such numbers of poor were literally starving here, from the dearness of all provisions, they could not think of sending their money into another country, for a building which they reckoned useless. In truth, I never knew such misery as is here now; and it affects both the hearts and the purses of those who have either: for my own part, I never gave to a building in my life; which I reckon is only giving to masons and carpenters, and the treasurer of the undertaking.

Contrary to the expectations of all mankind here, every thing still continues in *statu quo*. General Conway has been desired by the King to keep the seals till he has found a successor for him, and the Lord President the same. Lord Chatham is relapsed, and worse than ever; he sees nobody, and nobody sees him: it is said, that a bungling Physician has checked his gout, and thrown it upon his nerves; which is the worst distemper that a Minister or a Lover can have, as it debilitates the mind of the

former, and the body of the latter. Here is at present an interregnum. We must soon see what order will be produced from this chaos.

The Electorate, I believe, will find the want of Comte Flemming; for he certainly had abilities; and was as sturdy and inexorable as a Minister at the head of the finances ought always to be. When you see Comtesse Flemming, which I suppose cannot be of some time, pray make her Lady Chesterfield's and my compliments of condolence.

You say that Dresden is very sickly; I am sure London is at least as sickly now, for there reigns an epidemical distemper, called by the genteel name of *l'influenza*. It is a little fever, which scarcely any body dies of: and it generally goes off with a little looseness. I have escaped it, I believe, by being here. God keep you from all distempers, and bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, October the 30th, 1767.

I HAVE now left Blackheath, till the next summer, if I live till then; and am just able to write, which is all I can say, for I am extremely weak, and have, in a great measure, lost the use of my legs; I hope they will recover both flesh and strength, for at present they have neither. I go to the Bath next week, in hopes of half repairs at most, for those waters, I am sure, will not prove Medea's kettle, nor *les eaux de Jouvence* to me; however, I shall do as good Courtiers do, and get what I can, if I cannot get what I will. I send you no politics, for here are neither politics nor Ministers; Lord Chatham is quiet at Pynsent, in Somersetshire, and his former subalterns do nothing, so that nothing is done. Whatever

places or preferments are disposed of, come evidently from Lord —, who affects to be invisible; and who, like a woodcock, thinks, that if his head is but hid, he is not seen at all.

General Pulteney is at last dead, last week, worth above thirteen hundred thousand pounds. He has left all his landed estate, which is eight-and-twenty thousand pounds a year, including the Bradford estate, which his brother had * * * * * from that ancient family, to a cousin-german. He has left two hundred thousand pounds, in the funds, to Lord Darlington, who was his next nearest relation; and at least twenty thousand pounds in various legacies. If riches alone could make people happy, the last two proprietors of this immense wealth ought to have been so, but they never were.

God bless you, and send you good health, which is better than all the riches of the world!

LETTER CCCLXXX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, November the 3d, 1767.

YOUR last letter brought me but a scurvy account of your health. For the headachs you complain of, I will venture to prescribe a remedy, which, by experience, I found a specific, when I was extremely plagued with them. It is, either to chew ten grains of rhubarb every night going to bed; or, what I think rather better, to take, immediately before dinner, a couple of rhubarb pills, of five grains each; by which means it mixes with the aliments, and will, by degrees, keep your body gently open. I do it to this day, and find great good by it. As you seem to dread the approach of a German winter, I would advise you to write to General Conway, for

leave of absence for the three rigorous winter months, which I dare say will not be refused. If you choose a worse climate, you may come to London; but if you choose a better and a warmer, you may go to Nice en Provence, where Sir William Stanhope is gone to pass his winter, who, I am sure, will be extremely glad of your company there.

I go to the Bath next Saturday. *Utinam ne frustra.* God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 19th, 1767.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 29th past, and am very glad to find that you are well enough to think, that you may perhaps stand the winter at Dresden; but if you do, pray take care to keep both your body and your limbs exceedingly warm.

As to my own health, it is, in general, as good as I could expect it, at my age; I have a good stomach, a good digestion, and sleep well; but find that I shall never recover the free use of my legs, which are now full as weak as when I first came hither.

You ask me questions, concerning Lord C——, which neither I, nor, I believe, any body but himself can answer; however, I will tell you all that I do know, and all that I guess concerning him.—This time twelvemonth he was here, and in good health and spirits, except now and then some little twinges of the gout. We saw one another four or five times, at our respective houses; but, for these last eight months, he has been absolutely invisible to his most intimate friends, *les sous Ministres*: he would receive no letters, nor so much as open any packet about business.

His physician, Dr. —, as I am told, had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout, and scattered it about his body; and it fell particularly upon his nerves, so that he continues exceedingly vapourish; and would neither see nor speak to any body, while he was here. I sent him my compliments, and asked leave to wait upon him; but he sent me word, that he was too ill to see any body whatsoever. I met him frequently taking the air in his postchaise, and he looked very well. He set out from hence, for London, last Tuesday; but what to do, whether to resume, or finally to resign, the Administration, God knows; conjectures are various. In one of our conversations here, this time twelve-month, I desired him to secure you a seat in the new Parliament; he assured me he would; and, I am convinced, very sincerely; he said even that he would make it his own affair; and desired I would give myself no more trouble about it. Since that, I have heard no more of it; which made me look out for some venal borough: and I spoke to a borough-jobber, and offered five-and-twenty hundred pounds for a secure seat in Parliament; but he laughed at my offer, and said, That there was no such thing as a borough to be had now; for that the rich East and West Indians had secured them all, at the rate of three thousand pounds at least; but many at four thousand; and two or three, that he knew, at five thousand. This, I confess, has vexed me a good deal; and made me the more impatient to know whether Lord C—— had done any thing in it; which I shall know when I go to town, as I propose to do in about a fortnight; and as soon as I know it, you shall. To tell you truly what I think—I doubt, from all these *nervous disorders*, that Lord C—— is *hors de combat*, as a Minister; but do not even hint this to any body. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, December the 27th, 1767.

En nova progenies!

THE outlines of a new Ministry are now declared; but they are not yet quite filled up: it was formed by the Duke of Bedford. Lord Gower is made President of the Council, Lord Sandwich Postmaster, Lord Hillsborough Secretary of State, for America only, Mr. Rigby Vice-treasurer of Ireland. General Conway is to keep the seals a fortnight longer, and then to surrender them to Lord Weymouth. It is very uncertain whether the Duke of Grafton is to continue at the head of the Treasury or not; but, in my private opinion, George Grenville will very soon be there. Lord Chatham seems to be out of the question, and is at his repurchased house at Hayes, where he will not see a mortal. It is yet uncertain whether Lord Shelburne is to keep his place; if not, Lord Sandwich, they say, is to succeed him. All the Rockingham people are absolutely excluded. Many more changes must necessarily be; but no more are yet declared. It seems to be a resolution taken by somebody, that Ministries are to be annual.

Sir George Macartney is, next week, to be married to Lady Jane Stuart, Lord Bute's second daughter.

I never knew it so cold in my life as it is now, and with a very deep snow; by which, if it continues, I may be snowbound here for God knows how long, though I proposed leaving this place the latter end of the week.

Poor Harte is very ill here; he mentions you often, and with great affection. God bless you!

When I know more, you shall.

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 12th, 1768.

THE day after I received your letter of the 21st past, I wrote to Lord Weymouth, as you desired; and I send you his answer enclosed: from which (though I have not heard from him since) I take it for granted, and so may you, that his silence signifies his Majesty's consent to your request. Your complicated complaints give me great uneasiness, and the more, as I am convinced that the Montpellier physicians have mistaken a material part of your case; as indeed all the physicians here did, except Dr. Maty. In my opinion, you have no gout, but a very scorbutic and rheumatic habit of body, which should be treated in a very different manner from the gout; and, as I pretend to be a very good quack, at least, I would prescribe to you a strict milk diet, with the seeds, such as rice, sago, barley, millet, &c. for the three summer months at least, and without ever tasting wine. If climate signifies any thing (in which, by the way, I have very little faith) you are, in my mind, in the finest climate in the world; neither too hot nor too cold, and always clear: you are with the gayest people living; be gay with them, and do not wear out your eyes with reading at home. *L'ennui* is the English distemper; and a very bad one it is, as I find by every day's experience; for my deafness deprives me of the only rational pleasure that I can have at my age, which is society; so that I read my eyes out every day, that I may not hang myself.

You will not be in this Parliament, at least not at the beginning of it. I relied too much upon Lord C——'s promise, above a year ago, at Bath. He

desired that I would leave it to him; that he would make it his own affair, and give it in charge to the Duke of G——, whose province it was to make the parliamentary arrangement. This I depended upon, and I think with reason; but, since that, Lord C—— has neither seen or spoken to any body, and has been in the oddest way in the world. I sent to the D—— of G——, to know if L—— C—— had either spoken or sent to him about it; but he assured me that he had done neither: that all was full, or rather running over, at present; but that if he could crowd you in upon a vacancy, he would do it with great pleasure. I am extremely sorry for this accident; for I am of a very different opinion from you, about being in Parliament, as no man can be of consequence, in this country, who is not in it; and, though one may not speak like a Lord Mansfield, or a Lord Chatham, one may make a very good figure in a second rank. *Locus est et pluribus umbris.* I do not pretend to give you any account of the present state of this country, or Ministry, not knowing nor guessing it myself.

God bless you, and send you health, which is the first and greatest of all blessings!

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, April the 12th, 1768.

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 1st; in which you do not mention the state of your health, which I desire you will do for the future.

I believe you have guessed the true reason of Mr. Keith's mission; but, by a whisper that I have since heard, Keith is rather inclined to go to Turin,

as *Chargé d'Affaires*. I forgot to tell you, in my last, that I was most positively assured, that the instant you return to Dresden, Keith should decamp. I am persuaded they will keep their words with me, as there is no one reason in the world why they should not. I will send your annual to Mr. Larpent, in a fortnight, and pay the forty shillings a day quarterly, if there should be occasion; for, in my own private opinion, there will be no *Chargé d'Affaires* sent. I agree with you, that *point d'Argent point d'Allemand*, as was used to be said, and not without more reason, of the Swiss; but, as we have neither the inclination, nor (I fear) the power, to give subsidies, the Court of Vienna can give good things that cost them nothing, as Archbishoprics, Bishoprics, besides corrupting their Ministers and Favourites with places.

Elections, here, have been carried to a degree of frenzy hitherto unheard of; that for the town of Northampton has cost the contending parties at least thirty thousand pounds a side, and ——— has sold his borough of ———, to two Members, for nine thousand pounds. As soon as Wilkes had lost his election for the City, he set up for the County of Middlesex, and carried it hollow, as the jockeys say. Here were great mobs and riots upon that occasion, and most of the windows in town broke, that had no lights for *Wilkes and Liberty*, who were thought to be inseparable. He will appear, the 20th of this month, in the Court of King's Bench, to receive his sentence; and then great riots are again expected, and probably will happen. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Bath, October the 17th, 1768.

YOUR two last letters, to myself and Grevenkop, have alarmed me extremely; but I comfort myself a little, by hoping, that you, like all people who suffer, think yourself worse than you are. A dropsy never comes so suddenly; and I flatter myself, that it is only that gouty or rheumatic humour, which has plagued you so long, that has occasioned a temporary swelling of your legs. Above forty years ago, after a violent fever, my legs were swelled as much as you describe yours to be; I immediately thought that I had a dropsy; but the Faculty assured me, that my complaint was only the effect of my fever, and would soon be cured; and they said true. Pray let your amanuensis, whoever he may be, write an account regularly, once a week, either to Grevenkop or myself, for that is the same thing, of the state of your health.

I sent you, in four successive letters, as much of the Duchess of Somerset's snuff as a letter could well convey to you. Have you received all or any of them? and have they done you any good? Though, in your present condition, you cannot go into company, I hope you have some acquaintances that come and sit with you; for if originally it was not good for man to be alone, it is much worse for a sick man to be so; he thinks too much of his distemper, and magnifies it. Some men of learning amongst the Ecclesiastics, I dare say, would be glad to sit with you; and you could give them as good as they brought.

Poor Harte, who is here still, is in a most miserable condition; he has entirely lost the use of his

left side, and can hardly speak intelligibly. I was with him yesterday. He inquired after you with great affection, and was in the utmost concern when I showed him your letter.

My own health is as it has been ever since I was here last year. I am neither well nor ill, but *unwell*. I have, in a manner, lost the use of my legs; for though I can make a shift to crawl upon even ground for a quarter of an hour, I cannot go up or down stairs, unless supported by a servant.

God bless, and grant you a speedy recovery!

Here end the letters to Mr. Stanhope, as he died the 16th of November following.

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

To Mrs. Stanhope, then at Paris.

MADAM,

London, March the 16th, 1769.

A TROUBLESOME and painful inflammation in my eyes obliges me to use another hand than my own, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter from Avignon, of the 27th past.

I am extremely surprised that Mrs. du-Bouchet should have any objection to the manner in which your late husband desired to be buried, and which you, very properly, complied with. All I desire, for my own burial, is not to be buried alive; but how or where, I think, must be entirely indifferent to every rational creature.

I have no commission to trouble you with, during your stay at Paris; from whence, I wish you and

the boys a good journey home; where I shall be very glad to see you all: and assure you of my being, with great truth,

Your faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

To the same, at London.

MADAM,

THE last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, I was so taken up in playing with the boys, that I forgot their more important affairs. How soon would you have them placed at school? When I know your pleasure as to that, I will send to Monsieur Perny, to prepare every thing for their reception. In the mean time, I beg that you will equip them thoroughly with clothes, linen, &c. all good, but plain; and give me the account, which I will pay; for I do not intend, that, from this time forwards, the two boys should cost you one shilling.

I am, with great truth, Madam,

Your faithful, humble servant,

Wednesday.

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

MADAM,

As some day must be fixed for sending the boys to school, do you approve of the 8th of next month? by which time the weather will probably be warm and settled, and you will be able to equip them completely.

I will, upon that day, send my coach to you, to carry you and the boys to Loughborough House,

with all their immense baggage. I must recommend to you, when you leave them there, to suppress, as well as you can, the overflowings of maternal tenderness; which would grieve the poor boys the more, and give them a terror of their new establishment.

I am, with great truth, Madam,

Your faithful humble servant,

Thursday Morning.

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

MADAM,

Bath, October the 11th, 1769.

NOBODY can be more willing or ready to obey orders than I am; but then I must like the orders and the orderer. Your orders and yourself come under this description; and therefore I must give you an account of my arrival and existence, such as it is, here. I got hither last Sunday, the day after I left London, less fatigued than I expected to have been; and now crawl about this place upon my three legs, but am kept in countenance by many of my fellow crawlers: the last part of the Sphynx's riddle approaches, and I shall soon end, as I began, upon all fours.

When you happen to see either Monsieur or Madame Perny, I beg you will give them this *melancholic* proof of my caducity, and tell them, that the last time I went to see the boys, I carried the Michaelmas quarteridge in my pocket, and when I was there I totally forgot it; but assure them, that I have not the least intention to bilk them, and will pay them faithfully, the two quarters together, at Christmas.

I hope our two boys are well; for then I am sure you are so.

I am, with great truth and esteem,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCXC.

MADAM,

Bath, October the 28th, 1769.

YOUR kind anxiety for my health and life is more than, in my opinion, they are both worth: without the former, the latter is a burthen; and, indeed, I am very weary of it. I think I have got some benefit by drinking these waters, and by bathing, for my old, stiff, rheumatic limbs; for I believe I could now outcrawl a snail, or perhaps even a tortoise.

I hope the boys are well. Phil, I dare say, has been in some scrapes; but he will get triumphantly out of them, by dint of strength and resolution.

I am, with great truth and esteem,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCXCI.

MADAM,

Bath, November the 5th, 1769.

I REMEMBER very well the paragraph which you quote from a letter of mine to Mrs. du-Bouchet, and see no reason yet to retract that opinion, *in general*, which at least nineteen widows in twenty had authorized. I had not then the pleasure of your acquaintance; I had seen you but twice or thrice; and I had no reason to think that you would deviate, as you have done, from other widows, so much, as to put perpetual shackles upon yourself, for the sake of your children: but (if I may use a vulgarism) one swallow makes no summer: five righteous were formerly necessary to save a city, and they could not

be found; so, till I find four more such righteous widows as yourself, I shall entertain my former notions of widowhood in general.

I can assure you that I drink here very soberly and cautiously, and at the same time keep so cool a diet, that I do not find the least symptom of heat, much less of inflammation. By the way, I never had that complaint, in consequence of having drunk these waters; for I have had it but four times, and always in the middle of summer. Mr. Hawkins is timorous, even to *minuties*, and my sister delights in them.

Charles will be a scholar, if you please; but our little Philip, without being one, will be something or other as good, though I do not yet guess what. I am not of the opinion generally entertained in this country, that man lives by Greek and Latin alone; that is, by knowing a great many words of two dead languages, which nobody living knows perfectly, and which are of no use in the common intercourse of life. Useful knowledge, in my opinion, consists of modern languages, history, and geography; some Latin may be thrown into the bargain, in compliance with custom, and for closet amusement.

You are, by this time, certainly tired with this long letter, which I could prove to you from Horace's own words (for I am a *scholar*) to be a bad one; he says, that water drinkers can write nothing good; so I am, with real truth and esteem,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCXCII.

MADAM,

Bath, October the 9th, 1770.

I AM extremely obliged to you for the kind part which you take in my health and life: as to the latter, I am as indifferent myself, as any other body can be; but as to the former, I confess care and anxiety; for, while I am to crawl upon this Planet, I would willingly enjoy the health at least of an insect. How far these waters will restore me to that moderate degree of health, which alone I aspire at, I have not yet given them a fair trial, having drunk them but one week; the only difference I hitherto find is, that I sleep better than I did.

I beg that you will neither give yourself, nor Mr. Fitzhugh, much trouble about the Pine plants; for, as it is three years before they fruit, I might as well, at my age, plant Oaks, and hope to have the advantage of their timber; however, somebody or other, God knows who, will eat them, as somebody or other will fell and sell the Oaks I planted five-and-forty years ago.

I hope our boys are well; *my respects* to them both.

I am, with the greatest truth,

Your faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCXCIII.

MADAM,

Bath, November the 4th, 1770.

THE post has been more favourable to you than I intended it should, for, upon my word, I answered your former letter, the post after I had received it. However you have *got a loss*, as we say, sometimes, in Ireland.

My friends, from time to time, require bills of health from me, in these suspicious times, when the Plague is busy in some parts of Europe. All I can say, in answer to their kind inquiries, is, that I have not the distemper properly called the Plague; but that I have all the plagues of old age, and of a shattered carcass. These waters have done me what little good I expected from them; though by no means what I could have wished, for I wished them to be *les eaux de Jouvence*.

I had a letter, the other day, from our two boys; Charles's was very finely written, and Philip's very prettily: they are perfectly well, and say that they want nothing. What grown up people will or can say as much?

I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCXCIV.

MADAM,

Bath, October the 27th, 1771.

UPON my word, you interest yourself in the state of my existence, more than I do myself; for it is worth the care of neither of us. I ordered my *valet de chambre*, according to your orders, to inform you of my safe arrival here; to which I can add nothing, being neither better nor worse than I was then.

I am very glad that our boys are well. Pray give them the enclosed.

I am not at all surprised at Mr. ——'s conversion; for he was, at seventeen, the idol of old women, for his gravity, devotion, and dulness.

I am, MADAM,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCXCV.

To Charles and Philip Stanhope.

Bath, October the 27th, 1771.

I RECEIVED, a few days ago, two the best written letters that ever I saw in my life; the one signed Charles Stanhope, the other Philip Stanhope. As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it; for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters: but you idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write so well, that one can almost say of you two, *et cantare pares et respondere parati?* Charles will explain this Latin to you.

I am told, Phil, that you have got a nickname at school, from your intimacy with Master Strangers; and that they call you Master *Strangerways*; for, to be sure, you are a strange boy. Is this true?

Tell me what you would have me bring you both from hence, and I will bring it you, when I come to town. In the meantime, God bless you both!

CHESTERFIELD.

THE END OF THE LETTERS.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE SEVEN UNITED PROVINCES.

THE Government of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces is thought by many to be Democratical; but it is merely Aristocratical*; the people not having the least share in it, either themselves, or by representatives of their own choosing: they have nothing to do but to pay and grumble.

The Sovereign Power is commonly thought to be in the States General, *as they are called*, residing at the Hague. It is no such thing; they are only limited Deputies, obliged to consult their Constituents upon every point of any importance that occurs. It is very true, that the Sovereign Power is lodged in the States General; but who are those States General? Not those who are commonly called so; but the Senate Council, or *Vrootschaps*, call it what you will, of every town, in every Province that sends Deputies to the Provincial States of the said Province. These *Vrootschaps* are in truth the States General; but were they to assemble, they would amount, for aught I know, to two or three thousand:

* The Members of the Senate, or *Vrootschaps*, were originally elected by the Burghers, in a general, and often a tumultuous, assembly: but now, for near two hundred years, the *Vrootschaps* found means to persuade the people, that these elections were troublesome and dangerous; and kindly took upon themselves to elect their own Members, upon vacancies; and to keep their own body full, without troubling the people with an election: it was then that the Aristocracy was established.

it is, therefore, for conveniency and dispatch of business, that every Province sends Deputies to the Hague, who are constantly assembled there; who are commonly called the States General, and in whom many people falsely imagine that the Sovereign Power is lodged. These Deputies are chosen by the *Vrootschaps*; but their powers are extremely circumscribed; and they can consent to nothing*, without writing, or returning themselves, to their several constituent towns, for instructions in that particular case. They are authorized to concur in matters of order; that is, to continue things in the common, current, ordinary train; but for the least innovation, the least step out of the ordinary course, new instructions must be given, either to deliberate or to conclude.

Many people are ignorant enough, to take the Province of Holland, singly, for the Republic of the Seven United Provinces; and when they mean to speak of the Republic, they say, *Holland*† will, or

* When the Deputies of the States signed the Triple Alliance with Sir William Temple, in two or three days time, and without consulting their Principals (however Sir William Temple values himself upon it) in reality, they only signified *Sub Spe Rati*. The act was not valid; and had it not been ratified by the several Constituents of the several Provinces, it had been as *non avenu*. The Deputies who signed that treaty, *Sub Spe Rati*, knew well enough that, considering the nature of the treaty, and the then situation of affairs, they should not only be avowed, but approved of, by their Masters the States.

† When the Province of Holland has once taken an important resolution, of Peace, or War, or Accession to any treaty, it is very probable that the other Provinces will come into that measure, but by no means certain: it is often a great while first; and when the little Provinces know that the Province of Holland has their concurrence much at heart, they will often annex conditions to it; as the little towns in Holland frequently do, when the great ones want their concurrence. As for instance; when I was soliciting the accession of the Republic to the treaty of Vienna, in 1731; when the Pensionary, Comte Sinzendorf, and I, had made secretly at the Hague; all the towns in Holland

will not, do such a thing: but most people are ignorant enough to imagine, that the Province of Holland has a legal, a constitutional power over the other six; whereas, by the Act of Union, the little Province of *Groningen* is as much Sovereign as the Province of Holland. The Seven Provinces are Seven distinct Sovereignties, confederated together in one Republic; no one having any superiority over, or dependance upon, any other: nay, in point of precedence, Holland is but the second, *Gueldres* being the first. It is very natural to suppose, and it is very true in fact, that Holland, from its superiority of strength and riches, and paying 58 *per cent.* should have great weight and influence in the other six Provinces; but power it has none.

The unanimity, which is constitutionally requisite for every act of each Town, and each Province, separately; and then for every act of the Seven collec-

came pretty readily into it, except the little town of Briel; whose Deputies frankly declared, that they would not give their consent, till *Major such a one*, a very honest gentleman of their town, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-colonel; and that, as soon as that was done, they would agree, for they approved of the treaty. This was accordingly done in two or three days, and then they agreed. This is a strong instance of the absurdity of the unanimity required, and of the use that is often made of it.

However, should one, or even two, of the lesser Provinces, who contribute little, and often pay less to the public charge, obstinately and frivolously, or perhaps corruptly, persist in opposing a measure which Holland and the other more considerable Provinces thought necessary, and had agreed to, they would send a Deputation to those opposing Provinces, to reason with, and persuade them to concur; but if this would not do, they would, as they have done in many instances, conclude without them. The same thing is done in the Provincial States of the respective Provinces; where, if one or two of the least considerable towns pertinaciously oppose a necessary measure, they conclude without them. But as this is absolutely unconstitutional, it is avoided as much as possible, and a complete unanimity procured, if it can be, by such little concessions as that which I have mentioned to the Briel Major.

tively ; is something so absurd, and so impracticable in government, that one is astonished, that even the form of it has been tolerated so long ; for the substance is not strictly observed. And five Provinces will often conclude, though two dissent, provided that Holland and Zealand are two of the five. As fourteen or fifteen of the principal towns of Holland will conclude an affair, notwithstanding the opposition of four or five of the lesser. I cannot help conjecturing, that William, the first Prince of Orange, called the *Taciturne*, the ablest man, without dispute, of the age he lived in, not excepting even the Admiral Coligny *, and who had the modelling of the Republic as he pleased ; I conjecture, I say, that the Prince of Orange would never have suffered such an absurdity to have crippled that government, which he was at the head of, if he had not thought it useful to himself and his family. He covered the greatest ambition with the greatest modesty, and declined the insignificant, outward signs, as much as he desired the solid substance of power : Might he not therefore think, that this absurd, though requisite unanimity, made a Stadthouder absolutely necessary, to render the government practicable ? In which case he was very sure the Stadthouder would always be taken out of his family ; and he minded things, not names. The Pensionary † thinks this conjecture probable ; and as we were talking the other day, confidentially,

* I am persuaded, that had the *Taciturne* been in the place of the Admiral Coligny, he would never have been prevailed upon to have come to Paris, and to have put himself into the power of those two monsters of perfidy and cruelty, Catharine of Medicis and Charles the Ninth. His prudent escape from Flanders is a proof of it ; when he rather chose to be *Prince sans terre* than *Prince sans tête*.

† Monsieur Slingselandt, the ablest Minister, and the honestest man I ever knew. I may justly call him my Friend, my Master, and my Guide. For I was then quite new in business ; he instructed me, he loved, he trusted me.

upon this subject, we both agreed that this monstrous and impracticable unanimity, required by the constitution, was alone sufficient to bring about a Stadthouder, in spite of all the measures of the Republican party to prevent it. He confessed to me, that upon his being made Pensionary, he entered into solemn engagements, not to contribute, directly nor indirectly, to any change of the present form of government, and that he would scrupulously observe those engagements; but that he foresaw the defects in their form of government, and the abuses crept into every part of it, would infallibly produce a Stadthouder*, tumultuously imposed upon the Republic, by an insurrection of the populace, as in the case of King William. I told him, that, in my opinion, if that were to happen a second time, the Stadthouder so made would be their King†. He said, he believed so too; and that he had urged all this to the most considerable Members of the Government, and the most jealous Republicans. That he had even

* It has since appeared that he judged very rightly.

† And so he ought to be now, even for the sake and preservation of the Seven Provinces. The necessary principle of a Republic, *Virtue*, subsists no longer there. The great riches of private people (though the public is poor) have long ago extinguished that principle, and destroyed the equality necessary to a Commonwealth. A Commonwealth is unquestionably, upon paper, the most rational and equitable form of government; but it is as unquestionably impracticable, in all countries where riches have introduced luxury, and a great inequality of conditions. It will only do in those Countries that poverty keeps virtuous. In England, it would very soon grow tyrannical Aristocracy; soon afterwards, an Oligarchy; and soon after that, an absolute Monarchy: from the same causes that Denmark, in the last century, became so; the intolerable oppression of the bulk of the people, from those whom they looked upon as their equals. If the young Stadthouder has abilities, he will, when he grows up, get all the powers of a limited Monarchy, such as England, no matter under what name; and if he is really wise, he will desire no more: if the people are wise, they will give it him.

formed a plan which he had laid before them, as the only possible one to prevent this impending danger. That a Stadthouder was originally the chief spring upon which their government turned; and that, if they would have no Stadthouder, they must substitute a *succedaneum*. That one part of that *succedaneum* must be to abolish the unanimity required by the present form of government, and which only a Stadthouder could render practicable by his influence. That the abuses which were crept into the military part of the government, must be corrected, or that they alone, if they were suffered to go on, would make a Stadthouder, in order that the army and the navy, which the public paid for, might be of some use, which at present they were not. That he had laid these and many other considerations of the like nature before them; in the hopes of one of these two things; either to prevail with them to make a Stadthouder unnecessary, by a just reformation of the abuses of the government, and substituting a majority, or, at most, two thirds, to the absurd and impracticable unanimity now requisite. Or, if they would not come into these preventive regulations, that they would treat amicably with the Prince of Orange, and give him the *Stadthouderat*, under strict limitations, and with effectual provisions for their liberty. But they would listen to neither of these expedients; the first affected the private interests of most of the considerable people of the Republic, whose power and profit arose from those abuses. And the second was too contrary to the violent passions and prejudices of Messrs. d'Obdam, Booteslaer, Hallewyn, and other Heads of the high Republican party. Upon this, I said to the Pensionary, that he had fully proved to me, not only that there would, but that there ought to be a Stadthouder. He replied, "There will most certainly be one, and you are young enough to live to see it. I hope I shall be

out of the way first; but, if I am not out of the world at that time, I will be out of my place, and pass the poor remainder of my life in quiet. I only pray that our new Master, whenever we have him, may be gently given us. My friend, the Greffier*, thinks a Stadthouder absolutely necessary to save the Republic, and so do I, as much as he, if they will not accept of the other expedient; but we are in very different situations; he is under no engagements to the contrary, and I am." He then asked me, in confidence, whether I had any instructions to promote the Prince of Orange's views and interest. I told him truly, I had not; but that, however, I would do it, as far as ever I could, quietly and privately. That he himself had convinced me, that it was for the interest of the Republic, which I honoured and wished well to; and also that it would be a much more efficient Ally to England, under that form of government. "I must own," replied he, that at present we have neither strength, secrecy, nor dispatch." I said, that I knew that but too well, by my own experience; and I added (laughing) that I looked upon him as the Prince of Orange's greatest enemy; and upon that Prince's violent and impetuous enemies† to be his best friends; for that, if his

* The Greffier Fagel, who had been *Greffier*, that is Secretary of State, above fifty years. He had the deepest knowledge of business, and the soundest judgment of any man I ever knew in my life: but he had not that quick, that intuitive sagacity, which the Pensionary Slingelandt had. He has often owned to me, that he thought things were gone too far, for any other remedy but a Stadthouder.

† These hot-headed Republicans pushed things with the unjustest acrimony against the Prince of Orange. They denied him his rank in the army; and they kept him out of the possession of the Marquisat of Tervere and Flessingen, which were his own patrimony; and by these means gave him the merit with the people, of being unjustly oppressed.

Had he been an abler man himself, or better advised by others,

(the Pensionary's) plan were to take place, the Prince would have very little hopes. He interrupted me here, with saying, *Ne craignez rien, Milord, de ce côté là ; mon plan blesse trop l'intérêt particulier, pour être reçu à présent que l'amour du public n'existe plus**. I thought this conversation too remarkable, not to write down the heads of it when I came home.

The Republic has hardly any Navy at all ; the single fund for the Marine being the small duties upon exports and imports ; which duties are not half collected, by the connivance of the Magistrates them-

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he might have availed himself much more solidly than he did, of the affection, or rather the fury, of the people, in his favour, when they tumultuously made him Stadthouder ; but he did not know the value and importance of those warm moments, in which he might have fixed and clinched his power. Dazzled with the show and trappings of power, he did not enough attend to the substance. He attempted a thing impossible, which was, to please every body : he heard every body, begun every thing, and finished nothing. When the people, in their fury, made him Stadthouder, they desired nothing better than totally to dissolve the Republican form of government. He should have let them. The tumultuous love of the populace must be seized and enjoyed in its first transports ; there is no hoarding of it to use upon occasions ; it will not keep. The most considerable people of the former government would gladly have compounded for their lives, and would have thought themselves very well off in the castle of Louvestein ; where one of the Prince of Orange's predecessors sent some of their ancestors, in times much less favourable. An affected moderation made him lose that moment. The government is now in a disjointed, loose state. Her R. H. the Gouvernante has not power enough to do much good ; and yet she has more power than authority. Peace and economy, both public and domestic, should, therefore, be the sole objects of her politics, during the minority of her son. The Public is almost a bankrupt ; and her son's private fortune extremely incumbered. She has sense and ambition ; but it is, still, the sense and ambition of a woman ; that is, *inconsequential*. What remains to be done requires a firm, manly, and vigorous mind.

* *Never fear, my Lord ; a plan so prejudicial to private interest will not be adopted, where Patriotism no longer subsists.*

selves, who are interested in smuggling: so that the Republic has now no other title, but courtesy, to the name of a Maritime Power. Their trade decreases daily, and their national debt increases. I have good reason to believe, that it amounts to at least fifty millions sterling.

The decrease of their Herring-fishery, from what it appears by Monsieur de Wit's Memoirs of Holland, in his time, is incredible; and will be much greater, now we are, at last, wise enough to take our own Herrings upon our own coasts.

They do not, now, get by freight one quarter of what they used to get: they were the general sea-carriers of all Europe. The act of navigation, passed in Cromwell's time, and afterwards confirmed in Charles the Second's, gave the first blow to that branch of their profit; and now we carry more than they do. Their only profitable remaining branches of commerce are, their trade to the East Indies, where they have engrossed the spices; and their illicit trade in America from Surinam, St. Eustatia, Curaçoa, &c.

Their woollen and silk manufactures bear not the least comparison with ours, neither in quantity, quality, nor exportation.

Their *police* is still excellent, and is now the only remains of that prudence, vigilance, and good discipline, which formerly made them esteemed, respected, and courted.

MAXIMS.

BY THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD *.

A PROPER secrecy is the only mystery of able men ; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

A man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told him.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool ; if a knave knows one, he tells it wherever it is his interest to tell it. But women, and young men, are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted. Trust none of these, whenever you can help it.

Inattention to the present business, be it what it will ; the doing one thing, and thinking at the same time of another, or the attempting to do two things at once ; are the never-failing signs of a little, frivolous mind.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business. The weakest man in the world can avail himself of the passion of the wisest. The inattentive man cannot know the business, and consequently cannot do it. And he who cannot command his countenance, may e'en as well tell his thoughts as show them.

Distrust all those who love you extremely upon a very slight acquaintance, and without any visible reason. Be upon your guard, too, against those, who confess, as their weaknesses, all the Cardinal virtues.

In your friendships, and in your enmities, let

* These Maxims are referred to in Letter CCLXIII. p. 100. of this Volume.

your confidence and your hostilities have certain bounds: make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcilable. There are strange vicissitudes in business!

Smooth your way to the head, through the heart. The way of reason is a good one; but it is commonly something longer, and perhaps not so sure.

Spirit is now a very fashionable word: to act with Spirit, to speak with Spirit, means only, to act rashly, and to talk indiscreetly. An able man shows his Spirit by gentle words and resolute actions: he is neither hot nor timid.

When a man of sense happens to be in that disagreeable situation, in which he is obliged to ask himself more than once, *What shall I do?* he will answer himself, Nothing. When his reason points out to him no good way, or at least no one way less bad than another, he will stop short, and wait for light. A little busy mind runs on at all events, must be doing; and, like a blind horse, fears no dangers, because he sees none, *Il faut savoir s'ennuyer.*

Patience is a most necessary qualification for business; many a man would rather you heard his story, than granted his request. One must seem to hear the unreasonable demands of the petulant, unmoved, and the tedious details of the dull, untired. That is the least price that a man must pay for a high station.

It is always right to detect a fraud, and to perceive a folly; but it is often very wrong to expose either. A man of business should always have his eyes open; but must often seem to have them shut.

In Courts, nobody should be below your management and attention: the links that form the Court-chain are innumerable and inconceivable. You must hear with patience the dull grievances of a Gentleman Usher, or a Page of the Back-stairs; who,

very probably, lies with some near relation of the favourite maid, of the favourite Mistress, of the favourite Minister, or perhaps of the King himself; and who, consequently, may do you more dark and indirect good, or harm, than the first man of quality.

One good patron at Court may be sufficient, provided you have no personal enemies; and, in order to have none, you must sacrifice (as the Indians do to the Devil) most of your passions, and much of your time, to the numberless evil Beings that infest it: in order to prevent and avert the mischiefs they can do you.

A young man, be his merit what it will, can never raise himself; but must, like the ivy round the oak, twine himself round some man of great power and interest. You must belong to a Minister some time, before any body will belong to you. And an inviolable fidelity to that Minister, even in his disgrace, will be meritorious, and recommend you to the next. Ministers love a personal, much more than a party attachment.

As Kings are begotten and born like other men, it is to be presumed that they are of the human species; and perhaps, had they the same education, they might prove like other men. But, flattered from their cradles, their hearts are corrupted, and their heads are turned, so that they seem to be a species by themselves. No King ever said to himself, *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.*

Flattery cannot be too strong for them; drunk with it from their infancy, like old drinkers, they require drams.

They prefer a personal attachment to a public service, and reward it better. They are vain and weak enough to look upon it as a free will offering to their merit, and not as a burnt sacrifice to their power.

If you would be a favourite of your King, address

yourself to his weaknesses. An application to his reason will seldom prove very successful.

In Courts, bashfulness and timidity are as prejudicial on one hand, as impudence and rashness are on the other. A steady assurance, and a cool intrepidity, with an exterior modesty, are the true and necessary medium.

Never apply for what you see very little probability of obtaining; for you will, by asking improper and unattainable things, accustom the Ministers to refuse you so often, that they will find it easy to refuse you the properest, and most reasonable ones. It is a common, but a most mistaken rule at Court, to ask for every thing, in order to get something: you do get something by it, it is true; but that something is refusals and ridicule.

There is a Court jargon, a chit-chat, a small talk, which turns singly upon trifles; and which, in a great many words, says little or nothing. It stands fools instead of what they cannot say, and men of sense instead of what they should not say. It is the proper language of Levees, Drawing-rooms, and Antichambers: it is necessary to know it.

Whatever a man is at Court, he must be genteel and well bred; that cloak covers as many follies, as that of charity does sins. I knew a man of great quality, and in a great station at Court, considered and respected, whose highest character was, that he was humbly proud, and genteelly dull.

It is hard to say which is the greatest fool; he who tells the whole truth, or he who tells no truth at all. Character is as necessary in business as in trade. No man can deceive often in either.

At Court, people embrace without acquaintance, serve one another without friendship, and injure one another without hatred. Interest, not sentiment, is the growth of that soil.

A difference of opinion, though in the merest

trifles, alienates little minds, especially of high rank. It is full as easy to commend as to blame a great man's cook, or his tailor: it is shorter too; and the objects are no more worth disputing about, than the people are worth disputing with. It is impossible to inform, but very easy to displease them.

A cheerful, easy countenance and behaviour are very useful at Court; they make fools think you a good natured man; and they make designing men think you an undesigning one.

There are some occasions in which a man must tell half his secret, in order to conceal the rest: but there is seldom one in which a man should tell it all. Great skill is necessary to know how far to go, and where to stop.

Ceremony is necessary in Courts, as the outwork and defence of manners.

Flattery, though a base coin, is the necessary pocket-money at Court; where, by custom and consent, it has obtained such a currency, that it is no longer a fraudulent, but a legal payment.

If a Minister refuses you a reasonable request, and either slights or injures you; if you have not the power to gratify your resentment, have the wisdom to conceal and dissemble it. Seeming good humour on your part may prevent rancour on his, and perhaps bring things right again: but if you have the power to hurt, hint modestly, that if provoked, you may possibly have the will too. Fear, when real, and well founded, is perhaps a more prevailing motive at Courts than love.

At Court, many more people can hurt, than can help you; please the former, but engage the latter.

Awkwardness is a more real disadvantage than it is generally thought to be; it often occasions ridicule, it always lessens dignity.

A man's own good breeding is his best security against other people's ill manners.

Good breeding carries along with it a dignity, that is respected by the most petulant. Ill breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid. No man ever said a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough. No man ever said a civil one (though many a flattering one) to Sir Robert Walpole.

When the old clipped money was called in for a new coinage in King William's time; to prevent the like for the future, they stamped on the edges of the crown pieces these words, *et Decus et Tutamen*. That is exactly the case of good breeding.

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments only give lustre; and many more people see than weigh.

Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.

It is to be presumed, that a man of common sense, who does not desire to please, desires nothing at all; since he must know that he cannot obtain any thing without it.

A skilful Negotiator will most carefully distinguish between the little and the great objects of his business, and will be as frank and open in the former, as he will be secret and pertinacious in the latter.

He will, by his manners and address, endeavour, at least, to make his public adversaries his personal friends. He will flatter and engage the Man, while he counterworks the Minister; and he will never alienate people's minds from him, by wrangling for points, either absolutely unattainable, or not worth attaining. He will make even a merit of giving up, what he could not or would not carry, and sell a trifle for a thousand times its value.

A foreign Minister, who is concerned in great affairs, must necessarily have spies in his pay; but he must not too easily credit their informations, which are never exactly true, often very false. His best

spies will always be those whom he does not pay, but whom he has engaged in his service by his dexterity and address, and who think themselves nothing less than spies.

There is a certain jargon, which, in French, I should call *un Persiflage d'Affaires*, that a foreign Minister ought to be perfectly master of, and may use very advantageously at great entertainments in mixed companies, and in all occasions where he must speak, and should say nothing. Well turned and well spoken, it seems to mean something though in truth it means nothing. It is a kind of political *badinage*, which prevents, or removes a thousand difficulties, to which a foreign Minister is exposed in mixed conversations.

If ever the *Volto sciolto* and the *Pensieri stretti* are necessary, they are so in these affairs. A grave, dark, reserved, and mysterious air has *fanum in cornu*. An even, easy, unembarrassed one invites confidence, and leaves no room for guesses and conjectures.

Both simulation and dissimulation are absolutely necessary for a foreign Minister; and yet they must stop short of falsehood and perfidy: that middle point is the difficult one: there ability consists. He must often seem pleased, when he is vexed; and grave, when he is pleased; but he must never say either: that would be falsehood, an indelible stain to character.

A foreign Minister should be a most exact economist; an expense proportioned to his appointments and fortune is necessary: but, on the other hand, debt is inevitable ruin to him. It sinks him into disgrace at the Court where he resides, and into the most servile and abject dependance on the Court that sent him. As he cannot resent ill usage, he is sure to have enough of it."

The Duc de Sully observes very justly, in his

Memoirs, that nothing contributed more to his rise, than that prudent economy which he had observed from his youth ; and by which he had always a sum of money beforehand, in case of emergencies.

It is very difficult to fix the particular point of economy ; the best error of the two is on the parsimonious side. That may be corrected, the other cannot.

The reputation of generosity is to be purchased pretty cheap ; it does not depend so much upon a man's general expense, as it does upon his giving handsomely where it is proper to give at all. A man, for instance, who should give a servant four shillings would pass for covetous, while he who gave him a crown, would be reckoned generous : so that the difference of those two opposite characters turns upon one shilling. A man's character, in that particular, depends a great deal upon the report of his own servants ; a mere trifle above common wages makes their report favourable.

Take care always to form your establishment so much within your income, as to leave a sufficient fund for unexpected contingencies, and a prudent liberality. There is hardly a year, in any man's life, in which a small sum of ready money may not be employed to great advantage*.

* Upon the back of the original is written, in Mr. Stanhope's hand, "Excellent Maxims, but more calculated for the Meridian of France or Spain, than of England."

POLITICAL MAXIMS

OF THE CARDINAL DE RETZ, IN HIS MEMOIRS; AND
THE LATE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD'S REMARKS.

1. IL y a souvent de la folie à conjurer ; mais il n'y a rien de pareil pour faire les gens sages dans la suite : au moins pour quelque tems. Comme le péril dans ces sortes d'affaires dure même après les occasions, l'on est prudent et circonspect dans les momens qui les suivent.

2. Un esprit médiocre, et susceptible par conséquent d'injustes défiances, est de tous les caractères celui qui est le plus opposé à un bon chef de Parti ; dont la qualité la plus souvent et la plus indispensablement nécessaire, est de supprimer en beaucoup d'occasions, et de cacher en toutes, les soupçons même les plus légitimes.

3. Rien n'anime et n'appuie plus un mouvement, que le ridicule de celui contre lequel on le fait.

4. Le secret n'est pas si rare qu'on le croit, entre des gens qui sont accoutumés à se mêler des grandes affaires.

5. Descendre jusqu'aux petits est le plus sûr moyen de s'égalér aux grands.

6. La mode qui a du pouvoir en toutes choses ne l'a si sensiblement en aucune, qu'à être bien ou mal à la Cour : il y a des tems où la disgrâce est une manière de feu qui purifie toutes les mauvaises qualités, et qui illumine toutes les bonnes ; il y a des tems où il ne sied pas bien à un honnête homme d'être disgracié.

7. La souffrance aux personnes d'un grand rang tient lieu d'une grande vertu.

8. Il y a une espèce de galimatias que la pratique

fait connoître quelquefois, mais que la spéculation ne fait jamais entendre.

9. Toutes les Puissances ne peuvent rien contre la réputation d'un homme qui se la conserve dans son Corps.

10. On est aussi souvent dupe par la défiance que par la confiance.

11. L'extrémité du mal n'est jamais à son période, que quand ceux qui commandent ont perdu la honte ; parce que c'est justement le moment dans lequel ceux qui obéissent perdent le respect ; et c'est dans ce même moment que l'on revient de la léthargie : mais par des convulsions.

12. Il y a un voile qui doit toujours couvrir tout ce que l'on peut dire, et tout ce que l'on peut croire du Droit des Peuples et de celui des Rois, qui ne s'accordent jamais si bien ensemble que dans le silence.

13. Il y a des conjonctures dans lesquelles on ne peut plus faire que des fautes ; mais la fortune ne met jamais les hommes dans cet état, qui est de tous le plus malheureux, et personne n'y tombe que ceux qui s'y précipitent par leur faute.

14. Il sied plus mal à un Ministre de dire des sottises, que d'en faire.

15. Les avis que l'on donne à un Ministre passent pour des crimes, toutes les fois qu'on ne lui est point agréable.

16. Auprès des Princes, il est aussi dangereux, et presque aussi criminel, de pouvoir le bien que de vouloir le mal.

17. Il est bien plus naturel à la peur de consulter que de décider.

18. Cette circonstance paroît ridicule ; mais elle est fondée. A Paris, dans les émotions populaires, les plus échauffés ne veulent pas, ce qu'ils appellent, *se désheurer*.

19. La flexibilité est de toutes les qualités la plus nécessaire pour le maniement des grandes affaires.

20. On a plus de peine dans les Partis, de vivre avec ceux qui en sont, que d'agir contre ceux qui y sont opposés.

21. Les plus grands dangers ont leurs charmes, pour peu que l'on apperçoive de gloire dans la perspective des mauvais succès ; les médiocres dangers n'ont que des horreurs, quand la perte de la réputation est attachée à la mauvaise fortune.

22. Les extrêmes sont toujours fâcheux. Mais ce sont des moyens sages quand ils sont nécessaires : ce qu'ils ont de consolant c'est qu'ils ne sont jamais médiocres, et qu'ils sont décisifs quand ils sont bons.

23. Il y a des conjonctures où la prudence même ordonne de ne consulter que le chapitre des accidens.

24. Il n'y a rien dans le monde qui n'ait son moment décisif ; et le chef d'œuvre de la bonne conduite est de connoître et de prendre ce moment.

25. L'abomination joint au ridicule fait le plus dangereux et le plus irrémédiable de tous les composés.

26. Les gens foibles ne plient jamais quand ils le doivent.

27. Rien ne touche et n'émeut tant les peuples, et même les Compagnies qui tiennent beaucoup du peuple, que la variété des spectacles.

28. Les exemples du passé touchent sans comparaison plus les hommes, que ceux de leur siècle : nous nous accoutumons à tout ce que nous voyons ; et peut-être que le Consulat du Cheval de Caligula, ne nous auroit pas tant surpris, que nous nous l'imaginons.

29. Les hommes foibles se laissent aller ordinairement au plus grand bruit.

30. Il ne faut jamais contester ce qu'on ne croit pas pouvoir obtenir.

31. Le moment où l'on reçoit les plus heureuses nouvelles est justement celui où il faut redoubler son attention pour les petites.

32. Le pouvoir dans les peuples est fâcheux, en ce qu'il nous rend responsables de ce qu'ils font malgré nous.

33. L'une des plus grandes incommodités des guerres civiles est qu'il faut encore plus d'application à ce que l'on ne doit pas dire à ses amis, qu'à ce que l'on doit faire contre ses ennemis.

34. Il n'y a point de qualité qui dépare tant un grand homme, que de n'être pas juste à prendre le moment décisif de la réputation. L'on ne le manque presque jamais que pour mieux prendre celui de la fortune; c'est en quoi l'on se trompe, pour l'ordinaire, doublement.

35. La vue la plus commune dans les imprudences, c'est celle, que l'on a, de la possibilité des ressources.

36. Toute Compagnie est peuple; ainsi tout y dépend des instans.

37. Tout ce qui paroît hazardeux, et qui pourtant ne l'est pas, est presque toujours sage.

38. Les gens irrésolus prennent toujours, avec facilité, les ouvertures qui les mènent à deux chemins, et qui par conséquent ne les pressent pas d'opter.

39. Il n'y a point de petits pas dans les grandes affaires.

40. Il y a des tems où certaines gens ont toujours raison.

41. Rien ne persuade tant les gens qui ont peu de sens que ce qu'ils n'entendent pas.

42. Il n'est pas sage de faire, dans les factions, où l'on n'est que sur la défensive, ce qui n'est pas pressé. Mais l'inquiétude des subalternes est la chose la plus

incommode dans ces rencontres ; ils croient que, des qu'on n'agit pas, on est perdu.

43. Les chefs dans les factions n'en sont les maîtres, qu'autant qu'ils savent prévenir ou appaiser les murmures.

44. Quand la frayeur est venue à un certain point, elle produit les mêmes effets que la témérité.

45. Il est aussi nécessaire de choisir les mots dans les grandes affaires, qu'il est superflu de les choisir dans les petites.

46. Rien n'est plus rare ni plus difficile aux Ministres qu'un certain ménagement dans le calme qui suit immédiatement les grandes tempêtes, parce que la flatterie y redouble, et que la défiance n'y est pas éteinte.

47. Il ne faut pas nous choquer si fort des fautes de ceux qui sont nos amis, que nous en donnions de l'avantage à ceux contre lesquels nous agissons.

48. Le talent d'insinuer est plus utile que celui de persuader, parce que l'on peut insinuer à tout le monde, et que l'on ne persuade presque jamais personne.

49. Dans les matières qui ne sont pas favorables par elles-mêmes, tout changement qui n'est pas nécessaire est pernicieux, parce qu'il est odieux.

50. Il faut faire voir à ceux qui sont naturellement foibles toutes sortes d'abîmes : parce que c'est le vrai moyen de les obliger de se jeter dans le premier chemin qu'on leur ouvre.

51. L'on doit hazarder le possible toutes les fois que l'on se sent en état de profiter même du manquement de succès.

52. Les hommes irrésolus se déterminent difficilement pour les moyens, quoique même ils soient déterminés pour la fin.

53. C'est presque jeu sûr avec les hommes fourbes, de leur faire croire que l'on veut tromper ceux que l'on veut servir.

54. L'un des plus grands embarras que l'on ait avec les Princes, c'est que l'on est souvent obligé, par la considération de leur propre service, de leur donner des conseils dont on ne peut pas leur dire les véritables raisons.

55. Quand on se trouve obligé de faire un discours que l'on prévoit ne devoir pas agréer, l'on ne peut lui donner trop d'apparence de sincérité : parce que c'est l'unique moyen de l'adoucir.

56. On ne doit jamais se jouer avec la faveur, on ne la peut trop embrasser quand elle est véritable ; on ne la peut trop éloigner quand elle est fausse.

57. Il y a de l'inconvénient à s'engager sur des suppositions de ce que l'on croit impossible ; et pourtant il n'y a rien de si commun.

58. La plupart des hommes examinent moins les raisons de ce qu'on leur propose contre leur sentiment, que celles qui peuvent obliger, celui qui les propose, de s'en servir.

59. Tout ce qui est vide dans les tems de faction et d'intrigue, passe pour mystérieux dans les esprits de ceux qui ne sont pas accoutumés aux grandes affaires.

60. Il n'est jamais permis à un inférieur de s'égaliser en paroles à celui à qui il doit du respect, quoi qu'il s'y égale dans l'action.

61. Tout homme que la fortune seule, par quelque accident, a fait homme public, devient presque toujours avec un peu de tems un particulier ridicule.

62. La plus grande imperfection des hommes est la complaisance, qu'ils trouvent, à se persuader que les autres ne sont point exempts des défauts qu'ils se reconnoissent à eux-mêmes.

63. Il n'y a que l'expérience qui puisse apprendre aux hommes à ne pas préférer ce qui les pique dans le présent, à ce qui les doit toucher bien plus essentiellement dans l'avenir.

64. Il faut s'appliquer, avec soin, dans les grandes

affaires encore plus que dans les autres, à se défendre du goût qu'on trouve pour la plaisanterie.

65. On ne peut assez peser les moindres mots, dans les grandes affaires.

66. Il n'y a que la continuation du bonheur qui fixe la plupart des amitiés.

67. Quiconque assemble le peuple, l'émeut.

TRANSLATION.

1. It is often madness to engage in a conspiracy; but nothing is so effectual to bring people afterwards to their senses, at least for a time. As in such undertakings, the danger subsists, even after the business is over; this obliges to be prudent and circumspect in the succeeding moments.

2. A middling understanding, being susceptible of unjust suspicions, is consequently, of all characters, the least fit to head a faction. As the most indispensable qualification in such a Chief is, to suppress, in many occasions, and to conceal in all, even the best grounded suspicions.

3. Nothing animates and gives strength to a commotion, so much as the ridicule of him against whom it is raised.

4. Among people used to affairs of moment, secrecy is much less uncommon than is generally believed.

5. Descending to the Little is the surest way of attaining to an equality with the Great.

6. Fashion, though powerful in all things, is not more so in any, than in being well or ill at Court. There are times, when disgrace is a kind of fire, that purifies all bad qualities, and illuminates every good one. There are others, in which the being out of favour is unbecoming a man of character.

7. Sufferings, in people of the first rank, supply the want of virtue.

8. There is a confused kind of jumble, which practice sometimes teaches; but is never to be understood by speculation.

9. The greatest Powers cannot injure a man's character, whose reputation is unblemished among his party.

10. We are as often duped by diffidence, as by confidence.

11. The greatest evils are not arrived at their utmost period, until those who are in power have lost all sense of shame. At such a time, those who should obey shake off all respect and subordination. Then is lethargic indolence roused; but roused by convulsions.

12. A veil ought always to be drawn over whatever may be said or thought concerning the rights of the People, or of Kings; which agree best when least mentioned*.

13. There are, at times, situations so very unfortunate, that whatever is undertaken must be wrong. Chance, alone, never throws people into such dilemmas; and they happen only to those who bring them upon themselves.

14. It is more unbecoming a Minister to say, than to do, silly things.

15. The advice given to a Minister, by an obnoxious person, is always thought bad.

16. It is as dangerous, and almost as criminal, with Princes, to have the power of doing good, as the will of doing evil.

17. Timorous minds are much more inclined to deliberate than to resolve.

18. It appears ridiculous to assert, but it is not the less true, that at Paris, during popular commo-

* This Maxim, as well as several others, evidently prove they were written by a man subject to despotic government.

tions, the most violent will not quit their homes past a stated hour.

19. Flexibility is the most requisite qualification for the management of great affairs.

20. It is more difficult for the member of a faction to live with those of his own party, than to act against those who oppose it.

21. The greatest dangers have their allurements, if the want of success is likely to be attended with a degree of glory. Middling dangers are horrid, when the loss of reputation is the inevitable consequence of ill success.

22. Violent measures are always dangerous, but when necessary, may then be looked upon as wise. They have, however, the advantage of never being matter of indifferency; and, when well concerted, must be decisive.

23. There may be circumstances, in which even prudence directs us to trust entirely to chance.

24. Every thing in this world has its critical moment; and the height of good conduct consists in knowing and seizing it.

25. Profligacy, joined to ridicule, form the most abominable and most dangerous of all characters.

26. Weak minds never yield when they ought.

27. Variety of sights have the greatest effect upon the mob, and also upon numerous assemblies, who, in many respects, resemble mob.

28. Examples taken from past times have infinitely more power over the minds of men, than any of the age in which they live. Whatever we see, grows familiar; and perhaps the Consulship of Caligula's Horse might not have astonished us so much as we are apt to imagine.

29. Weak minds are commonly overpowered by clamour.

30. We ought never to contend for what we are not likely to obtain.

31. The instant in which we receive the most favourable accounts, is just that wherein we ought to redouble our vigilance, even in regard to the most trifling circumstances.

32. It is dangerous to have a known influence over the people ; as thereby we become responsible even for what is done against our will.

33. One of the greatest difficulties in civil war is, that more art is required to know what should be concealed from our friends, than what ought to be done against our enemies.

34. Nothing lowers a great man so much, as not seizing the decisive moment of raising his reputation. This is seldom neglected, but with a view to fortune : by which mistake, it is not unusual to miss both.

35. The possibility of remedying imprudent actions is commonly an inducement to commit them.

36. Every numerous assembly is mob ; consequently every thing there depends upon instantaneous turns.

37. Whatever measure seems hazardous, and is in reality not so, is generally a wise one.

38. Irresolute minds always adopt with facility whatever measures can admit of different issues, and consequently do not require an absolute decision.

39. In momentous affairs, no step is indifferent.

40. There are times in which certain people are always in the right.

41. Nothing convinces persons of a weak understanding so effectually as what they do not comprehend.

42. When Factions are only upon the defensive, they ought never to do that which may be delayed. Upon such occasions, nothing is so troublesome as the restlessness of subalterns ; who think a state of inaction total destruction.

43. Those who head Factions have no way of

maintaining their authority, but by preventing, or quieting discontent.

44. A certain degree of fear produces the same effects as rashness.

45. In affairs of importance, the choice of words is of as much consequence, as it would be superfluous in those of little moment.

46. During those calms which immediately succeed violent storms, nothing is more difficult for Ministers than to act properly; because, while flattery increases, suspicions are not yet subsided.

47. The faults of our friends ought never to anger us so far as to give an advantage to our enemies.

48. The talent of insinuation is more useful than that of persuasion; as every body is open to insinuation, but scarce any to persuasion.

49. In matters of a delicate nature, all unnecessary alterations are dangerous; because odious.

50. The best way to compel weakminded people to adopt our opinion is to frighten them from all others, by magnifying their danger.

51. We must run all hazards, where we think ourselves in a situation to reap some advantage, even from the want of success.

52. Irresolute men are diffident in resolving upon the Means, even when they are determined upon the End.

53. It is almost a sure game, with crafty men, to make them believe we intend to deceive those whom we mean to serve.

54. One of the greatest difficulties with Princes is the being often obliged, in order to serve them, to give advice the true reasons of which we dare not mention.

55. The saying things which we foresee will not be pleasing, can only be softened by the greatest appearance of sincerity.

56. We ought never to trifle with favour. If real, we should hastily seize the advantage; if pretended, avoid the allurements.

57. It is very inconsequent to enter into engagements upon suppositions we think impossible, and yet it is very usual.

58. The generality of mankind pay less attention to arguments urged against their opinion, than to such as may engage the disputant to adopt their own.

59. In times of faction and intrigue, whatever appears inert is reckoned mysterious by those who are not accustomed to affairs of moment.

60. It is never allowable in an inferior to equal himself in words to a superior, although he may rival him in actions.

61. Every man whom chance alone has, by some accident, made a public character, hardly ever fails of becoming, in a short time, a ridiculous private one.

62. The greatest imperfection of men is, the complacency with which they are willing to think others not free from faults, of which they are themselves conscious.

63. Experience only can teach men not to prefer what strikes them for the present moment, to what will have much greater weight with them hereafter.

64. In the management of important business, all turn to raillery must be more carefully avoided than in any other.

65. In momentous transactions, words cannot be sufficiently weighed.

66. The permanency of most friendships depends upon the continuity of good fortune.

67. Whoever assembles the multitude will raise commotions.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S REMARKS

FOREGOING MAXIMS.

I HAVE taken the trouble of extracting and collecting, for your use, the foregoing Political Maxims of the Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs. They are not aphorisms of his invention, but the true and just observations of his own experience, in the course of great business. My own experience attests the truth of them all. Read them over with attention as here above, and then read with the same attention, and *tout de suite*, the Memoirs; where you will find the facts and characters from whence those observations are drawn, or to which they are applied; and they will reciprocally help to fix each other in your mind. I hardly know any book so necessary for a young man to read and remember. You will there find how great business is really carried on; very differently from what people, who have never been concerned in it, imagine. You will there see what Courts and Courtiers really are, and observe that they are neither so good as they should be, nor so bad as they are thought by most people. The Court Poet, and the sullen, cloistered Pedant, are equally mistaken in their notions, or at least in the accounts they give us of them. You will observe the coolness in general, the perfidy in some cases, and the truth in a very few, of Court friendships. This will teach you the prudence of a general distrust: and the imprudence of making no exception to that rule, upon good and tried grounds. You will see the utility of good breeding towards one's greatest enemies; and the high imprudence and

folly of either insulting or injurious expressions. You will find, in the Cardinal's own character, a strange, but by no means an uncommon mixture of high and low, good and bad, parts and indiscretion. In the character of Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans, you may observe the model of weakness, irresolution, and fear, though with very good parts. In short, you will, in every page of that book, see that strange, inconsistent creature, Man, just as he is. If you would know that period of history (and it is well worth knowing) correctly, after you have read the Cardinal's Memoirs, you should read those of Joly, and of Madame de Motteville; both which throw great light upon the first. By all those accounts put together, it appears that Anne of Austria (with great submission to a Crowned Head do I say it) was a B——. She had spirit and courage without parts, devotion without common morality, and lewdness without tenderness either to justify or to dignify it. Her two sons were no more Lewis the Thirteenth's than they were mine; and if Buckingham had staid a little longer, she would probably have had another by him.

Cardinal Mazarin was a great knave, but no great man; much more cunning than able; scandalously false, and dirtily greedy. As for his enemy, Cardinal de Retz, I can truly call him a man of great parts, but I cannot call him a great man. He never was so much so as in his retirement. The Ladies had then a great, and have always had some share in State affairs in France; the spring and the streams of their politics have always been, and always will be, the interest of their present Lover, or their resentment against a discarded and perfidious one. Money is their great object; of which they are extremely greedy, if it coincides with their arrangement with the Lover for the time being: but true glory, and public good, never enter into their heads.

They are always governed by the man they love, and they always govern the man who loves them. He or she, who loves the most, is always governed by him or her who loves the least. Madame de Montbazon governed Monsieur de Beaufort, who was fond of her ; whereas she was only proud of his rank and popularity. The *Drudi* for the time being always governed Madame and Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, and steered their politics. Madame de Longueville governed her brother the Prince de Conti, who was in love with her ; but Marsillac, with whom she was in love, governed her. In all female politics, the head is certainly not the part that takes the lead : the true and secret spring lies lower and deeper. La Palatine, whom the Cardinal celebrates as the ablest and most sensible woman he ever met with, and who seems to have acted more systematically and consequentially than any of them, starts aside however, and deviates from her plan, whenever the interests or the inclinations of La Vieuville, her Lover, require it. I will add (though with great submission to a late friend of yours at Paris) that no woman ever yet either reasoned or acted long together consequentially ; but some little thing, some love, some resentment, some present momentary interest, some supposed slight, or some humour, always breaks in upon, and oversets their most prudent resolutions and schemes.

CONSIDERATIONS

UPON THE

REPEAL OF THE LIMITATION, RELATIVE TO FOREIGNERS,
IN THE ACT OF SETTLEMENT.

THE particular Limitation relative to Foreigners, in the Act of Settlement, and now to be repealed, was marked out as peculiarly sacred, by the first Parliament, and that no uncomplaisant one, of the late King, by enacting, that that Limitation should be inserted in all future acts of Naturalization; and it was so, even in the act for naturalizing the Prince of Orange, the King's son-in-law.

But, it seems, Messieurs Prevot, Boquet, and others, are now to receive a mark of distinction, which the King's son-in-law could not then obtain: But, can the same indulgence, hereafter, ever be refused to foreign Protestant Princes of the highest birth, and greatest merit, and, many of them, nearly related to his Majesty and the Royal Family; who may, very probably, prefer the British service to any other?

The poor military arguments, urged in justification of the Repeal of this most sacred Law, are too trifling to be the true ones, and too wretched to be seriously answered, unless by the unfortunate British Officers; who are hereby, in a manner, declared and enacted to be incapable of doing the duty of Captains, Majors, &c.

Some other reason, therefore, must be sought for; and, perhaps, it is but too easily found.

May it not be *periculum faciamus in anima vili*? If this goes down, it shall be followed; some foreign Prince, of allowed merit, shall make the first appli-

cation to the Crown, and to the Parliament, for the same favour which was shown to Messieurs Preyot, Bouquet, and Company. Can either of them, in common decency, refuse it? Besides that, perhaps a time may come, when Generals, and superior Officers, may be as much wanted in England, as great Captains and Majors are now wanted in America.

Great evils have always such trifling beginnings, to smoothe the way for them insensibly; as Cardinal de Retz most justly observes, when he says, that he is persuaded, that the Romans were carried on by such shades and gradations of mischief and extravagancy, as not to have been much surprised or alarmed when Caligula declared his intention of making his horse Consul. So that, by the natural progression of precedents, the next generation may probably see, and even without surprise or abhorrence, Foreigners commanding your troops, and voting the supplies for them in both Houses of Parliament.

As to the pretended utility of these foreign Heroes, it is impossible to answer such arguments seriously. What experience evinces the necessity? Cape Breton, the strongest place in America, was very irregularly taken, in the last war, by our irregular American troops. Sir William Johnson lately beat, and took most irregularly, the regular General Dieskau, at the head of his regular forces: and General Braddock, who was most judiciously selected out of the whole British army, to be our *Scipio Americanus*, was very irregularly destroyed, by unseen, and to this day unknown enemies.

How will these foreign Heroes agree with the English Officers of the same corps, who are, in a manner, by act of Parliament, declared unfit for their business, till instructed in it by the great foreign masters of Homicide. Will they not even be more

inclined to advise than to obey their Colonel; to interpret than to execute his orders? Will they cooperate properly with our American troops and Officers, whom they will certainly look upon, and treat, as an inexperienced and undisciplined rabble? Can it possibly be otherwise? or, can it be wondered at, when those Gentlemen know, that they are appointed Officers by one Act of Parliament, and at the expense of another, the most sacred of the statute book?

O! but there is to be but one half of the Officers, of this thundering Legion, who are to be Foreigners: so much the worse: for, then, according to the principle laid down, it can be but half disciplined. Besides, the less the object, to which a very great object is sacrificed, the more absurd, and the more suspicious such a sacrifice becomes. At first, this whole legion was to consist of all Foreigners, Field officers and all; which, upon the principle of the absolute utility and necessity of foreign Officers, was much more rational; but, thus mitigated, as it is called, is a thousand times more absurd. And how does it stand now? Why truly, the sacred Act of Settlement is to be repealed, and in the tenderest part, for the sake of some foreign Captains and Majors, who are to be commanded by British superior Officers, who, by this act of Parliament, are supposed not to know their trade.

One has heard (but one hears a thousand false reports) that this absurd scheme was, some time ago, quashed by his Majesty's own prudence and goodness; and, from the rightness of the thing, I am inclined to believe that it is true: and I am sure I will not suppose that ever that might be among the reasons for resuming it in this shape, and forcing it down the throats of the reluctant Nation: but this is certain, that it was once dropped, and at some expense too. The foreign Heroes were contented

with Money instead of Laurels, and were going away about their own business; but, perhaps, a condescension to the unanimous wishes of the whole *people of England, at least*, was looked upon as a dangerous precedent, and the repeal of the Act of Settlement as a useful one. But however I will have candour enough to believe, that this was merely an absurd, wrongheaded measure; for, if I did not, I must think it the wickedest that ever was pushed.

AXIOMS IN TRADE.

To sell, upon the whole, more than you buy.

To buy your materials as cheap, and to sell your manufactures as dear as you can.

To ease the manufacturers, as much as possible, of all taxes and burthens.

To lay small or no duties upon your own manufactures exported, and to lay high duties upon all foreign manufactures imported.

To lay small or no duties upon foreign materials, that are necessary for your own manufactures; but to lay very high duties upon, or rather totally prohibit, the exportation of such of your own materials as are necessary for the manufactures of other countries; as Wool, Fuller's earth, &c.

To keep the interest of money low, that people may place their money in trade.

Not to imagine (as people commonly do) that it is either prudent or possible to prohibit the exportation of your gold and silver, whether coined or uncoined. For, if the balance of trade be against you, that is, if you buy more than you sell, you must necessarily make up that difference in money; and

your Bullion or your Coin, which are in effect the same thing, must and will be exported, in spite of all laws. But if you sell more than you buy, then foreigners must do the same by you, and make up their deficiency in Bullion or Coin. Gold and silver are but merchandise, as well as Cloth or Linen: and that nation that buys the least, and sells the most, must always have the most money.

A free trade is always carried on with more advantage to the public, than an exclusive one by a company. But the particular circumstances of some trades may sometimes require a joint stock and exclusive privileges.

All monopolies are destructive to trade.

To get, as much as possible, the advantages of manufacturing and freight.

To contrive to undersell other nations, in foreign markets.

TO THE

KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

*The humble PETITION of Philip Earl of Chesterfield,
Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter,*

SHOWETH,

THAT your Petitioner, being rendered, by deafness, as useless and insignificant as most of his equals and cotemporaries are by nature, hopes, in common with them, to share your Majesty's Royal favour and bounty; whereby he may be enabled either to save or spend, as he shall think proper, more than he can do at present.

That your Petitioner, having had the honour of serving your Majesty in several very lucrative employments, seems thereby entitled to a lucrative re-

treat from business, and to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; that is, leisure and a large pension.

Your Petitioner humbly presumes, that he has, at least, a common claim to such a pension: he has a vote in the most august assembly in the world; he has an estate that puts him above wanting it; but he has, at the same time (though he says it) an elevation of sentiment, that makes him not only desire, but (pardon, dread Sir, an expression you are used to) *insist* upon it.

That your Petitioner is little apt, and always unwilling, to speak advantageously of himself; but as, after all, some justice is due to one's self, as well as to others, he begs leave to represent, That his loyalty to your Majesty has always been unshaken, even in the worst of times; That, particularly, in the late unnatural rebellion, when the Pretender advanced as far as Derby, at the head of, at least, three thousand undisciplined men, the flower of the Scottish Nobility and Gentry, your Petitioner did not join him, as, unquestionably, he might have done, had he been so inclined; but, on the contrary, raised sixteen companies, of one hundred men each, at the public expense, in support of your Majesty's undoubted right to the Imperial Crown of these Realms; which distinguished proof of his loyalty is, to this hour, unrewarded.

Your Majesty's Petitioner is well aware, that your Civil List must necessarily be in a low and languid state, after the various, frequent, and profuse evacuations, which it has of late years undergone; but, at the same time, he presumes to hope, that this argument, which seems not to have been made use of against any other person whatsoever, shall not, in this single case, be urged against him; and the less so, as he has good reasons to believe, that the deficiencies of the Pension fund are, by no means, the last that will be made good by Parliament.

Your Petitioner begs leave to observe, That a small pension is disgraceful and opprobrious, as it intimates a shameful necessity on one part, and a degrading sort of charity on the other : but that a great one implies dignity and affluence on one side ; on the other, regard and esteem ; which, doubtless, your Majesty must entertain in the highest degree, for those great personages whose respectable names stand upon your Eleemosynary list. Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly persuades himself, upon this principle, that less than three thousand pounds a year will not be proposed to him : if made up gold the more agreeable ; if for life, the more marketable.

Your Petitioner persuades himself, that your Majesty will not suspect this his humble application to proceed from any mean, interested motive, of which he has always had the utmost abhorrence. No, Sir, he confesses his own weakness ; Honour alone is his object ; Honour is his passion ; Honour is dearer to him than life. To Honour he has always sacrificed all other considerations ; and upon this generous principle, singly, he now solicits that honour, which, in the most shining times, distinguished the greatest men of Greece ; who were fed at the expense of the public.

Upon this Honour, so sacred to him as a Peer, so tender to him as a Man, he most solemnly assures your Majesty, that, in case you shall be pleased to grant him this his humble request, he will gratefully and honourably support, and promote with zeal and vigour, the worst measure that the worst Minister can ever suggest to your Majesty : but, on the other hand, should he be singled out, marked, and branded by a refusal, he thinks himself obliged in Honour to declare, that he will, to the utmost of his power, oppose the best and wisest measures, that your Majesty yourself can ever dictate.

And your Majesty's Petitioner shall ever pray.

A FRAGMENT.

A CHAPTER of the Garter is to be held at St. James's next Friday; in which Prince Edward, the Prince of Orange, the Earls of Lincoln, Winchelsea, and Cardigan, are to be elected Knights Companions of the Order of the Garter. Though solely nominated by the Crown, they are said to be elected; because there is a pretended election. All the Knights are summoned to attend the Sovereign at a Chapter, to be held on such a day, in order to elect so many new Knights into the vacant Stalls of the deceased ones; accordingly they meet in the Council Chamber, where they all sit down according to their seniority, at a long table, where the Sovereign presides. There every Knight pretends to write a list of those for whom he intends to vote; and, in effect, writes down nine names, such as he thinks proper, taking care, however, to insert the names of those who are really to be elected; then the Bishop of Salisbury, who is always the Chancellor of the Order, goes round the table, and takes the paper of each Knight, pretends to look into them, and then declares the majority of votes to be for those persons who were nominated by the Crown. Upon this declaration, two of the old Knights go into the outward room, where the new ones are attending, and introduce them, one after another, according to their ranks. The new Knight kneels down before the King, who puts the riband about his neck; then he turns to the Prince of Wales, or, in his absence, to the oldest Knight, who puts the Garter about his leg. This is the ceremony of the Chapter: that of the Installation, which is always performed in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, completes the whole thing; for

till then the new Knights cannot wear the Star, unless by particular dispensation from the Sovereign, which is very seldom granted. All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things; but yet, a man of the world should know them. They are the out-works of Manners and Decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence, which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony; true good breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them. The knowledge of the world teaches one to deal with different people differently, and according as characters and situations require. The *versatile ingenium* is a most essential point; and a man must be broke to it while he is young. Have it always in your thoughts, as I have you in mine. Adieu.

P. S. This moment I receive your letter of the 15th N. S. with which I am very well pleased: it informs me, and what I like still better, it shows me that you are informed.

A FRAGMENT.

YOUR riding, fencing, and dancing, constantly, at the Academy, will, I hope, lengthen you out a little; therefore, pray take a great deal of those exercises: for I would very fain have you be, at least, five feet eight inches high, as Mr. Harte once wrote me word that he hoped you would. Mr. Pelham likewise told me, that you speak German and French as fluently and correctly as a Saxon or a Parisian. I am very glad of both: take care not to forget the former; there is no danger of your forgetting the latter. As I both thank and applaud you for having, hitherto, employed yourself so well abroad, I must

again repeat to you, that the manner in which you shall now employ it, at Paris, will be finally decisive of your fortune, figure, and character in the world, and consequently of my esteem and kindness. Eight or nine months determine the whole; which whole is very near complete. It consists in this only: to retain and increase the learning you have already acquired; to add to it the still more useful knowledge of the World; and to adorn both, with the Manners, the Address, the Air, and the Graces of a Man of Fashion. Without the last, I will say of your youth and your knowledge, what Horace says to Venus;

Parum comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.

The two great subjects of conversation now at Paris are, the dispute between the Crown and the Clergy, and between the Crown and the States of Brittany: inform yourself thoroughly of both; which will let you into the most material parts of the French history and constitution. There are four letters printed, and very well written, against the pretended rights and *immunities* of the Clergy; to which there is an Answer, very well written too, in defence of those *immunities*. Read them both with attention; and also all representations, memorials, and whatever shall appear, for or against the claims of the States of Brittany. I dare say, that ninety-nine in a hundred, of the English at Paris, do not give themselves the trouble of inquiring into those disputes; but content themselves with saying, that there is a confounded bustle and rout between the King and the Priests, and between the King and the States of Brittany; but that, for their parts, they do not trouble their heads about them; fight Dog, fight Bear: but, with submission to them, these are objects worthy the attention and inquiries of a man of sense and business.

Adieu, my dear child! Yours tenderly.

We have been favoured with the following letters, written by the late EARL of CHESTERFIELD to different persons.

LETTRE DE RECOMMANDATION,

EN FAVEUR DE MADAME CLELAND, ADRESSÉE A MADAME DE TENCIN.

Londres, ce 20 Août, V. S.

COMBATTU par des mouvemens bien différens, j'ai long tems ballancé, avant que d'oser me déterminer, à vous envoyer cette lettre. Je sentoís toute l'indiscrétion d'une telle démarche, et à quel point c'étoit abuser de la bonté que vous avez eu pour moi, pendant mon séjour à Paris, que de vous la redemander pour un autre: mais sollicité vivement par une Dame que son mérite met à l'abri des refus, et porté, d'ailleurs, à profiter du moindre prétexte pour rappeler un souvenir qui m'est si précieux que le vôtre; le penchant (comme il arrive presque toujours) a triomphé de la discrétion; et je satisfais en même tems à mes propres inclinations et aux instances de Madame Cleland, qui aura l'honneur de vous rendre cette lettre.

Je sais par expérience, Madame, (car j'en suis moi-même un exemple) que ce n'est pas la première affaire de la sorte, à laquelle votre réputation, qui ne se renferme point dans les bornes de la France, vous a exposée: mais je me flatte, aussi, que vous ne la trouverez pas la plus désagréable. Un mérite supérieur, un esprit juste, délicat, orné par la lecture de tout ce qu'il y a de bon dans toutes les langues, et un grand usage du monde, qui ont acquis à Madame Cleland l'estime et la considération de tout ce qu'il y a d'honnêtes gens ici, me rassurent sur la liberté, que je prends, de vous la recommander; et

me persuadent même que vous ne m'en saurez pas mauvais gré.

Si vous me demandez, par hasard, pourquoi elle m'a choisi pour son introducteur chez vous, et pourquoi elle a crû, que je m'étois acquis ce droit-là, je vous dirai naturellement, que c'est moi, qui en suis cause. En cela j'ai suivi l'exemple de la plupart des voyageurs, qui, à leur retour, se font valoir chez eux, par leurs prétendues liaisons avec ce qu'il y a de plus distingué, chez les autres. Les Rois, les Princes et les Ministres les ont toujours comblé de leurs grâces. Et moyennant ce faux étalage d'honneurs qu'ils n'ont point reçu, ils acquièrent une considération qu'ils ne méritent point.

J'ai vanté vos bontés pour moi ; je les ai exagérées même, s'il étoit possible ; et enfin, pour ne vous rien cacher, ma vanité a poussé l'effronterie au point même de me donner pour votre ami favori, et enfant de la maison. Quand Madame Cleland m'a pris au mot, et m'a dit ; " Je vais bientôt en France ; je n'y ambitionne rien tant, que l'honneur de connoître Madame de Tencin ; vous qui êtes si bien-là, il ne vous coutera rien de me donner une lettre pour elle."

Le cas étoit embarrassant : car, après ce que j'avois dit, un refus auroit été trop choquant à Madame Cleland, et l'aveu, que je n'étois pas en droit de le faire, trop humiliant pour mon amour propre. Si bien que je me suis trouvé réduit à risquer le paquet, et je crois même que je l'aurois fait, si je n'avois pas eu l'honneur de vous connoître du tout, plutôt que de me donner le démenti sur un article si sensible.

Ayant donc franchi le pas ; je voudrois bien en profiter, pour vous exprimer les sentimens de reconnaissance que j'ai, et que j'aurai toujours des bontés que vous m'avez temoigné à Paris ; je voudrois aussi vous exprimer tout ce que je pense des qualités qui distinguent votre cœur et votre esprit, de tous les

autres : mais cela me mèneroit également au delà des bornes d'une lettre, et au-dessus de mes forces.

Je souhaiterois que Monsieur de Fontenelle voulut bien s'en charger pour moi. Sur cet article, je puis dire, sans vanité, que nous pensons de même ; avec cette différence, qu'il vous le diroit avec cet esprit, cette délicatesse, et cette élégance, qui lui sont propres et seules convenables au sujet.

Permettez donc, Madame, que, destitué de tous ces avantages de l'esprit, je vous assure simplement des sentimens de mon cœur, de l'estime, de la vénération, et de l'attachement respectueux, avec lequel, je serai toute ma vie, Madame,

Votre, &c.

Je crois que vous me pardonnerez bien, si je vous supplie de faire mes complimens à Monsieur de Fontenelle.

TRANSLATION.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION, IN FAVOUR OF MRS. CLELAND, TO
MADAME DE TENCIN.

London, August the 20th, O. S.

AGITATED by various thoughts, I have long been in suspense, before I durst resolve to send this letter. I felt all the indiscretion of such a step, and how much it would be trespassing upon the goodness I had experienced from you during my stay at Paris, to require the same for another. A Lady, whose merit secures her from a refusal, has entreated me, in the most pressing manner, and my own inclinations have concurred, to make use of the first opportunity, to recall a remembrance which will always give me pleasure ; so that, inclination having (as it generally happens) overpowered discretion, my own wishes, and Mrs. Cleland's desires, will both be

gratified, by her having the honour of presenting this letter to you.

I know, Madam, by experience, and am myself a proof, that this is not the first affair of that kind, which your reputation, not confined within the limits of France, has brought upon you; but I flatter myself that you will not look upon this as the most disagreeable. Superior merit, exquisite and refined sense, adorned by the knowledge of the best authors in every language, and a thorough usage of the world, have acquired Mrs. Cleland the esteem and consideration of all people of most merit here. These motives encourage me to take the liberty of recommending her to you, and even persuade me that you will not be offended at it.

If, by chance, you should ask why this Lady has made choice of me to be her introducer towards you, and how she came to believe that I had any such right; I will candidly own, that I myself have been the cause of it; and, in this respect, I have followed the example of most travellers; who, at their return to their own country, endeavour to raise their reputation, by boasting of imaginary connexions with the most distinguished people abroad. Kings, Princes, and Ministers, have always loaded them with favours: in consequence of those boasted honours, which they never received, they often acquire a degree of consideration which they do not deserve.

I have boasted of your goodness to me; I have even, if possible, exaggerated it; and, in short (not to conceal any thing from you) Vanity has even drove me to declare that I was your favourite friend, and domesticated in your house. Mrs. Cleland immediately seized this opportunity, to say; "I am going to France soon; I wish for nothing so much, as to have the honour of knowing Madame de Tencin: since you are so much connected, you can easily give me a letter for her."

This was an intricate affair; for after what I had said, Mrs. Cleland might have been shocked by a refusal, and my self-love would have been too cruelly hurt, if I had owned that I had no right to do any such thing. So that I find myself under a necessity of running all hazards; and I really believe, that even if I had not been known to you at all, I should still have done it, rather than have confessed so mortifying a thing.

As the first step is now taken; I wish to make the best use of it, by expressing to you the sentiments of gratitude which I have, and ever shall retain, for your goodness to me, during my stay at Paris. I wish it were in my power to tell you also, what I think of those perfections, which distinguish your heart and your mind so eminently from all others; but this would carry me beyond the bounds of a letter, and is, indeed, more than I know how to express. Mr. de Fontenelle might undertake this for me; for, to say the truth, I know that our opinions upon that subject coincide; with this difference only, that he would express those sentiments with all that energy, delicacy, and elegance, so peculiar to him, and so very proper for the subject.

Permit me then, Madam, though destitute of all those advantages of mind, to assure you simply of the sentiments of my heart; and of the esteem, veneration, and respectful attachment with which I shall always remain Yours, &c.

P. S. I am persuaded that you will forgive my troubling you to make my compliments to Mr. de Fontenelle.

LETTER.

MADAME,

Londres, ce 1 Janvier, V. S.

JE ne suis pas discur de bonne aventure, ains au contraire; car je vous annonce que ces quatre billets, que j'ai choisi avec tant d'attention, et que j'estimois, l'un portant l'autre, à vingt mille pièces au moins, se sont avisés d'être tous blancs.

Je ne me console de votre malheur que par les belles réflexions qu'il me fait faire, et par la morale utile que j'en tire, pour le reste de mes jours.—Oui! Je vois bien, à présent, que toute la prudence humaine, les mesures les plus sages, et les projets les mieux concertés sont frivoles, si la fortune, cette Divinité inconstante, bizarre et *fémnine*, n'est pas d'humeur à les favoriser. Car que pouvoit-on faire de plus que je n'ai fait, et qu'en pouvoit-il arriver de moins?

Se donnera-t'on, après cela, du mouvement, formera-t'on des plans, et s'inquiétera-t'on, pour les choses de ce monde? J'ose dire, que si ces réflexions, aussi judicieuses que nouvelles, font la même impression sur votre esprit qu'elles ont fait sur le mien, elles vous vaudront plus, que tout ce que vous auriez pu gagner dans la lotterie.

Vous êtes bien querelleuse, Madame; jusqu'à m'accorder un talent, que je n'ai pas, pour pouvoir, après, me reprocher de ne le pas employer avec vous; et je m'épuise, dites vous, en *bon ton*, avec Madame de Monconseil. Quelle accusation injuste, et denuée de toute vraisemblance! Un Milord Anglois avec le bon ton! Ce sont deux choses absolument contradictoires; ou, pour m'expliquer plus clairement, et simplifier mon idée, ce sont deux

Etres hétérogènes, dont l'existence de l'un implique nécessairement la privation de l'autre.

Me voici donc justifié dans toutes les formes de la logique ; et si vous n'en êtes pas contente, Madame de Monconseil, qui a en main mes pièces justificatives, pourra vous en convaincre. Au reste ; si j'en possédois tant soit peu, ce nouvel an me fourniroit une belle occasion de l'étaler. Et quoique depuis plus de cinq mille ans, toute la terre ait traité ce sujet, je vous dirois quelque chose de nouveau, de galant, et d'obscur, dont on ne s'est jamais avisé auparavant : votre mérite, et les sentimens de mon cœur, y seroient alembiquées, jusqu'à la plus fine quintessence.

TRANSLATION.

MADAM,

London, January the 1st, O. S.

I HAVE no skill in fortune-telling : for I must acquaint you, that the four lottery tickets I had chosen with so much care, and valued one with another at the rate of (at least) twenty thousand pounds, are all come out blanks.

My only consolation in this misfortune is, the fine reflections which it occasions, and the most useful Moral drawn from it, for the rest of my days. Now, I plainly see that all human prudence, the wisest projects, and the best concerted schemes, are vain and frivolous ; if Fortune, that capricious, inconstant, and *feminine* Deity, is not disposed to favour them : for what more could have been done than I did, and what less could have happened ?

After such a reverse, shall we ever take pains, form projects, or be uneasy concerning worldly events ? I will venture to say, that if such reflections, equally judicious as new, make the same impression upon your mind, that they do upon mine, they will

be more valuable, than all you could have won in the Lottery.

Surely, Madam, you must have a great inclination to quarrel, since you allow me to be in possession of a talent which I really have not ; in order to reproach me with not availing myself of it towards you, while, say you, " I exhaust that talent of saying agreeable things in favour of Madame de Monconseil." What an unjust accusation, and how void of all probability ! An English Lord, and say things in fashionable French phrases ! This is quite contradictory ; or to explain myself more clearly, and to simplify my idea, I must answer, that they are two heterogeneous Beings ; the existence of the one necessarily implying the nonexistence of the other.

Now I think my justification complete, according to all the rules of logic ; but if that does not suffice, Madame de Monconseil has it in her power to convince you, by producing my letters.

Was I possessed of the talent you suppose, the New Year would be a proper occasion to display it on ; and, although that subject has been treated by the whole world for above five thousand years, yet I should then say something new, gallant, and unintelligible, which never before was thought of. Your merit, and the sentiments of my heart, would then be distilled to the most refined quintessence.

LETTER.

A Londres, ce 9me Fevrier, V. S.

ADIEU donc toute coquetterie, de part et d'autre, et vive la vraie et solide amitié ! Heureux ceux qui peuvent s'y atteindre : c'est le gros lot, dans la lotterie du monde, contre lequel il y a des millions de billets blancs.

S'il pouvoit y avoir quelque chose de flatteur dans mon amitié, je dirois, que nous pourrions nous flatter que la nôtre seroit également vraie et durable; puisqu'elle est à l'abri de tous ces petits incidens, qui brouillent la plûpart des autres. D'abord, nous sommes de différent sexe, article assez important; et qui nous garantit de ces défiances et de ces rivalités, sur les objets les plus sensibles, et contre lesquels la plus belle amitié du monde ne tient point. En second lieu; il n'entre point d'amour dans notre fait; qui, quoique, à la vérité, il donne un grand feu à l'amitié, pendant un certain tems, la flamme, de l'un venant à s'éteindre, on voit bientôt les cendres de l'autre. Et enfin (ce qui me regarde uniquement) nous ne nous voyons pas trop. Vous ne me connoissez que par mon bon côté; et vous ne voyez pas ces moments de langueur, d'humeur, et de chagrin, qui causent, si souvent, le dégoût ou le repentir des liaisons, qu'on a formé, et qui font, qu'on se dit à soi-même, L'auroit-on crû? Qui l'auroit dit? Comme on peut se tromper aux dehors? Et la perspective, dans laquelle vous me voyez, m'est si favorable, qu'elle me console un peu *della lontananza*, où je suis obligé de vous chercher.

Une caillette, à beaux sentiments, critiqueroit impitoyablement ceux-ci comme très-*indélicats*; mais en sont-ils moins naturels pour cela? Et ne sommes nous pas, pour la plûpart, redevables de nos vertus à des situations et des circonstances un peu fortuites? Au moins j'ai assez d'humilité pour le croire; et (si je voulois dire toute la vérité) assez d'expérience, de moi-même, pour le savoir. En tous cas; tel que je suis, je vous suis acquis, et vous voyez que je suis de trop bonne foi pour vous surfaire dans le prix de l'acquisition, que vous avez faite.

Vous avez beau faire les honneurs de votre pays, et désavouer votre propriété exclusive des Grâces; il faut convenir, pourtant, que la France est leur

séjour, ou plutôt leur pays natal. Si elles pouvoient se fâcher contre vous, dont il y a peu d'apparence, elles seroient piquées, au point de vous quitter, de ce que vous les envoyez promener dans un pays, ou elles ne connoissent, ni ne sont connues de personne : et si par hasard je les connoissois, ce ne seroit que pour les avoir vues si souvent, chez vous.

Il est bien sûr que les Grâces sont un don de la nature, qu'on ne peut pas acquérir ; l'art en peut relever l'éclat, mais il faut que la nature ait donné le fond. On voit cela en tout. Combien de gens ne dansent-ils pas parfaitement bien, mais sans grâce ; comme il y en a qui dansent très-mal avec beaucoup : combien trouve-t'on d'esprits vigoureux et délicats, qui instruits et ornés par tout ce que l'art et l'étude peuvent faire, ne plaisent pourtant guère, faute de ces grâces naturelles, qui ne s'acquièrent point : chaque pays a ses talens, aussi bien que ses fruits et ses denrées particulières. Nous pensons *creux*, et nous approfondissons ; les Italiens pensent *haut*, et se perdent dans les nues : vous tenez le milieu ; on vous voit, on vous suit, on vous aime.

Servez vous, Madame, de tout ce que cet esprit et ces grâces, que je vous connois, peuvent faire en ma faveur, et dites, je vous en supplie, tout ce qu'elles vous suggéreront, à Monsieur de Matignon, de ma part. Mon cœur ne vous désavouera pas sur tout ce que vous pourrez lui dire de plus fort, à propos du mariage de Mademoiselle sa fille : mais ne vous bornez pas à ce seul article, car il n'y en a pas un, au monde, qui peut le regarder, auquel je ne prendrois pas également part. Ce seroit abuser de sa bonté que de lui écrire moi-même : une messagère comme vous me fera bien plus d'honneur, et à lui plus de plaisir.

Adieu, Madame. Je rougis de la longueur de ma lettre.

TRANSLATION.

London, February the 9th, O. S.

ADIEU then to all coquetry, on both sides, and prosperity to real and solid friendship! In this lottery of the world, happy are those who can obtain that greatest prize, to which there are millions of blanks. If any thing could be pleasing in my friendship, I would urge that we have reason to flatter ourselves, that with us, friendship may be equally true and permanent, since ours will be unattended by all those little incidents, which are the bane of others. We are of different sexes; an important article, and such a one as prevents those suspicions, and sentiments of rivalry, which the finest friendships that ever were formed cannot withstand. Secondly, we are free from love, which though it may, during a time, add warmth to friendship; yet, when the flames of the one begin to extinguish, you soon perceive the ashes of the other. And lastly (but this relates only to myself) we do not see one another too frequently. You view me in the best light, and do not perceive those moments of languor, caprice, or ill humour, which are so generally the occasion of dislike, cause us to repent of the connexions we have formed, and are the motives that occasion our saying, Who would have thought it? Who could have imagined it?—How one may be deceived by outward appearances! The distant point from which you view me is so very favourable, that it affords me some consolation for being under the necessity of remaining so far from you.

A trifling woman, with pretensions to refined sentiments, would criticise these unmercifully, as very indelicate; but are they the less natural? And are

not most of us beholden for our virtue to particular circumstances, or to accidental causes? As for me, I have humility to own, and (were I to tell the whole truth) self-experience to confirm it. At all events, such as I am, you may dispose of me; and you see I am too ingenuous to deceive you, by enhancing the merits of the person who is entirely yours.

It is in vain you strive to do the honours of your country, by disavowing your exclusive right to the Graces; for it must be confessed that France is their abode, or rather their native country. It is highly improbable that they can be angry with you; but were that possible, they would be provoked to leave you, as a punishment for sending them a rambling, into a country where they neither know, nor are known by any mortal. If, by chance, I had any knowledge of those Goddesses, it could only be from having seen them so frequently with you. It is true that the Graces cannot be acquired; art may add to their lustre, but nature must have given them. It is the same in every thing. How many people are there who dance exceedingly well, but ungracefully; and what numbers who dance very ill, and yet gracefully! Do we not see frequently, people with great and good sense; who, though instructed and adorned by knowledge and study, yet never can please, for want of those natural Graces, not to be acquired?

Every country has talents peculiar to it, as well as fruits, or other natural productions. We here think deeply, and fathom to the very bottom. Italian thoughts are sublime, to a degree beyond all comprehension. You keep the middle path, and are consequently seen, followed, and beloved. *

I beg of you, Madam, make use of all that sense, and those Graces, which I know you to be possessed of, in my favour, by telling Mr. de Matignon, whatever they may inspire you, from me. The most

friendly things you can say to him, upon the marriage of his daughter, will best explain the sentiments of my heart. But do not confine yourself to that circumstance alone, for there is no event whatever that concerns him, in which I should not take an equal share. To write myself to Mr. de Matignon would be encroaching upon his goodness; such a messenger as you must be more honourable to me, and more pleasing to him.

Adieu, Madam: I am ashamed of the length of this letter.

These Lines are inserted, in order to introduce the following Letter with greater propriety.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

AUGUST THE 7TH, 1763.

RECLINED beneath thy shade, Blackheath,
From politics and strife apart,
His temples twined with laurel-wreath,
And virtues smiling at his heart:

Will CHESTERFIELD the Muse allow
To break upon his still retreat?
To view, if health still smooths his brow,
And prints his grove with willing feet?

'Twas this awaked the present theme,
And bade it reach thy distant ear,
Where, if no rays of genius beam,
Sincerity at least is there.

May pale disease fly far aloof
O'er venal domes its flag display,
And health beneath thy peaceful roof,
Add lustre to thine evening ray.

If this my fervent wish be crown'd,
I'll dress with flowers Hygeia's shrine;
Nor thou with wisdom's chaplet bound,
At any absent gift repine.

What though thou dost not grace a throne,
While subjects bend the supple knee;
No other King the Muses own,
And Science lifts her eye to thee.

'Tho' deafness, by a doom severe,
Steals from thy ear the murmuring rill,
And Philomel's delightful air;
Even deem not this a partial ill.

Ah! if anew thine ear was strung,
Awake to every voice around,
'Thy praises by the many sung,
Would stun thee with the choral sound.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

LETTER TO EDWARD JERNINGHAM, Esq.

SIR,

Blackheath, August the 12th, 1763.

I do not know whether I can, with decency, acknowledge the favour of your poetical letter of the 7th. But Men, as well as Women, are very apt to break through decency, when desire is very strong, as mine

I assure you is, to thank you for it. Could I give you as good as you bring, my thanks should be conveyed to you in rhyme and metre: but the Muses, who never were very propitious to me when I was young, would now laugh at, and be as deaf as I am to the invocation of a *septuagenary* invalid. Accept then my humblest thanks, in humble prose, for your very good verses, upon a very indifferent subject; which, should you be reproached with, you may very justly make the same answer that your predecessor, Waller, did to King Charles, after the Restoration: the King accused him of having made finer verses in praise of Oliver Cromwell than of himself; to which he agreed, saying, that Fiction was the soul of Poetry. Am I not generous to help you out of this scrape at my own expense? I am sensible, that before I end this letter, I ought to show some commonplace modesty at least; and protest to you that I am ashamed, confounded, and in a manner annihilated, by the praises you most undeservedly bestow upon me; but I will not, because if I did I should lie confoundedly; for every human creature has vanity, and perhaps I have full as much as another. The only difference is, that some people disown any, and others avow it; whereas I have truth and impudence enough to say, *tu m'aduli ma tu mi piaci*.

What am I to suppose that you are now doing in Norfolk?

Scribere quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat,
An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres?

If you stray among the hills, vales, and purling streams, it is to make your court to the Muses, who have long had such an affection for you, that (I will answer for it) they will meet you wherever you please to appoint them. If to those nine ideal Ladies you add a tenth of real good country flesh and blood, I

cannot help it: but God forbid that I should advise it. In all events, I believe you would be equal to the ten.

I am, with equal truth and esteem,

Sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S.—I desire my respects to Lady Jerningham. But not one word of the tenth Muse.

LETTER TO DOCTOR MONSEY.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Bath, December the 23d, 1767.

YOUR friend and my Governor, Mr. W——, told me that he had received a letter from you, with your kind inquiries after my health; but at the same time said, that I might even answer it myself; for how the devil should he know how I did, so well as I myself did? I thought there was reason in what he said; so take the account of myself from myself, as follows. When I first came here, which was just six weeks ago, I was very weak of my legs, and am so still. A fortnight ago I had a little return of my fever, which Doctor Moisy called only a *Febricula*; for which he prescribed phlebotomy, and, of course, the saline draughts. The phlebotomy did me good, and the saline draughts did me no harm; which is all I ask of any medicine, or any *medicus*. My general state of health has, ever since that, been as good as, at my age, I can hope for; that is, I have a good appetite, a good digestion, and good sleep. You will, perhaps, ask me what more I would have? I

answer, that I would have a great deal more, if I could; I would have the free use of my legs, and of all my *members*. But that, I know, is past praying for. Perhaps you may be in the same case. Whom have you quarrelled with, or whom have you been reconciled to lately? The house of G——, or the house of M——? And where are you now; in Norfolk or Monmouthshire? Wherever you are, I hope you are *vastly* well; for I am, very sincerely,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER TO DOCTOR MONSEY.

PRAY, dear Doctor, why must I not write to you? Do you gentlemen of the faculty pretend to monopolize writing in your prescriptions or proscriptions? I will write, and thank you for your kind letters; and my writing shall do no hurt to any person living or dying: let the Faculty say as much of theirs, if they can. I am very sorry to find that you have not been *vastly* well of late; but it is *vastly* to the honour of your skill to have encountered and subdued almost all the ills of Pandora's Box. As you are now got to the bottom of it, I trust that you have found Hope; which is what we all live upon, much more than upon Enjoyment; and without which we should be, from our boasted Reason, the most miserable animals of the Creation. I do not think that a Physician should be admitted into the College, till he could bring proofs of his having cured in his own person, at least four *incurable* distempers. In the old days of laudable and rational Chivalry, a Knight

could not even present himself to the adorable object of his affections, till he had been unhorsed, knocked down, and had two or three spears or lances in his body ; but, indeed, he must be conqueror at last, as you have been. I do not know your Goddess Venus or *Vana*, nor ever heard of her ; but if she is really a Goddess, I must know her as soon as ever I see her walk into the rooms ; for *vera incessu patuit Dea*. It is for her sake, I presume, that you now make yourself a year younger than you are ; for last year you and I were exactly of an age, and now I am turned of seventy-three. As to my body natural, it is as you saw it last ; it labours under no particular distemper but one, which may very properly be called Chronical, for it is *Xpovoc* itself, that daily steals away some part of me. But I bear with philosophy these gradual depredations upon myself ; and well know, that *levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas*. And so good night, dear Doctor.

Bath, November 26th, 1766.

LETTER

FROM THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO SIR THOMAS
ROBINSON, OF CHELSEA.

SIR,

Bath, November 17th, 1757.

YOUR letters always give me pleasure and information ; but your last gave me something more, for it showed me that you were recovered from that illness, which the fears of Mr. Walsh, junior, had magnified into a dangerous one. I did not like your being

sent to Hampstead for the air; that sounded very like Kensington Gravelpits. I am sure I need not tell you the part I take in your recovery.

As to General ———'s affairs, my opinion is fixed; and I am very sure, that nothing will appear upon this examination to make me alter it. There is a mystery in it; and wherever there is a mystery, I have done; I respect, but never reason. The Ode upon that expedition is written by a master, whoever it is: the author of the verses upon the skull is certainly a Poet, though he has spun out his matter too fine; half the length would have been much better. I cannot imagine why the Grub upon the Comet was laid at my door: but people have long thrown out their wit and humour under my name, by way of trial; if it takes, the true father owns his child; if it does not, the foundling is mine.

I take it for granted, that the King of Prussia's victory engrosses the thoughts of all your great politicians in town, and gives you what you call great spirits: he has shown his abilities in it; which I never doubted of; but then—nothing, only that there are now seven or eight thousand of the human species less than there were a month ago. France will send double that number immediately, and the match will be as unequal as it was before; since all Europe is still combined against him; I will not say, *and us*, because I think it would be impudent *for us*, now, to reckon ourselves among the Powers of Europe; I might as well reckon myself among the living, who only crawl upon the earth from day to day, exhibiting a shattered carcass, and a weakened mind.

Though these waters always do me some good, it is merely temporary; but they do by no means regenerate me. I grow deafer and deafer, consequently, duller and duller; and therefore, for your

sake, I will put an end to this dull letter ; and assure you, with all the truth of a man who has no invention, that I am,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER

FROM LORD CHESTERFIELD TO SIR T. ROBINSON.

SIR,

Bath, December 3d, 1765.

I ALWAYS thought myself much obliged to you for your letters from Yorkshire, while you were in the hurry both of business and pleasure ; your land-steward, your tenants, and your agreeable country neighbours, employing your whole day in pleasure and profit : but I think myself still more obliged to you for your last letter, from your Monastic retreat in the midst of Ranelagh Garden ; the place in the world the best calculated for serious reflections upon the vanities of this world, and the hopes of a better. There you may enjoy a philosophical and religious solitude, uninterrupted ; except, now and then, by the rolling of coaches, the sound of forty instruments of music, and the much shriller sound of the tongues of about two thousand women. This is being a *Chartreux* indeed ; and, in addressing myself to you, I will take care to mix no levity in my letter ; but confine myself to grave and moral reflexions. For instance, see the dire effects of passion, or brandy, or both, in the case of Mr. —, whose usual tranquillity and immobility have been transported to the most violent excesses, of assault and battery, even upon the wife of his body ; whom, I really believe, he never assaulted with so much

spirit before ; and if he gets the reputation of madness, he will rather be a gainer by it ; for nobody ever thought it could have happened to him. We have here a great many great folks, and a great many fine folks : the former met in Council, to consider how they should best serve their country in the approaching session, that being their only view : and the latter, I mean the Ladies, in the intention of serving, themselves, or of being served right enough by others. But all these are dispersed, or dispersing, now ; and, I believe, I shall follow their example soon, and take myself away from hence to London ; where I am too material a part of the busy, as well as of the gallant world, to be longer absent. But, whatever I am, and wherever I am, I am, very truly,

Sir,

Your very faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

THE END.

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